J. C. Nevin
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History of England

FROM THE

FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

VOLUME VI.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM

THE FALL OF WOLSEY

TO THE

DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

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REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

In a review of the state of England, written in the year 1585, Lord Burghley describes the Queen as "for her own person inwardly loved by all that loved God and professed true religion;" and the realm "in outward shew by order of Justice, obedient, and disposed to peace." The people, he said, "were generally rich, and able to endure all reasonable charges for the national defence;" and a "great multitude, gentlemen, merchants, and vulgar people, especially in good towns where they were taught by discreet preachers, were very zealous towards God, and earnestly bent to all service for her Majesty's safety."[1]

Protestantism on the Continent had brought with it war and misery. In England, the affinity between the more genuine creed and material prosperity had opportunity to show itself. The manufacturers of Ghent and Bruges, leaving the grass to grow in the streets of their own splendid cities, had transferred their capital and their arts to London and to Bristol. For every languid English gentleman who had fled to France to enjoy the consolations of the Catholic religion, a hundred Flemish artisans sought the Island where they could toil in safety with their families, worship after their own fashion, and eat the fruit of their labors. The thousand ships, which in the old times

[1] Memorial of the State of the Realm, in Lord Burghley's hand, Nov. 28, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

had sought annually the waters of the Scheldt, now discharged their cargoes on the wharves between London and Blackwall; and the great English commercial companies were absorbing the trade of the world, while the Castiles were drained of their manhood to feed the Flanders armies or defend the Empire of the two Indies. Gallicia, Portugal, and Andalusia were saved from periodic famines by English corn. The Inquisition itself had at length bowed before the mystery of Providence which had given plenty to heretics, and need and hunger to true believers; and Philip, waiting for the time when Guise or Parma should have conquered their wealth for the servants of the Church, was compelled, meanwhile, to invite to his harbours, by special privileges and favours, the insolent Islanders, who brought food to his perishing subjects. New markets were opened daily for the fast increasing manufactures, and difficulties only served to call out fresh resources. A trade had sprung up with the East. Cargoes of woollen and hardware had been shipped by the Russian company to the Neva, carried thence by caravans to Astracan, and thence by the Caspian into Persia. The Court of Denmark, tempted by the opportunity, had raised the Sound dues. The company replied by sending their ships to Archangel, establishing factories on the Dwina and the Volga, and taking possession, by permission of the Czar, of those two great arteries of the Russian Empire.[1]

[1] The performances of the Russian companies form the subject of an elaborate and admiring despatch of Mendoza. "Los Ingleses," he writes, "para libertarse de no dar los derechos al Rey de Dinamarca que le pagaban de las mercaderias que trayan y llevaban á Moscovia, intentáron navegar la vuelta del Oriente por el mar glacial á Sant Nicolas, saliendo con la dicha navegacion en el año 1550, la cual han continuado llevando desde ally sus mercaderias por el Rio Duyna á Conlobrod, de donde los encaminan por el Rio Vstning, y de alli embarcandolas por el de Suctranam, salen con ellas al Rio de Volga en seis dias de jornada, distancia que

The Holy See had forbidden the faithful to hold dealings with the Infidels. The trade with Turkey and Morocco had passed, in consequence, from the Genoese and the Venetians to Protestant England. An English house was established at Constantinople. The cannon with which Sultan Amurath was threatening the Shah, were cast of tin and copper which had been dug out of the Cornish mines. Turkey, it was feared, would stretch her frontier eastward with English help, control the navigation of the Persian Gulf, and endanger the Spanish settlements in the eastern seas.[1]

The prosperity of England, however, was the creation of the people. The action of the Government was only sound when it was passive, and in its active aspects presented the same features which characterised its diplomacy. The public policy of the country was directed, so far as Elizabeth would permit, by Burghley and Walsingham, who, with Sadler, Mildmay, Knollys, Bedford, and Bromley, were the healthy elements of the Council. But by the side of these were the circle of favourites, hateful as the minions of Henry of France, who,

la hace en dos gente de á caballo, en los cuales llevan las mercaderias; y puestas en el de Volga, navegan por el dicho Rio al mar Caspio ó Yrcanico. Para poder hacer esta navegacion con mas comodidad y entretenir el comercio, han edificado cuatro aduanas y casas en las cuatro partes arriba dichas para poner las mercaderias y poderlas encaminar en el tiempo mas conveniente. Assimismo por ser Señores de la dicha navegacion han tratado en edificar una casa á una Isla que se llama Cola," &c. — Mendoza à Su Mag^{d}, 15 de Mayo, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] " Assimismo por haber empezado de dos años á esta parte la navegacion que continuan en Levante, y serlos de mucho fructo á causa de la cantidad de estaño y plomo que llevan, mercaderias que pagan los Turcos casi á peso de oro por ser el estaño forçoso para la fundicion de la artilleria, y el plomo necessarissimo para la guerra, y tanta importancia cuanto se dexa ver, por la excommunion y *ipso facto* que tiene puesta la Sede Apostolica á cualquiera que administre ó vende á infieles semejantes cosas," &c. — Ibid. Compare Mendoza to Philip, Jan. 6, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

not contented with monopolies, the farming of the customs, and the more common forms of corruption, polluted even the administration of justice itself, and took bribes to save felons from execution.[1]

The Channel pirates, who had been first patronised into distinction by Lord Seymour of Sudley, had grown so bold by secret favour that they occupied the Solent in force, levied black mail upon the coasters, from St. Helen's Roads to Poole, and carried on their trade in open day, under the very guns of the Queen's ships at Portsmouth. M. de Ségur, Henry of Navarre's Ambassador, had to wait, on his return, at Southampton, till an armed escort could be provided for him. Even vessels lying at the pier there were not safe from plunder.[2]

The especial nursery of dishonesty remained, as before, Elizabeth's peculiar province, the Church. So long as a single turn of the wheel, a violent revolution, or the Queen's death, might place a Catholic on the throne, the Established Church held a merely conditional existence. It had no root in the nation, for every

[1] Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, writing to Burghley, says:

"My Lord, there is a saying, when the Court is farthest from London, then there is the best justice done in England. I once heard a great personage in office, yet living, say the same words. It is grown for a trade now in the Court to make means for reprieves. Twenty pounds for a reprieve is nothing, though it be but for ten days." — Fleetwood to Burghley July 7, 1585: Wright, Vol. II.

[2] "Je vous diray aussy que l'embouchure de cette havre est si bien gardé par les pirates, que hier un passagier de Jersey, se voulant mettre en mer, fut attaqué et contreint de rentrer dans ceste rivière. Je ne pouvois prendre ung plus mauvais lieu pour m'embarquer que cestuicy, car la plus part des pirates de ce pays sont entre l'Isle de Wick et la Poole, où il fault necessairement que je passe; et quelques navires de la Royne estants à Portsmouth deliveroyent toute cette coste de ces brigans, qui ne se contentent de voler ceulx qui sont en mer, mais d'avantage viennent dans les havres piller les marchands et mesmes jusques devant ceste ville qui est dix ou douze milles dans terre." — M. de Ségur to Walsingham, Dec. 15, 1584: *MSS. France, Rolls House.*

earnest man who was not a Puritan was a Catholic; and its officers, for the most part, regarded their tenures as an opportunity for enriching themselves which would probably be short, and should in prudence be made use of while it remained. The worst abuses of the unreformed system were revived or continued. Benefices were impropriated to laymen, sold, or accumulated upon favourites. Churches in many places were left unserved, and coblers and tailors were voted by the congregations into the pulpits.[1]

"The Bishops," said Cecil, "had no credit either for learning, good living, or hospitality. The Bishops, who by their teaching and devotion, and relieving of the poor, ought to have won credit among the people, were generally covetous, and were rather despised than reverenced or beloved."[2] The Archbishop of York had scandalised his province, by being found in bed with the wife of an innkeeper, at Doncaster.[3] Other prelates

[1] "In many places the people have no services at all, but are driven to resort to other churches; or else they choose some one that can read meanly and that office lighteth upon base conditioned men of occupation, as a tailor, a shoemaker, a smith or such like." — Memorial of the State of the Realm. In Burghley's hand, Nov. 28, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] *MS.* Ibid.

[3] The Archbishop was the victim of a conspiracy to extort money. The wife went into his room with her husband's consent. The husband, with Sir Robert Stapleton, a Catholic gentleman of the North, waited a quarter of an hour at the door, and then entered and found her with the Archbishop in bed. The Archbishop protested that she was not there with his consent, but he was so imprudent as to give the husband £500 to hold his tongue. This was not enough, however. The man's repeated demands became too heavy to be borne. The Archbishop refused to yield to them. The story came out, and commissioners were sent down from London to examine into the case. Though they did not condemn the Archbishop, they were at first less favourable to him than he had hoped. The Queen, however, stood his friend. Ultimately the wife declared that she had been set on by her husband, and the innkeeper and Stapleton were both punished. A letter from Walsingham to the Archbishop, with which the records of enquiry close, is not exactly what would have been written to a wholly innocent man. But the Archbishop was old, and had probably been only foolish. — *Domestic MSS.*, 1582-3. Compare Strype, *Annals*, Vol. III.

for reasons known to themselves, had bestowed ordination "on men of lewd life and corrupt behaviour." The Bishop of Lichfield had made seventy "lewd and unlearned ministers, for money," in one day.[1] The entire Bench was "noted" as avaricious. They had commenced business, at the beginning of the reign, "with alienating their livelihoods for the use of their children," giving their families the lands of the sees on leases renewable forever. Parliament having interfered, "they gathered wealth by sparing," or made their fortunes, with the help of the courtiers, "by yielding to make grants of their lands to the Queen's Majesty, not for her profit, but to be granted by her Majesty to the Bishops' friends, so as they would part stakes with such as could obtain such suits of her Majesty.[2]

To the Queen these performances were not of vital moment. She required qualities in her Bishops which were not compatible with elevation of character. The Protestants believed in God, and in duties which no earthly authority could supersede. The Catholics believed in the Church, — in the Church as superior to kings. Elizabeth preferred persons whom she could "sound from their lowest note to the top of their compass," and she accepted moral defects in consideration of spiritual complacency. Had they remained like the Scotch tulchans, they might have been borne with; but in her hatred of the Puritans she allowed them to indulge in persecution, and to mimic over again in their courts the insolent tyranny of the old prelates; they were encouraged to revive the proceedings which had formed the subject of the first grand complaint of the House of Commons, and "by practices savouring rather

[1] *Domestic MSS.*, February 27, 1585.

[2] Memorial by Lord Burghley, November 28, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

of the Romish Inquisition," by "devices rather to seek for offenders than reform them,"[1] they sowed the wind which was reaped afterwards in the whirlwind by Charles I. and Laud.

Whitgift and his companions, however, were not trusted, as yet, with very large authority. The contumely with which Elizabeth treated them in public relieved the apprehensions which might otherwise have been entertained of her purposes; and in other respects her Government was popular — popular even for its faults. The Queen, fond as she was of money, abstained from direct demands upon her subjects' purses. A sovereign surrounded by enemies, and threatened with invasion and insurrection, might have reasonably demanded funds of Parliament to maintain a standing army. Elizabeth preferred to depend on the spontaneous loyalty of the people, to keep the Catholic Powers at arm's length by diplomacy, and trust to Providence or time. She was "tempting God," in Burghley's opinion, "by hoping upon His goodness by way of miracle;" but nothing which she could have done would have as effectually conciliated disaffection. The ugly visage of the tax gatherer was rarely seen in an English household. The revenues came chiefly from the Crown estates and the customs; and more than one English nobleman now receives and spends a larger income than in the thrifty hands of Elizabeth sufficed for the demands of the empire. Peace and prosperity made more converts to Protestantism than the preachers. Increasing wealth produced a value for security, and ardent Catholic squires, when they found their rents trebled, their marshes drained, and their forests turned to corn-land, became less eager

[1] Burghley to Whitgift, May, 1584: *MSS. Domestic.*

for the presence of invading armies of Spaniards. The Pope and the Jesuits came to be regarded first with impatience and then with hatred, even by men who imagined that they retained the faith of their fathers. The Queen had succeeded to the throne by her father's will, by Act of Parliament, and with the consent of Philip himself. Her natural successor was a Catholic, whose claims had been scrupulously respected. Who or what was the Pope, that he should pretend to dispose of kingdoms, and send fire and sword among their homesteads? Thus time, in which Elizabeth trusted, was surely working for her. War with Spain might be ultimately inevitable; but the longer it was postponed the smaller the party that Philip would find among her subjects. Had she cared deeply for the cause of the Reformation, her policy would have been as shortsighted as Walsingham believed it to be; but in the sense of preferring justification by faith to justification by the Sacraments, Elizabeth did not care for it at all. Mass or meeting were indifferent to her, provided people would respect the laws and tolerate each other's follies. She coveted no other prince's territories, and desired only to be left in peace to enjoy her own. She regarded the Protestants in France, and Scotland, and the Netherlands only as instruments that she was at liberty to use when their sovereigns threatened her. At any and all times she would have preferred to see them subside peaceably under their natural rulers, with a guarantee against vindictive persecution. Could she purchase safety at home, and immunity from attacks from abroad, she considered her first duties to be to her own people; and she would have endured, with regret, perhaps, but with no inclination to interfere, to see every Calvinist in Europe

bound in the tightest fetters which the skill of the Inquisition could forge.

Fortunately for the rest of the world, the complete isolation of England was not possible. English Protestants could not be prevented from making the cause of "the religion" their own; the Pope refused to abandon his children who were groaning under the yoke of the English Jezebel; and Elizabeth was swept, in spite of herself, into the side eddies of the European whirlpool. She kept clear of the main current. She refused the place which belonged to her at the head of a Protestant confederation; but she bent her genius to neutralise with intrigue the coalitions which, in threatening Protestantism, threatened herself also. If she was often insincere, often dishonest, often mean, her object was at worst moderately good, and frequently supremely wise; and the details of her manœuvres may be half pardoned for the general rectitude of her purpose. She acted as a woman. She broke her faith as man could never have done without compromising for ever, and irredeemably, his character for honour and truth. It is impossible to feel equal resentment at the worst actions of Elizabeth. The circumstances of her situation, her sex, and the temper that was born with her, bespeak forbearance, which it is just, if it be difficult, to extend towards her. To keep France divided from Spain, and if possible entangle them in war again; to encourage the Huguenots, when the French Crown inclined towards Popery; to protract the struggle in the Netherlands; to sow division between Mary Stuart and James, and to array the Scotch Commons against them both; to hold the English succession undetermined, that all parties and all competitors might be dependent on her pleasure, and therefore remain on

their good behaviour — these were the aims of her diplomacy; and she pursued them through promises as loosely broken as they were heedlessly made, and through a consistent series of deceptions, which, if pursued for a personal object, would have been called detestable treachery.

Many times it seemed as if the game was played out, as if France was weary of being trifled with, and the Scotch Protestants of being made use of and sacrificed. Rather, perhaps, her statecraft was of little service to her at all. Her two main external supports were the long-inherited jealousy between the leading Catholic Powers, and the spirit which had been kindled in the Scots and the Netherlanders. She owed her safety to causes which existed independently of herself and her politics, and her artifices rather impaired than strengthened them.

Scotland and the Low Countries were England's vulnerable points. If Scotland was in the hands of the Catholics, it would be then a landing-place of the Duke of Guise. If the Netherlands were conquered by Spain, fleets and armies could be organized at leisure in the Scheldt, which a few hours might transport to the Isle of Thanet. Both these dangers would have been obviated by a cordial action with France. From the first hour of the revolt of the United Provinces, the House of Valois would have espoused their cause if Elizabeth would have done the same, and would have been content to share the spoils with her, or make any arrangement which she had pleased to dictate. They would have gone to war alone would she have allowed events to take their course, and the French frontier to be extended to the Rhine. But her object was to entangle them in the war, and yet

rob them of the fruits of it. English interests forbade the incorporation of Belgium with France, and as soon as ever the first blow was struck she intended to make her peace with Philip on her own terms. Her diplomatic promises, her treaties, her matrimonial interludes, meant this and only this.

The eagerness of the French Court survived Alençon's ill-treatment. Advances were again made to the English Ambassador "after the misfortune at Antwerp," for "a union against the Spaniards," [1] a union which Catherine de Medici represented "as the sovereignest thing that could be for all Christendom." It had been prevented hitherto, as Walsingham admitted, by the fear that when the war had begun "her Majesty would make her peace to the ruin and overthrow of the French King;" and Walsingham, who agreed with Catherine, advised his mistress to disarm suspicion by a frank and cordial reply. Elizabeth, too clever to be simple and straightforward, directed Sir Edward Stafford to entertain the French advances with encouraging speeches, and "to stir up the French King" to save the Low Countries. But she did not mean "herself to be drawn into the war." "She would wade no further into the action" than might be necessary for the temptation of her good brother to plunge into it, and she rather took credit to herself for magnanimity, that she did not intend for the moment "to take advantage of the going together by the ears of the two monarchs." [2]

Thus the negotiation dragged along, barren of results, while Parma, by intrigue and force, narrowed

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, February 23–March 5, 1584: *MSS. France.*
[2] Walsingham to Stafford, March 9–19, and March 27–April 6: *MS Ibid.* Walsingham to Davison, June 3–13, 1584: *MSS. Scotland.*

month by month the circle of independence, and enclosed the Prince of Orange within the ring of the union of Utrecht. England was only saved from invasion because Spain and France could not coalesce, and neither power would suffer the other to act alone. Spain similarly was left to work its will upon the Netherlands, because Elizabeth would not let France move alone, and would not act without France or along with it.

At this moment a crisis was brought on by the death of two persons, one of whom, by his birth, the other by the greatness of his character, formed the hinges of the fortunes of Europe. Elizabeth's lover was the first to go.

Mortification, and perhaps debauchery, working on a feeble constitution, threw Alençon into a fever, of which he died at Château Thiery on the 31st of May.[1] The King of Navarre was now actually heir presumptive — a Huguenot heir presumptive in France, as the Catholic Mary Stuart was heir presumptive in England. The Guises, the Jesuits, the great section of the French nation which had executed and approved the massacre of St. Bartholomew, were known to have resolved never to submit to the accession of a Protestant, and a protracted civil war had therefore become a certainty. The French King and his mother proclaimed openly their intention of recognizing the King of Navarre's rights. Walsingham advised his mistress to take the same line, and at once to send some one to him with congratulations, and with offers, if it was needed, of support.

Elizabeth, however, had yet to give the last touch to her relations with the lost Alençon. She put the

[1] June 9.

Court in mourning, she shut herself up in the palace, affecting to be overwhelmed with sorrow. She "could by no means be brought to yield" to Walsingham's suggestion. "She did allege she could not love the King of Navarre, who was to succeed one whom she loved so entirely."[1] She described herself to Mauvissière as a forlorn widow who was robbed of her dearest treasure. "She is a Princess," the Ambassador cynically remarked,[1] who can act any part she pleases."[2] "Monsieur is dead," wrote Walsingham. "Melancholy doth so possess us as both public and private causes are at a stay for a season."[3]

The affected sorrow was rudely interrupted. Francis Throgmorton, after first confessing the conspiracy, then denying it, then acknowledging it again, and throwing himself on Elizabeth's mercy, had been tried and executed. On the back of his punishment a book had appeared in London, written by one of the seminary priests, comparing the Queen to Holofernes, and exhorting the ladies of the palace to furnish a Judith among them; and while search was being made for the author and publisher, the teaching received a practical commentary in the assassination, completed at last, of the Prince of Orange.

Three attempts had been made since the failure of Jaureguy, again instigated by Philip, or Philip's emissaries. An Italian, Pietro Dordogno, tried it in the preceding March; a Flushing merchant repeated the experiment in April, but with ill-success; a French officer who had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards

1 Walsingham to Stafford, July 2–12: *MSS. France.*

2 "Avec plusieurs aultres telz propoz, selon qu'elle est Princesse qui se peult et sçait composer et transformer comme il luy plaist." — Mauvissière au Roy, 28 Juillet: Teulet, Vol. III.

3 Walsingham to Davison, June 17–27: *MSS. Scotland.*

obtained his liberty by promising to do it, and himself sent word to the Prince to be on his guard. The theory of the Catholics was that Orange was the chief cause of the misfortunes of the faith, and that to take him away would be an act of mercy to mankind. He was outlawed — a price was set upon his head, and every insane fanatic, and every broken scoundrel in Europe, was looking wistfully at the short road which was open to him to honour and glory and wealth. One after another they came to Parma with proposals to undertake the adventure — one after another they had been rejected as incapable, or had run their fortune and perished. At length, in the same spring of 1584, there came a mean, shabby-looking lad named Balthazar Gerard, from Villefans, in Burgundy, who, after dwelling for years upon the idea, till it had become a destiny to him, had collected his nerves for the venture. Parma expected little from his appearance. He told him merely that if he succeeded he might count on his reward, and let him go.

Balthazar, meaning if possible to live to enjoy his promised wealth and dignity, presented himself at Delft, where the Prince was residing, and pretending to be a Calvinist whose father had been executed for religion, applied for employment. The Prince took him into his household, and he remained watching for a chance of striking when he could hope to escape. It was slow in coming, for the Prince had grown careful, and his friends were careful for him. Balthazar, however, grew in favor. When the Duke of Alençon died, he was in France, in the suite of a gentleman who had been sent on a mission to the Court, and he was chosen to carry the news to Delft. Orange, eager to hear particulars, sent for him to his bedroom. He told his

story. Being unarmed he could then do nothing, but he had gained a more confidential footing. Not to be unprovided a second time, he bought a pair of pistols, which he carried always concealed about him; and a few days after,[1] as the Prince was passing from his dining-room, he stepped from behind a pillar on the staircase, and fired three poisoned balls into his body. The aim was sure, and the poison was unneeded. The Prince fell, was lifted back into the room which he had just left, and died in a few minutes. Balthazar bounded out of the house, and had reached the town wall. His Spanish countship, broad lands, and the order of St. Jago were almost within reach; but he was not quick enough. He was caught and dragged to the prison. The people expended their despair upon his miserable carcase. They flogged him with knotted cords. They cut his flesh with split quills. They dipped him in salt water, and wrapped him in a shirt soaked with vinegar and brandy. He defied their ingenuity. He told them that he had killed a villain who had caused the deaths of half a million of men; that he would soon be a saint in heaven, and would have the first place there next to God. They left him for a night in his pain. In the morning they wrenched him on the rack, they plucked his flesh from him with red-hot pincers, they tortured him to death by inches of infinite agony. The fainting wretch, pointing at his body in his frenzy, shrieked only Ecce Homo.[2]

Torment could not break the spirit of the murderer, neither could it bring back to life the illustrious person who had been the bulwark of Elizabeth's throne. Murray in Scotland, Coligny at Paris, and now the

[1] June 29–July 9.

[2] Punishment of the traitor that murdered the Prince of Orange, July 4–14, 1584: *MSS. Holland.*

Prince of Orange, the three champions who had best defended God's cause and hers, had fallen all in the same way, and the augury to herself was frightful. In part, too, it was her own fault. Had there been a Protestant League in Europe, had all the countries which had revolted from the See of Rome been compacted in organized union, there would have been less temptation to assassinate individuals whose places would have been immediately filled. She and only she had made a confederation impossible. She had left the Reformation to be maintained by the disunited efforts of a few heroic men, and the enemy could hope always that they alone were the obstacles to the recovery of their dominion.

If Elizabeth, however, had caused the danger, she also shared it in her own person, and in the highest degree. No single life — not the life of Orange himself — was of so much moment as hers, and the risk to which she was exposed threw England into an agony of apprehension. She cared little for her own person. Then and always she held her life supremely cheap. But she was startled, as she had been startled when Murray was murdered, out of her political languor. So long as Orange lived, she knew that he would fight to the last, and she had been content to profit by his resolution, and leave him to his own resources. Now it seemed but too likely that the Provinces, having lost their chief, and seeing themselves apparently deserted both by France and England, would give up in despair, and leave Philip free to settle his accounts with herself. Wade was dispatched in haste to the Hague, to prevent a hasty resolution. Sir Philip Sidney was to have gone to France to condole on Alençon's death, and to carry the Garter to the King. To the honorary mission a political instruction was attached to ac-

cept the French proposal for joint action in the Low Countries, as a thing "which could no longer be deferred without manifest peril and danger to the whole of Christendom."[1]

The French Council so thoroughly distrusted Elizabeth that, eager as they were, and ready as the King was to defy Spain and the League, to place Henry of Navarre at the head of his army, and fall with all his force on the Prince of Parma, they would not this time respond as they had done before. The Queen did not deserve their confidence, and she could not recover it. Sir Edward Stafford, to whom Walsingham wrote of Sidney's coming, was obliged to answer that it would not be welcome. The Queen-mother made excuses, without being discourteous, and in a few days it appeared that deputies from the States were in Paris, and that France was treating with them separately.[2]

Elizabeth sent for Mauvissière, and after a prelude of tears for the lost Alençon, she said that if her husband was taken from her, she could still marry his country, and that her one desire was to see France and England united in defence of the Netherlands. She had been insincere before, and the Ambassador saw no reason to believe that she had changed her nature. He replied that in all his transactions with her he had found nothing but words. She had commenced an alliance with the Protestants; she had played with M. Ségur; she had pretended marriage to France, while underhand she had been treating with Spain; and if Spain had been willing she would have renewed the league between her father and Charles V. When

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, July 6–16. Instructions to Sir Philip Sidney, July 8–18: *MSS. France.*

[2] Stafford to Walsingham, July 17–27: *MS.* Ibid.

France would have gone to war at her will, she had drawn back. She had meant only to tempt his master into trouble, and then leave him there.

It was perfectly true. She protested, but Mauvissière silenced her denials. She had aimed only, as he proved, at protracting time. She had shown an absolute disregard of her word. She had sought nothing but her own interests, whether honourably or dishonourably she did not seem to care; and France, he said, could believe her no longer.

She had, in fact, as Walsingham told Stafford, "grown to half a resolution" to act straightforwardly;[1] and the state of mind was so unusual with her that she mistook it easily for a settled purpose. She assured the Ambassador, on her word of honour, that if France would now rely upon her, and send an army into the Netherlands, her own navy should go to the West Indies and capture or destroy the gold fleets.

She was so positive that she in part talked down his distrust. He gave her some faint hope, though not much. He told Sidney that if he went to Paris after all, he would find it his interest to be frank; but he refused for himself to be the instrument of further negotiation. He had found so many changes in England, he said, so much uncertainty, so many artifices, not to call them by the harder name of lies, that if a league was to be made, others, and not he, must be the instruments of it.[2] There was no time to be lost. St. Aldegonde wrote from Antwerp that unless England or France interposed, the cause of the States was

Walsingham to Stafford, July 17–27: *MSS. France.*

[2] "Mais que par deçà il y avoit trop d'artifices, finesses et variations lesquelles à la fin, je craignois, ne fussent appelées tromperies, dont je ne voulois plus estre ministre." — Mauvissière au Roy, 18–28 Juillet. A la Reine Mére, 18–28 Août: Teulet, Vol. III.

really lost; that Parma offered easy terms, and that they had but to submit for all to be forgotten. Roger Williams, an English officer in the States' service, confirmed St. Aldegonde. If the Hollanders saw that England would not help them, they were in a humour to insist on peace.[1]

After the submission of the States, it was quite certain that England's turn would come next. Parma, Guise, James, Pope, Jesuits, Papists — all would fall on Elizabeth together, with results which could hardly be doubtful.

There was the old uncertainty whether the English nation would approve of an aggressive war, of the reasons for which most of them might be ignorant. The old league with Spain was still popular with the country party, and Spaniards were now the best customers for English wares. Parliament might refuse supplies, and the war, after being commenced, might have to be abandoned. Yet Burghley, who himself drew out the objections in the strongest form, considered them weaker than the arguments for energy. He held it "less perilous to encounter the enemy abroad, at the side of powerful allies, than to wait to meet him single-handed at home with a prospect of rebellion at his back."[2] He recommended the Queen to complete her half-formed purpose, and at once and on all sides nerve herself for the struggle; to call Parliament, and throw herself heartily on the loyalty and advice of her people; to communicate with the King of Navarre; to spare no expense in conciliating Scotland and its King; and lastly, as the Alpha and Omega, to remember that

1 St. Aldegonde to Walsingham, July 22–August 1; Roger Williams to Walsingham, September 4–14: *MSS. Holland.*

2 Considerations on the leath of the Prince of Orange, 1584: *MS.* Ibid.

there was something in religion; that it was not a mere idle word, and that subjects well ruled and taught to fear God were the sovereign's best supports in time of danger.[1]

In this case, she would have to fall back, after all, on the despised "brothers in Christ." The pill would be a bitter one, and Walsingham considered that sooner than submit to it—sooner than abandon once and for ever her fiddling policy—she would prefer, "unless God opened her eyes to see what was best for her State," to see Belgium become part of France.[2]

What she would do depended on the success of a fresh intrigue which she had opened at the Scotch Court. By promises which she never meant to fulfil, she had tempted Angus and Mar and Gowrie into conspiracy. Gowrie's head stood by the side of Morton's, and Angus and Mar and the Protestant ministers were in exile, and every tried friend of hers and of England had been banished from James's presence.

As has been already said, however, a party had formed itself at the Scotch Court, in imitation of the English *via media*, of which the Earl of Arran was the head and representative. Gorged alike with the plunder of Hamiltons and Douglases, the reigning favourite dreaded equally both Catholic and Protestant. He was afraid of the return, afraid even of the release of Mary Stuart. He preferred that she should remain under a cloud in England, and he had brought James entirely to agree with him. There were thus many points of sympathy, notwithstanding Gowrie's overthrow, between him and the Queen of England; and to have ruined those who had hitherto been her staunchest sup-

[1] Considerations on the death of the Prince of Orange, 1584: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Walsingham to Stafford, August 10–20: *MSS. France.*

porters was not necessarily to quarrel with herself. Both the King and Elizabeth detested Scotch Protestantism. It was an unmanageable force, unavailable for tricks of policy, straightforward, direct, and defiant. To crush this, yet without appearing absolutely to quarrel with religion; to approach the Catholics, yet without submitting to the Pope; to retain his independence, and hold himself prepared for any event — this was a course which at once suited Arran's avarice and James's conception of politics. The object to James was to take such a position that whether there was a Catholic revolution, or whether the Reformation held its ground, the English succession should still be open to him. His plan, therefore, was to follow the road which had been opened by Lennox, to force Bishops upon the Kirk, on the terms on which they were established in England, and to make himself head of the Church on Elizabeth's pattern. Thus prepared, he could wait upon fortune. If England was conquered by the Catholic Powers, he could plead that he had done his best to destroy Calvinism. If Elizabeth held her ground, he might please her by imitating her example, perhaps tempt her to marry him,[1] — induce her, at any rate, to recognize him as her successor, to the exclusion of his mother, as the price of the Scotch alliance.

It was a game too much after Elizabeth's own method not to attract and interest her. It was something, at any rate, to entertain, to handle, and to play with.

The young King went vigorously forward. After Gowrie's execution a Parliament was called at Edinburgh which gave the Crown supreme ecclesiastical

1 "It is true that the wooing matter is set abroad, but we hold it here but for dalliance." — Walsingham to Davison, July 1–11: *MSS. Scotland.*

jurisdiction, replaced the Bishops, and forbade the General Assembly to meet unless summoned by writ. The magistrates were changed throughout the country; the Earl of Arran was made Chancellor, and a commission sate, of which he was the head, to deprive every minister who would not submit to the King and his diocesan. The next step was to make overtures to England. The politeness which was extended suddenly to the English Ambassador, Davison, has been seen already in M. Fontenay's letter. James wrote to the Queen, while Arran addressed himself to Lord Hunsdon, with whom he had a personal acquaintance. He was a notorious scoundrel, but Hunsdon undertook for his sincerity. The Queen herself considered that a dirty hand was better than none, and that if she could secure Scotland and keep James apart from his mother, she could dispense with the foreign alliances and leave the Netherlands to their fate. Even Burghley, in despair of ever seeing her assume an honourable attitude, was inclined to venture the experiment. Walsingham would have nothing to do with it, and looked on contemptuously.[1]

It was decided that Hunsdon should go down to Scotland, have an interview with Arran, and hear what he had to propose. Fontenay's allusion to one of the Careys as a possible wife for the King of Scots, explains Hunsdon's interest in the intrigue. It seems as if, notwithstanding his vouchers for Arran, he shrunk from personal contact with him. Walsingham offered to bet that Arran would overreach him.[2] He had not

[1] "Touching the bye course between Hunsdon and Arran, there is nothing to help it but time and trial. You know Hunsdon's passion, whose proximity in blood doth somewhat prevail to enable his credit to more harm than good. And yet herein he should not greatly prevail, were he not countenanced by the Lord Treasurer, who deals strangely in the action of Scotland." — Walsingham to Davison, July 12–22: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Mauvissière to the King of France, July 16–26: Teulet, Vol. III.

liked his commission, and Elizabeth had not mended matters by swearing at him and threatening him with the stocks. "Being with the Queen yesterday afternoon," wrote Sir Robert Carey to his father, "as she was at cards in the presence chamber, she called me, and asked when you would be off to Berwick. I said you would begin your journey soon after Whitsuntide. She grew into a great rage, beginning with 'God's wounds!' she would set you by the feet, and send another in your place if you dallied with her thus; she would not thus be dallied withal." [1]

Hunsdon, who had something of his kinswoman's temper, enclosed his son's letter to Burghley, saying "that he could not bear such language nor obey in such sort as she commanded." The affair was hanging thus in suspense at the time that the news arrived of the murder of the Prince of Orange. The small and paltry manœuvring was for the moment laid aside, and Walsingham, with Burghley now at his back, half succeeded in persuading her to leave her "partial practising," consent in earnest to the league with France, and provide openly for Scotland in a clause of the treaty. It might involve the release of Mary Stuart, with James for a guarantee of her good behaviour; but anything was better than desertion of tried friends and mean alliances with subtle scoundrels. Mary Stuart's detention had lost its importance when her son became of age and was at large. Walsingham would have had the Queen send Mauvissière to Sheffield, to offer the Queen of Scots liberty and restoration on condition of her joining England and France in the league against Spain, and would have left the

[1] Sir R. Carey to Lord Hunsdon, June 8–18, 1584: Ellis, Second Series, Vol. III.

paltry boy at Edinburgh to digest his discomfiture at his leisure.

It might not be. Elizabeth never chose a straight road when a crooked one was open to her; and "the bye course," as Walsingham called it, carried the day. Money was sent to Arran, and Hunsdon, with his ruffled dignity soothed down, was dispatched upon his way to conciliate Arran, to flatter the King, to persuade them both that they would best consult their interests by connecting themselves with Elizabeth, and to dance the bauble of the English crown before James's eager eyes.[1] A high commission court sat at Lambeth, with Whitgift at the head of it, to persecute English Nonconformists, while the new Scotch prelates were at the same work across the border. The dignitaries of the two Churches were brought into correspondence. Patrick Adamson, calling himself Archbishop of St. Andrews, wrote to Whitgift to use his influence, to "the discomfort" of the four ministers who had fled from Edinburgh to Berwick; and "the Archbishop of Canterbury and other of the clergy," Walsingham bitterly said, "so prevailed with the Queen, as they were neither suffered to preach nor no man durst harbour them for fear of offence."[2]

Hunsdon, meanwhile, went as he was ordered, and the Earl of Arran came to meet him on the Border. They had an interview in Foulden Church, a few miles from Berwick, where the Scotch favourite succeeded as absolutely as he could have desired in imposing upon the Englishman's simplicity. Lord Rothes and five or six of James's councillors attended the Earl to the meeting, and during the conversation

[1] Mauvissière to the King of France, July 16–26: Teulet, Vol. III.
[2] Walsingham to Davison, August 13–23: *MSS. Scotland.*

"walked for above five hours in the churchyard seeming all but as servants." Arran was fluent and confident. His arrogance passed for evidence of power, and he dazzled his companions with shows and scraps of classic learning.[1] He was one of those to whom "heaven was but a conceit to make fools fayne," and "hell a boggell to fley bairns;" one "who esteemed religion and worshipping of God but a superstitious terrour to the consciences of the people to hold them in awe and obedience.[2] He told Hunsdon that he had the King in his hand; that through him Elizabeth might, if she pleased, be secure of Scotland, on the simple conditions of deserting Angus and Mar and the Hamiltons, disowning the ministers, backing up the bishops, and recognizing James as her next heir. This done, he said that he would reveal all the secrets of the foreign conspiracy, and would expose the intrigues of the Queen of Scots.

Hunsdon ventured to ask him whether James too had not been a party to those conspiracies, had not contemplated a change of creed, and had not conversed with Jesuits from Rheims? Arran confidently answered that it was all a Protestant slander. "The King had never seen a Jesuit nor knew that a Jesuit had been in the realm." "It was utterly false that he had ever dealt with the Pope, the King of Spain, or the King of France, to the prejudice of her Majesty."[3] This was too much: Hunsdon might be deceived, but not Walsingham or Burghley. The part was overdone. It would have been safer to have con-

1 "The King bears but the name, and he the sway. If I can judge of a wise man, I think him one, and one of the best tongues that I have heard. He has a princely presence. Latin is rife with him, and sometimes Greek." — Hunsdon to Burghley, August 14–24: *MSS. Scotland.*

2 Calderwood.

3 Hunsdon to Walsingham, August 14–24: *MSS. Scotland.*

fessed the whole truth — to have admitted both for his master and himself that they had been playing as Elizabeth had been playing with all sides, but that they were ready to sell themselves if she would give them their price. The conditions might have been complied with, but the affectation of ignorance about the Jesuits was too palpably absurd.

Arran went back to Edinburgh in the insolence of imagined triumph; a second Parliament was called immediately, where the forfeiture of the banished Earls was passed in form, and the grant of their estates confirmed in his favour. Lady Gowrie, who had been expelled from Ruthven Castle to live or die as she could, threw herself at James's feet in the street before the Tolbooth, to beg for mercy to her children. Arran thrust her away with his foot, and strode across her body as she fainted.[1] The Archbishop of St. Andrews set about his work, trying his strength with Protestantism. The St. Andrews students howled nightly under his window, and when brought up for punishment "bade him remember the fate of his predecessors." John Craig, of Edinburgh, told Arran, in the King's presence, "that men higher than he had been brought low." Arran answered he would make him a true prophet. He threw himself on his knees and said, "Now am I humbled." "Mock as you will," said the stern preacher, "God will not be mocked, and will make you find it earnest when you are cast down from the horse of your pride." The Kirk clergy, in their hatred of lies, had a second sight that was keener than intellect. Archbishop Adamson repented at his leisure, in an old age of misery and poverty; the Archbishop cowering over one side of

September.

[1] Davison to Walsingham, August 24–September 3: *MSS. Scotland.*

his cabin turf-fire while his cow was at the other.[1] The lance of Douglas of Parkhead avenged in due time the insolence to Craig, and Arran's body was flung into a ruined church by the road-side to be eaten by dogs and swine.[2] The present hour, however, was theirs; and persecution went busily forward. Hunsdon, unable to part with his belief in Arran's excellences, wrote to remonstrate with him. He replied, with a letter worded to suit Hunsdon's capacity. He "swore before God that he meant nothing but good." "The mark he aimed at would be a common blessing to the whole Isle, and a surety to both Princes. France and Spain, and the Pope, the Antichrist," were intriguing, he said, to thwart him; "her Majesty's enemies were not idle. But with the help of the Almighty, they should not prevail. His trust was in Him who had said, It is fallen, it is fallen, Babylon the great is made the habitation for devils."[3]

Fine words were no passports to the confidence of Elizabeth. She was certain that Arran had lied about the Jesuits. She began to fear that he was false altogether. She interposed at last for Angus and his companions. She remonstrated against the forfeitures, and advised James to allow them the profits of their lands while they remained in banishment.[4] She saw clearly that it was Arran's interest to divide James from his mother; so far he was certainly useful to her, and she did not mean to quarrel with him. But she saw reason also in Walsingham's advice to her, to go further in a treaty with Mary Stuart; and the result, with all

October.

1 Diary of James Melville.

2 Calderwood.

3 Hunsdon to Burghley, September 11–21. Hunsdon to Arran, October 3–13. Arran to Hunsdon, October 14–24: *MSS. Scotland.*

4 Elizabeth to the King of Scots, October 3–13: *MS.* Ibid.

ties and on all sides, was the most ingenious labyrinth of perfidy. She permitted him to send the Master of Gray to reside for the winter in London, to arrange, if possible, a separate treaty between herself and the King of Scots, — a treaty from which his mother was to be excluded. She proposed, at the same time, to make use of James's advances to her to extort terms out of Mary Stuart, should it prove convenient to drop the son and take up the mother: while James on his side, though he meant in all sincerity to secure his own interest if he could, at his mother's expense, yet, as Elizabeth might slip through his fingers, or might be overthrown by a Catholic revolution, he pretended to his mother that he was only dividing himself from her in appearance, and was playing a part to deceive the Queen of England.[1]

The Queen of Scots, when informed of Gray's mission, professed to remember him merely as a boy, and to be innocent of all present knowledge of him, although they were in close and ciphered correspondence together; while Gray himself, a pupil of Guise and the Jesuits, was carrying a fair face all round, to his master, to England, and to Mary Stuart, reserving his resolution till he came to London, and intending to attach himself to the party which on the whole seemed most likely to succeed. Lastly, Walsingham, in universal distrust, had bribed M. Cherelles, Mauvissière's secretary, to obtain access to Gray's ciphers and bring him copies of his secret correspondence.

Such was the diplomacy of the sixteenth century in England and Scotland; and this seething caldron of lies Elizabeth had preferred to the defence of a great

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Master of Gray, October 2–12: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

cause and the alliance with peoples who were in arms for it, which the Prince of Orange had in vain held out to her.

There were still two open courses before her. She might declare for the lords and the ministers who had been banished in her service, send troops with them to Scotland and replace the Protestants in power. At the same time, and as part of the same policy, she might assume the defence of the Protestants of the Netherlands. Or again, if she preferred it, she might take the league with France and admit Mary Stuart as a third in the same treaty, under conditions which would bind her hands and render her incapable of mischief had she been so inclined.[1]

The first alternative was the bravest and noblest, but there was no hope that Elizabeth could be brought to adopt it. The second was safe and not dishonourable. Burghley was in favour of it. Walsingham was in favour of it. The Queen of Scots, while she remained in England, was a perpetual canker. "There must be an end of this matter," said the experienced Sir Ralph Sadler, "either by the death of the lady or by some honourable composition. Of the former, I see none other likelihood but that she may live for many years. For the other I refer it to the consideration of her Majesty and of such other as can look into the Scotch King's disposition."[2]

Other causes had combined to make a change in the Queen of Scots' position necessary. Hitherto, save at rare intervals, she had been treated as a guest rather than as a prisoner — nor as a guest only, but as one

[1] Mauvissière to the Queen-mother, August 18–28, October 22–November 1: Teulet, Vol. III.

[2] Sadler to Walsingham, October 8–18: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

who might at any moment become Sovereign of England. She had enjoyed whatever comforts and luxuries an English nobleman's country seat could afford. She had been in charge of a guardian who was himself almost a Catholic; and was notoriously favourable to her pretensions. The Countess of Shrewsbury, an intriguing, ambitious woman, had at first fawned upon her, flattered her, assisted her correspondence, and amused her with sarcastic gossip about Elizabeth and the Court. The birth of her grandchild, Lady Arabella, however, had turned Lady Shrewsbury's aspirations into a new channel. Lady Arabella was now herself a competitor for the crown. Leicester, who had inherited his father's ambition of establishing a Dudley dynasty, meditated a marriage for her with his son; Lady Shrewsbury lent her aid to the scheme, and her attentions to Mary Stuart had been converted to envenomed hostility. No scandal was thenceforth too malignant for her poisonous tongue to circulate; and, when the Earl declined to enter into her projects, the domestic peace at Sheffield had come to a violent end. The children took part with their mother, the father stood by his duty to the lady in his charge; and, as a final touch to family dissensions, the Countess informed the world that Mary Stuart had admitted her husband to too close an intimacy, and was about to become a mother.

The fury of the Queen of Scots at a false accusation, the fiery peremptoriness with which she insisted that the Countess should either prove her charge or do penance for slander, contrasts curiously with her anxiety to prevent too close a scrutiny into the murder of Darnley.[1] The offending Countess was examined

[1] Sadler to Walsingham, October 21–31: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

before the Privy Council, and was made to acknowledge upon her knees that she had lied. The Earl was sent for to the Queen, who knew too well the value of the

The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, October 18–28, October 30–November 9: Labanoff, Vol. VI. To the Master of Gray, October 2–12: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.* It was in connection with this matter that at once to gall Elizabeth, and exasperate her against Lady Shrewsbury, Mary Stuart wrote the following singular letter. The authenticity of it is beyond dispute. The original, in her own handwriting, is at Hatfield.

"Madame,

"Suivant ce que je vous ay promis et avez despuis désiré, je vous declare, ores qu'avecques regret, que telles choses soyent ammenées en question, mais tres sincerement et sans aucune passion, dont j'appelle mon Dieu à tesmoing que la Comtesse de Shrewsbury m'a dit de vous ce qui suit au plus près de ces termes; la pluspart de quoy je proteste avoir respondu, reprenant ladicte Dame de croire ou parler si licentieusement de vous comme chose que je ne croyois point ni croy à présent, cognoissant le naturel de la Comtesse, et de quel esprit elle estoit alors poussée contre vous.

"Premierement qu'un (Leicester) auquel elle disoit que vous aviez faict promesse de marriage devant une dame de vostre chambre avoit couché infinies fois avec vous avec toute la licence et privaulté qui se peult user entre mari et femme; mais qu'indubitablement vous n'estiez pas comme les aultres femmes; et pour ce respect c'estoit folie à tous ceulx qui affectoient vostre marriage avec M. le duc d'Anjou, d'aultant qu'il ne se pourroit accomplir, et que vous ne vouldriez jamais perdre la liberté de vous faire faire l'amour et avoir vostre plésir tousjours avecques nouveaulx amoureulx, regrettant ce disoit-elle que vous ne contentiez de maistre Hatton et un aultre de ce Royaulme, mais que pour l'honneur du pays il luy fachoit le plus que vous aviez non seulement engagé vostre honneur avecques un estrangier nommé Simier, l'allant trouver de nuit en la chambre d'une dame, où vous le baisiez et usiez avec luy de diverses privautez deshonnestes. Que vous vous estiez deportée de la même dissolution avec le duc son maistre, qui vous avoit esté trouver une nuit à la porte de vostre chambre, où vous l'aviez rencontré avec vostre seule chemise et manteau de nuit; et que par après vous l'aviez laissé entrer, et qu'il demeura avecques vous près de trois heures. Quant au dict Hatton, que vous le couriez à force, faisant si publiquement paroistre l'amour que luy portiez, que luy-mesmes estoit contraint de s'en retirer . . . . la dicte Dame me conseillant, en riant extremement, mettre mon filz sur les rancs pour vous fayre l'amour comme chose qui me serviroit grandement, et luy repliquant que cela seroit pris pour une vraye mocquerie, elle me respondit que vous estiez si vaine et en si bonne opinion de vostre beauté comme si vous estiez quelque deesse du Ciel, qu'elle prendroit sur la teste de le vous fayre croyre facilement. Que vous preniez sy grand plaisir en flatteries hors de toute raison que l'on vous disoit, comme de dire qu'on ne vous osoit par fois regarder à plain d'aultant que vostre face luysoit comme le soleil, qu'elle et

services which he had rendered, to listen to such random charges. The treasures of Europe would have been heaped on Shrewsbury if he would have allowed himself to be corrupted; and the position in which he had been placed, at once as the host and as the gaoler of the heir presumptive to the crown, would have been impossible save to the most simple-hearted loyalty.

Elizabeth received him with some badinage, asking him how he had left his Queen. He said he had no Queen but her Majesty. If her Majesty distrusted him he begged her to relieve him of his charge. She said she had spoken but in jest; there was not one of her subjects whom she esteemed more highly. But in consideration of what had passed, she told him that some change had been made necessary. She gave him a command in Lancashire, which would separate him at once from his Countess and his prisoner; and in kissing hands he thanked her for delivering him from two devils.[1]

For the Queen of Scots the impression at the moment was that her detention in England was to end. Sir Ralph Sadler and Mr. Somers took temporary

toutes les aultres dames de la cour estoient constreintes d'en user aussy, et qu'en son dernier voyage vers vous elle et la feu Comtesse de Lennox, parlant à vous, n'osoient entreregarder l'une et l'aultre, de peur d'eclater de rire des cassades qu'elles vous donnoient, me priant à son retour de tancer sa fille, qu'elle n'avoyt jamais sceu persuader d'en faire de mesme, et quant à sa fille Talbot, elle s'asseuroit qu'elle ne fauldroit jamais de vous rire au nez.

"Il y a environ quatre ou cinq ans que vous estant malade et moy aussy au mesme temps, elle me dit que vostre mal provenoit de la closture d'une fistule que vous aviez dans une jambe, et que sans doubte venant à perdre voz mois vous mourriez bientost," &c.

It is uncertain whether Elizabeth ever received this production. It may have been intercepted by Burghley, among whose papers it was found. — Labanoff, Vol. VI. p. 50.

[1] "Por habelle librado de dos Diablos, que eran la Reyna de Escocia y su muger." — Avisos de Inglaterra, 19–29 de Setiembre: Teulet, Vol. V.

charge of her at Lord Shrewsbury's house, while preparations were made to proceed at once with the treaty. Her French secretary, Nau, was allowed to go to London, to represent her wishes to the Council, who were now all but unanimous that the time for an arrangement had come. Elizabeth, though she had not yet parted with Arran, and intended still to use the son against the mother and the mother against the son, yet said in public that England could hold but one Queen, and that Mary Stuart was to return to Scotland.[1] Mauvissière, too, was about to close his long embassy. His successor, M. de l'Aubespine, had been named; but the signs appeared so favourable that he lingered, to take part in the Queen of Scots' release; and on the 14th of November he expected that a few days would see the conclusion of the treaty.[1] November.

And yet, as Walsingham observed, "each of the two Princesses had a jealous conceipt of the other which could hardly be removed." Twenty years' experience had taught Elizabeth that when the Queen of Scots spoke most fairly she most intended mischief; while, beyond the broad grievance of her detention, the Queen of Scots had to complain that she had been tricked and played upon in petty and paltry ways. In mere weariness she had consented, two years before, to terms which, even in the opinion of Walsingham, left Elizabeth no more to ask for. She had abandoned every

[1] "Il a esté advisé que la segretaire de la Reyne d'Escosse viendroit icy pour adviser de sa liberté, et voye grande apparence que la Reyne d'Angleterre a volunté d'en estre delivrée, et plustot de la renvoyer à son filz que de la retenir en ce Royaulme, de peur de quelque nouveau inconvenient, disant qu'il ne fault plus que une Reyne en Angleterre." — Mauvissière au Roy, 12–22 October: Teulet, Vol. III.

[2] "Cela estant, j'espere que en peu de jours vous aurez l'honneur de la liberté de la dicte Reyne d'Escosse." — Same to the same, November 4–14: Ibid.

pretension which she had ever made, without condition or stipulation; she had left her future to Elizabeth's clemency. She had even promised to make no changes in the established religion in Scotland after her return thither. She had given bitter offence to Spain and the Pope by her concessions; and all had been in vain. The liberty which was almost in her grasp had melted like an image in a dissolving view.

In the fierceness of her disappointment she had withdrawn her offers. She threw herself again on her foreign friends. She blew Scotland into a flame; she appealed to the chivalry of Guise, and, with the help of Morgan, and Don Bernardino, and the Jesuits, she again wove into form a plot for the invasion of England. For a time her schemes had seemed to prosper. The Protestant lords in Scotland were overthrown; Gowrie was executed, Lindsay imprisoned, the ministers expelled from their churches, and her son brought into relations with the Pope and the Duke of Guise. The English Catholics prepared once more for insurrection. Arundel, Paget, Northumberland, Lord Henry Howard, Lord Vaux, and many a knight and nobleman besides, had been waiting only for a signal from abroad to carry her colours to the field, and end the Tudor dynasty in a second Bosworth. Guise was ready; Parma was ready; the Pope was burning with impetuosity; at one time nothing was wanting but the distinct consent of the King of Spain, which Mendoza and De Tassis had all but obtained from him.

But this mirage, too, had faded away. Her kinsmen in France became unaccountably cold.[1] Philip halted on his leaden foot. Throgmorton was taken, and the

[1] The Archbishop of Glasgow to the Queen of Scots, June 14–24: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

party in England was broken up. Northumberland was in the Tower. Arundel and Lord Henry Howard were under arrest in their own houses. Lord Paget had fled. Worse than all, those on whom she most depended in Scotland had disappointed her hopes. Arran, for his own reasons, wished her to remain a prisoner. Her son was false to her, and was making his own bargain at her expense. The Jesuits had made him a latitudinarian, but he was as far from being a Catholic as ever; while, until he became a Catholic, it was more and more certain that Philip would neither move himself nor allow Guise to move in her favour or in his. Her own life could not be depended on; and Philip not unreasonably declined to spend his subjects' blood and treasure to transfer the crown from one heretic to another.

So blank appeared the prospect that Parsons and Allen, "in consideration of the thwarts they received daily in all their doings, and the small success of their former labours, had resolved to leave agitation of such matters, and follow only their spiritual courses."[1] Mary Stuart, ever dauntless and indefatigable, stimulated in some degree their failing spirits. She reminded them that if her son was heretic, she was herself a true daughter of the Church. They appealed again to Parma; and he gave them hopes that if the Queen of Scots could escape, something might still be done. The fear was that if England was invaded while she was in Elizabeth's hands, she would be put to death, and the Catholics would lose their sole representative. It seems to have crossed Parma's mind, too, as it had crossed Don John's, that he might become the Queen

[1] Parsons to the Queen of Scots, September 10, 1584: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

of Scots' husband, and share the English throne with her.[1]

But the party of action on the Continent had complaints against herself as well as against James. Her readiness to treat with Elizabeth carried an impression that she was no saint, after all, but more a politician than a true believer. A book was published, after Throgmorton's execution, showing that in some way or other secrets supposed to be known only to half a dozen of the leading conspirators had been revealed. The facility with which English prisoners confessed upon the rack showed that they were made of bad material for successful traitors;[2] and the Queen of Scots herself was suspected, if not of treachery, yet of extreme imprudence.

"There is a fear," wrote an Italian Jesuit to her, "that tricks are played near your own person. There is a doubt even of your own discretion. Beware, Madame; for the love of Heaven, beware! Your cause is God's cause, and you must deal faithfully and uprightly as in His presence. You have too many irons in the fire at once, and they are too opposite one to another;

[1] "The Prince asked me whether you would ever marry again. I said I knew not your Majesty's particular desire in the matter, but Catholics generally could be well contented if your Majesty was in your royal seat, and provided of such a husband as his Highness was, for that would make a hope that it should be beneficial to all Christendom. At that he smiled, and said he pretended to no such thing, but to do for your Majesty only for your good will. Yet adding he was not so mortified to the world, but if all parties were agreed he would accept such a preferment with thankfulness." — Parsons to the Queen of Scots, September 10, 1584: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] "On ne traite pas voluntiers avec Angloys encor qu'ilz soient gens de bien et fidelles, pour ce que s'ilz sont attrapez ou descouverts comme fut Mylord Paget, ou s'ilz sont prins comme Throgmorton et aultres, par force de Gehenne, on leur faict dire plus qu'ilz ne scavent." — Letter from the Jesuit Martelli to the Queen of Scots. Deciphered by Walsingham's secretary Phillipps, and countersigned by Burghley, Shrewsbury, Walsingham, Hunsdon, and Cobham: *MS.* Ibid.

You have been more careful to train your son in politics and dissimulation than in the knowledge of the truth; and he will think as he pleases, and will regard religion as an outward shew. It is said that your own people caused the death of Throgmorton, and that you are careless of the fate of your friends, so long as you yourself escape. Don Bernardino desires to help you; but he says that you think only of your own misfortunes, and forget the risks to which others expose themselves in serving you. The King of Spain cannot send an army imperfectly provided to England, to make himself the laughing-stock by failure should the enemies of God go to war with him; and so long as Flanders is unconquered he has no harbours for his fleet. But beware, Madame, how you come to terms with the Jezebel. Take care what you are doing. You may ruin yourself fatally; and either England may never be invaded, or it may be to your own prejudice as having deserted the Catholic cause. Remember what I wrote to you before. I dare not tell you what, nevertheless, I dimly see to be intended; and there may be those who will not be sorry if you give them an excuse to complain of you. I can say no more. My duty to his Holiness and to the King of Spain forbids me. Only put your trust in God, and do not offend the Catholic Powers. Be patient a little longer; leave crooked ways, and be frank and true."[1]

It was a desperate position for the Queen of Scots. The Catholic Sovereigns were not deeply penetrated with the sense of her wrongs, or particularly eager to avenge them. She was an important piece in the

[1] Martelli to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584, condensed: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

Catholic game; but they had neither respect for her person nor enthusiasm in her cause. If, in despair at person nor enthusiasm in her cause. If, in despair at their slackness, she endeavoured to make terms with her gaoler, she offended their bigotry, and gave them a pretext for their indifference; while she knew well that it was only from the fear of their interference that Elizabeth consented to treat with her, and that if the fear was removed she would remain a prisoner for life. The whole world seemed falling away from her — France, Spain, the Pope, the Jesuits, even her own son. It was open to her then, and always, to end her troubles by a resolution to obtain and deserve Elizabeth's real confidence; but for this she would have had to part for ever with her passionately cherished hope of vengeance. Or, again, she might have become an object of passionate Catholic interest had she taken the position of a martyr, dared Elizabeth openly to do her worst upon her, and refused to acknowledge, directly or indirectly, a sovereign excommunicated by the Pope.

But either of the courses required more virtue than Mary Stuart possessed. Elizabeth preferred a crooked road, for its own sake; Mary Stuart, because martyrdom was not to her taste so long as the world held other charms for her; and she hated her rival too cordially to submit and acknowledge herself beaten.

There was a third possibility, — to continue to treat with Elizabeth, in the hope of obtaining her freedom, and perhaps her recognition as successor, and at the same time to persuade the Catholic Powers that she had no intention of observing the obligations into which she might herself enter. She would have to swear a great many oaths. She would have to delude Mauvis-

sière, for Martelli had warned her, and she knew it already, that Mauvissière was in the English interest; but she was constitutionally an actress, and difficulties of this kind stood but little in her way; and, in perfect consistency with all her past character, she entered again upon her career of deception. To the English Queen and to her new keepers she assumed the air of pathetic and trusting repentance. She described herself as weary of the struggle, and anxious only for peace and retirement.

Sir Ralph Sadler had known her from her cradle, yet she convinced him that she was at last sincere. She wrote to Elizabeth declaring that above all other things on earth she now desired her welfare and prosperity. She again promised, if she was released, to remain in England as a pledge of her good faith; and she implored the Queen not to reject the hand of a kinswoman which was frankly and lovingly extended to her.[1] She bade Mauvissière tell Burghley and Walsingham that she would do anything and everything that they could ask.[2] She assured Somers, who was associated with Sadler in the charge of her, "that she had never heard of any enterprise intended upon the realm for her relief, nor, as God should have her soul, would she ever consent to anything that should trouble the State, of which, with all her heart, she sought the quiet."[3] In the midst of the negotiation, which on these assurances had been opened in good faith for her release, she wrote by a sure hand to Sir Francis Engle-

[1] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, October 18–28: Labanoff, Vol. VI. Sadler to Walsingham, October 3–13: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, September 7–17: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

[3] Conversation between the Queen of Scots and Mr. Somers, September 1584: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

field, in Spain, bidding him tell the Pope and Philip that she expected nothing from the treaty; but that in any case she desired "the execution of the great plot and designment to go forward without respect of peril or danger to herself." She said "she would account her life happily bestowed if by losing it she could help and relieve the oppressed children of the Church." She required Englefield "to pursue and procure at the Pope and the Catholic King's hand such a speedy performance of their purpose that it should be carried into effect, at latest, in the approaching spring, the condition of the cause not permitting any further delay." [1]

It was perilous work, but she was growing reckless, —above all things she desired liberty. Nothing would be done for her, she well saw, while she continued a prisoner; while if once free she would know how to find a road out of her engagements. Philip had driven her to despair. When the Spanish cavaliers should have been knocking at the gates of Sheffield Castle, Philip was revelling at the Escurial over an acquisition more valuable to him than the conquest of an empire. A fragment of a broken shoulder-bone, said to have belonged to San Lorenzo, had been found in Italy, the corresponding portion of which had long been the most precious of Spanish relics. The Cardinal de Medici had presented the King with the newly discovered treasure, and the precious thing occupied all his thoughts, and left him no leisure for more worldly interests.[2] It was time for some bolder spirit to take

[1] The cipher of this letter fell by some means into the hands of the government, and is now among the MSS. in the Rolls House. It was deciphered two years after in the presence of the Council, by Curle, the Queen of Scots' second secretary, and the proof that it contained of her incurable falsehood may have contributed to the conviction that it was necessary to come to an end with her.

[2] "You may judge how delighted I have been with your letter of the

the reins of the enterprise; and Mary Stuart, with sixteen years of mortification to avenge, felt that no one was fitter than herself.

Elizabeth was nearer to yielding than she had been at any time since the Queen of Scots came first to England. It was thought desirable, however, that there should be a simultaneous declaration on the part of the English nation of their loyalty to their present sovereign during her natural life. In the same September in which Sadler and Somers were listening to Mary Stuart's professions, Crichton, the Jesuit, and another priest who had been chaplain to the Bishop of Ross, were taken in the Channel by a Flushing privateer. Crichton was observed to tear some sheets of paper, and try to throw them into the sea. The pieces were blown back on deck, and were sent with the prisoners to Walsingham. The priests were committed to the Tower. The torn fragments were put together, and were found to contain a history, in Italian, of the intended invasion of England, from the first going over

20th of July, in which you tell me that you are in possession of half the shoulder of San Lorenzo, and that you propose to send it to me. The relic is a grand one, and I, as you know, am specially devoted to this particular saint. The other half is already here, and the two parts can now be united. Your present is beyond price, and I cannot thank you sufficiently for procuring me so great a pleasure. I understand the difficulties which you must have had to encounter, and which all your authority must have been required to overcome. I thank you, I repeat most warmly. You had better send the precious thing to my ambassador at Genoa, Don Pedro de Mendoza. I shall prepare him, and he will contrive to forward it.

"You tell me that the bone split of itself down the middle, when you least expected. This is one of the circumstances which enhances its value. Send the evidences, I beseech you, along with it. The Genoa line will save time and prevent accident, and it will have fine spring weather for the journey." — "Deseo que con la reliquia me embieis la fe y testimonio que os pareciere convenir para que juntamente se guarde; y para que no pierda pasage os encargo la brevedad del embiarles á Genoa para que puedan gozar de la primavera." — Philip to the Cardinal de' Medici, November 14, 1584. From the Escurial, called always by Philip San Lorenzo, to whom it was dedicated: *MSS. Simancas.*

of the Duke of Lennox into Scotland. Not much was added to what was already known; but any doubts which might have adhered to Throgmorton's confession were wholly removed. The plans were identically the same; the names of the English Catholics concerned were the same; the acquaintance of the Queen of Scots with the plot was confirmed in all its parts. Crichton was examined on the rack. He said that he had been on his way to Scotland to make another effort for the conversion of James.[1] Two-thirds of England, he said, were expected, for one reason or another, to declare for the Queen of Scots. Her son might play fair or play false. Foreign powers might hang fire and hesitate. Her real strength was believed by the Jesuits to be in England itself, and one remarkable expression was used by Crichton which the Council knew to be historically true: — "The title of the crown was of great efficacy with the English nation; for whensoever any prince did govern evil, if the successor did take upon him to remedy the same, never any to whom the succession did belong did at any time take arms to reform the government but he had good success."

If Mary Stuart was in a position to trouble Elizabeth's quiet, as her grandfather had troubled crooked-backed Richard, she was herself to blame for it. Had the Casket letters been officially published, after the Westminster investigation, Parliament would and must have declared the Queen of Scots incapable of the succession, and her pretensions would have been heard of no more. It was too late for regrets, and these fresh discoveries now only increased Elizabeth's desire to come to terms with her.

[1] Parts of the discourse in Italian, found about the Scotch Jesuit, taken on the seas on his way to Scotland, 1584: *MSS. Domestic.* Walsingham to Stafford, October 2: *MSS. France.*

The perpetual unrest and conspiracy was the cause which made it dangerous to keep her. Her own share in producing it was already perfectly well known; but if there were so many lords and gentlemen anxious to have her as their Sovereign, it was thought well to take assurance of them, that they should not seek a premature realisation of their hopes; and at all events to let Europe understand that there was a loyal England as well as a disloyal, and that no good end could be answered by rebellion or assassination. Elizabeth's life lay between the nation and civil war. The murder of Orange had shown both friend and enemy how easily so slight a bulwark could be removed. The feverish apprehensions of the Protestants took shape in the famous bond of association, which was a virtual suspension of law, and the organisation of good subjects into a universal vigilance committee for the protection of the Sovereign and the Empire.

"It was accorded in Council," said Burghley, "that there should be a bond of union made by such noblemen and other principal gentlemen and officers as should like thereof, voluntarily to bind themselves to her Majesty, and every one to other, for the defence of her Majesty's person against her evil willers."[1]

If the Queen was assassinated, government would be at an end; every commission would be void, every public officer reduced for the time to the condition of a private man; law, order, and authority would be at an end till the throne was again filled. It was to prevent such a catastrophe, in the first place, but principally that the Empire might be held together in the disintegration which would ensue if it occurred, that Burgh-

[1] Burghley to Lord Cobham, October 27–November 6, 1584: Lodge *Illustrations of English History.*

ley and Walsingham selected the language in which this remarkable document was framed.

"For as much," so it ran, "as Almighty God has ordained kings, queens, and princes to have dominion and rule over all their subjects, and to preserve them in the possession and observation of the true Christian religion, and in like sort that all subjects should love, fear, and obey their princes to the utmost of their power; at all times to withstand, pursue, and suppress all manner of persons that shall by any means intend and attempt anything dangerous or hurtful to the honour, state, or person of their Sovereign — therefore we, whose names are or shall be subscribed to this writing, being natural born subjects of this realm, and having so gracious a lady, our Sovereign Elizabeth, by God's ordinance our most rightful Queen, reigning over us these many years with great felicity, to our inestimable comfort; and finding lately that for the furtherance and advancement of some pretended title to the crown the life of our Sovereign has been most dangerously designed against, we and every of us, calling first to witness the name of Almighty God, do voluntarily and most willingly bind ourselves, every one of us to the other, jointly and severally, in the band of one firm and loyal society; and do hereby vow and promise, by the Majesty of Almighty God, that with our whole powers, bodies, lives, and goods we will serve and obey our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth, against all states, dignities, and earthly powers whatsoever, and will with our joint and particular force, during our lives, withstand, pursue, and offend, as well by force of arms as by all other means of revenge, all manner of persons, of whatsoever estate they be, and their abettors, that shall attempt any act, or counsel or consent to anything, that

shall tend to the harm of her Majesty's person; and will never desist from all manner of forcible pursuit of such persons, to the utter extermination of them, their counsellors, aiders, and abettors.

"If any such wicked attempt shall be taken in hand or procured, whereby any that have, may, or shall pretend title to this crown by the untimely death of her Majesty, may thus wickedly obtain what they seek — that the same may be avenged, we do not only bind ourselves both jointly and severally never to allow, accept, or favour any such pretended successor, by whom or for whom any such detestable act shall be attempted or committed, as unworthy of all government in any Christian realm or state; but do also further vow and protest, in the presence of the Eternal God, to prosecute such person or persons to death with our joint and particular force, and to act the utmost revenge upon them that by any means we or any of us can devise and do for their utter overthrow and extirpation.

"We confirm the contents hereof by our oaths, corporally taken upon the Holy Evangelists, with this express condition, that no one of us shall, for any respect of person or causes, or for fear or reward, separate ourselves from this association, or fail in the prosecution thereof during our lives, on pain of being by the rest of us prosecuted and suppressed as perjured persons and public enemies to God, our Queen, and country; to which punishment and pains we voluntarily submit ourselves and every of us, without benefit of any colour or pretence." [1]

The alarm was but too well founded, the anxiety but too natural, which dictated so unexampled a move-

[1] Act of Association, November, 1584: Printed in the first volume of the *State Trials.*

ment. The assassination of Elizabeth was the first idea of the most devout of the Catholic priests. The priests held the conscience of every ardent youth who desired a short road to Paradise, and in those days the distance between the imagination and execution of a desperate deed was less remote than it is at present.[1]

The Privy Councillors, the judges, the magistrates of Middlesex, every one in or about London who held office under the crown, gave their signatures immediately, and copies were sent round the English counties to the lords lieutenants and the mayors of the towns, inviting every loyal subject to enrol his name. The country replied with acclamations undisturbed by a dissentient voice. The loyal signed in a passion of delight; the disloyal because they dared not refuse. Lord Derby, whose name was on the insurrectionary list, summoned the suspected gentry of Lancashire and Cheshire to Chester Cathedral. The Earl on his knees received the oath from the Bishop, the Bishop and Lord Strange received the oath from the Earl, and then in groups of six the entire company swore after them, "not one by word or countenance seeming malcontent."[2]

The scene at Chester was repeated or paralleled in

[1] Among Walsingham's loose papers of this year, preserved by accident and probably one of a thousand, is an account, unsigned, of a "speech of a friar in Dunkirk."

"On All Saints Eve a friar of the Order of St. Francis, being vicar of the said Friary, entering into talk with me in the said Friary touching the Queen, said unto me that if her Majesty was once dispatched and gone, that then all Christendom would be in peace and quietness; and taking me with him into his chamber, he shewed me the pictures of the Prince of Orange and the Burgundian which killed him, with the manner of his cruel execution. The friar said to me, Do you behold and see this picture? Look how this Burgundian did kill this Prince. In such manner there will not want another Burgundian to kill that wicked woman, and that before long free the common wealth of all Christendom" — *MSS. Domestic* 1584.

[2] Lord Derby to the Earl of Leicester, November 7–17: *MS.* Ibid.

every city in England. It was an intimation on the part of the nation to the Queen of Scots that she should have no access to the throne by way of assassination. Parliament was summoned to give the association the authority of law, and further, since it was to Parliament that the Queen of Scots affected always to refer her claim, it was assembled "for the disabling of such as, pretending title to the crown, should seek to disturb her Majesty's possession during her life."[1]

Elizabeth, meanwhile, prepared to consider the proposals which were about to be made to her by the Queen of Scots on one side, and by James on the other, and to treat with one or with both, either jointly or severally, according to the nature of their proposals. All parties were playing false. The Queen of Scots was preparing to swear that she would not seek to disturb the peace of England during Elizabeth's life, while privately she was bidding the Catholic Powers go on with their invasion at all hazards. James was pretending to his mother that it was for her sake and not his own that he was seeking a separate treaty, when his real wish was that she should remain in confinement, and that her claims should be postponed to his own. Elizabeth, who had found at last that the alliance of Scotland was necessary to her very existence, yet meant to drive as hard a bargain as circumstances would allow. She, it is evident, most feared Mary Stuart; Walsingham most feared her son. Walsingham for once was at fault in his judgment of character. He was unable to conceive that James would be as indifferent to his mother's fate as in fact he was. He advised, therefore, that terms should first be made with

[1] Walsingham to Sadler, October 17–27: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

the Queen of Scots, and he regretted that his mistress disagreed with him.[1]

The Master of Gray was coming up to represent James. Mary Stuart was to send her French secretary, M. Nau. The first hearing was assigned to Gray, and Nau's coming was postponed till Gray's message had been digested and his leanings ascertained. Report called him a good Catholic and "a devoted servant to the Scotch Queen." Should this be true, it was undesirable that Nau and he should encounter each other. Could Gray be gained over, he held and could reveal the secrets of the Paris conspiracy. He had discussed the details of the invasion with Mendoza and the Nuncio; he knew precisely the views of the great powers about James; he was master of all their secrets, and as well as any living man could teach Elizabeth how to defeat them.[2]

His ostensible mission, when he appeared, was to require the expulsion of the exiled noblemen. If this condition was acceded to, the Earl of Arran was ready to betray to Elizabeth the nature of the offers which had been made to his master by the Catholics, and a defensive league might be immediately made between Scotland and England, the inhabitants of each country being made free of the other as a prelude to their approaching incorporation.[3] The name of the Queen of

[1] "I am of opinion that without that Queen's assent, who doth altogether direct the King, there will no hold be taken of Scotland, and therefore I have been always persuaded that some trial should be made of her offers, with such cautions as she promiseth to give, wherewith I see no cause but that her Majesty should rest satisfied. The impediment grows principally through a jealous conceit that either of the two princesses hath of the other, which I see will hardly be removed." — Walsingham to Sadler, October 17–27: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] The Archbishop of Glasgow to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584: *MS.* Ibid. Cipher.

[3] This concession, it was thought, "would pleasure England greatly."

Scots was not mentioned in Gray's instructions, nor was it mentioned either in a letter which Gray brought with him from the King to Burghley.[1]

He was received with cold curiosity, which, however, turned soon to interest as his character unfolded itself. Letters from Walsingham to Hunsdon, and from the Queen to the Earl of Arran, described his conditions as impossible and his communications as unimportant. In a few days he was revealing himself as ready to sell

Instructions from the Earl of Arran to the Master of Gray, 1584: *MSS. Scotland.*

[1] The letter is a curious specimen of James's early composition: —

"To my well belovit and assurit trusty cousin, my Lord Burley, treasurer.

"My Lorde and Cousin,

"Alexander, the great conquerour of the worlde, reading one day according to his accustomete manner on the Illiades of Homer, quhilk he ever carrit about with him, he did burst forth in thir wordis following. — I esteeme not, said he, Achilles to have bene so happy for the good success he had in the weiris as he was in having so worthie ane trumpetour to blare abrode immortaly, yea to all posteritics and aages his worthy fame as Homere was. My Lord, albeit indeid Achilles was ornit with so divine and rare vertus as in that cace I can on no ways be justly compaired unto him, and that on the other point ye do far excell suche ane blinde begging fellow as Homere, yit in one thing I may be compairit unto him, I meine Achilles, to witt that thaire is so wise and trustie ane counsellour as ye are about hir of quhoise amitie I have maid choise above all uther Princes if so she will accept of me, quho may and I am aussurit will further that amitie quhilk now be the bearar heirof my ambassadour I do crave of her. Quhome I have commandit not only to imparte his commission unto you, bot also to use your prescript in all thaise matters. The cause that movis me sa to do is the repoirt I have hard how ye have bene the man about your soueraigne thise tymes bygane quho hes had the chief and only caire of the well doing of my affaires thair, and having directit this berar with mair special and secret commission than any I ever directit before. I have gevin charge thairfoire to deell maist specially and secreitly with you nixt the quene, our dearest sister, as he will shaw you mair at length, quhome earnestly desiring you to credit as myself with assurance of your contineuance in the furthering of all my adoos thaire and specially this present, I committ you, my lord and cousin, to Goddis holy protection.

"From my pallais of holyrudhouse, the 14th of October, 1584.

"Your assurit friend and cousin, JAMES R."

— Autograph endorsed by Burghley, "The King of Scots by the Master of Gray": *MS.* Ibid.

his services to England, to betray his patron, and make himself the instrument of a revolution which would replace the King in the power of Angus and the Protestants. The Queen of Scots was writing to him in unsuspecting confidence, believing him to be entirely hers. She cautioned him against Elizabeth's duplicity: she directed him, as his mistress, to speak in her name as well as her son's, and make use of Scotland in her interest by appealing to Elizabeth's fears.[1] But Gray had taken the measure of the situation. He considered that Elizabeth would win, and that her cause was therefore the safest to stand by. Mauvissière, who was watching him, was puzzled. He saw that Gray was trimming, but he could not distinguish whether the double play was his own or the King's. He had ascertained that James too was willing to make his bargain alone if he could obtain better terms by separating himself from his mother.[2]

By degrees, but by degrees only, the truth dawned on the Queen of Scots. In his letters to her, James had professed himself the most dutiful of sons. She had imagined that he was now about to consent to the long-agitated association of herself in the Scotch crown with him. She learnt instead that Gray had told the Queen, in James's name, that it never could be, and with an undefined suspicion she wrote to know what he meant. Elizabeth being now satisfied that there was no danger, had consented to the coming up of M. Nau. Mary Stuart sent a letter by him, saying that she refused her consent to a separate treaty. She insisted that her own and her son's interests should be

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Master of Gray, October 1–11, 1584: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

[2] Mauvissière to the King of France, November 15–25: Teulet, Vol. III.

identified. She, as Queen of Scotland, she said, was making a treaty with a sister sovereign, and it was a mere condescension on her part to allow her son to have a voice in it.[1]

Such a tone at such a moment shews how little she had realised the possibility of James's actually failing her. His successes had really been hers. She it was and not he, who by incessant effort, and by the lavish use of her French dowry, had overthrown Morton and Gowrie and broken up the Protestant party. She was offending, as she well knew, all the earnest Catholics abroad, by consenting to treat at all; but she pined for liberty, and she believed that the attitude of Scotland would compel Elizabeth to set her free.

Nau took with him to London a "note of remembrances" on the disposition towards her of each of the members of Elizabeth's Council. Hatton's name stood first. Hatton, whose solitary merit had been his supposed affection for his sovereign, had many times sent Mary Stuart word that if the Queen died he would fetch her to London with the royal guard.[2] Leicester had been her friend also till his marriage with Lettice Knollys; but his wife's influence and his designs on Lady Arabella for his son had converted him into a dangerous enemy. Huntingdon she liked well, in spite of his pretensions to the succession, and Burghley she liked especially well, as an old experienced statesman, who desired the good of his country in dispassionate patriotism.

1 The Queen of Scots to the Master of Gray, December 14–24: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

2 "Hatton luy a faict divers bons offices, luy offrant par la Contesse de Shrewsbury que la Royne d'Angleterre venant à deceder, il seroit prest de venir trouver la Royne d'Escosse avec la garde." — Remembrances to Nau, November 15, 1584: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

She charged Nau to be guided entirely in all that he did by Burghley's advice.[1] To Lord Charles Howard and to the Chancellor Bromley she sent affectionate messages, and to Sir Francis Knollys a pleasant reminder of her first acquaintance with him at Carlisle.[2] Evidently she felt assured of the support of all the Council except Leicester and Walsingham; and Walsingham's disposition is proved by his own letters to have been favourable also.

So far as the treaty was concerned, Nau's instructions were the very amplest. He came prepared to concede or anticipate any demand which Elizabeth could make. In addition to the technical concessions to which she had agreed already, Mary Stuart promised through him to declare publicly before Europe that the Queen of England was thenceforward to be her closest friend; to swear to forget her wrongs and never seek to revenge them; to intercede for the banished Lords, to renounce Pope Pius's Bull, make a league with England, offensive and defensive, and herself subscribe the bond for the protection of Elizabeth's life.[3] All she asked for was a speedy resolution.

December.

The effect of Gray's presence upon Elizabeth was visible in the immediate answer. The Queen of Scots was told that instead of talking of forgetting her wrongs she ought rather to acknowledge the practices of which she had been guilty before and since her coming into England. She must not only renounce the Bull of the Pope in her favour, but she must declare the Crown of

[1] "Est vieulx et prudent conseillier qui ayme le bien de son pays sans passion ny faction. Nau ay commandment de proceder en tout et partout par son advis et direction." — Remembrances to Nau, November, 1584: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] Nau's articles, December, 1584: *MS.* Ibid.

England to be independent of any worldly potentate. She must acknowledge in form that neither her Majesty nor any other lawful King or Queen could be deprived by the censures of any person whatever upon earth. She might subscribe the bond if she pleased, but she was coldly told that it was unnecessary, and that speed in so grave a matter was impossible.[1]

The Queen of Scots, however, having committed herself to concessions, was not to be repelled. She signed the bond; she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow, desiring him to bid the Guises abandon the designs which they had formed in her favour, and telling him that thenceforward she intended to seek Elizabeth's favour. The letter was written perhaps to be seen, but it *was* written, and it was sent. Mauvissière pressed Elizabeth with her promises. Had Scotland pressed her also, had James resolutely identified himself with his mother, and demanded, at the side of France, a general treaty between the three nations, of which her release was to be a condition, Elizabeth had engaged herself so deeply that she could not have refused. The Queen of Scots was in fact ready to tie herself hand and foot in knots which she would have found it hard to undo. She was desperate of help, and was willing to agree to anything. Her letter to Englefield had produced no effect. Parma wrote to her in terms of general politeness, but regretting that he was prevented by circumstances from devoting himself, as he desired, to her cause.[2] The Archbishop of Glasgow reported from Paris that the Duke of Guise was willing as ever, but that the state of France forbade him at present to move for her. The arrest and confession

[1] Answer to Nau, December, 1584: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*
[2] Parma to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584: *MS.* Ibid.

of Crichton had disheartened her friends and created new difficulties.[1] Mr. Lygons, an English refugee in the Netherlands, who had been especially active for her, wrote that Philip had designs of his own on England, and "would never help her to what he grasped after himself;" if he had cared really to give her the crown he would have done it long since, "to her liking if not to his;" but "that the enterprise so furiously pretended" had never been more than a stratagem.[2] From Rome itself the news was hardly better. Père la Rue, who, disguised as a gardener, had been her chaplain at Sheffield, had gone over to rouse the languid interest of the Catholic Courts. The Duke of Lorraine had told him that nothing could be done till James was a Catholic. He had told the Pope that the apathy of Spain was driving his mistress to "an accord" with England. The Pope had said that he had done his best, but could effect nothing; and had seemed to think, indeed, that if the Queen of Scots was as good a Catholic as she pretended to be, she ought not to shrink from more protracted suffering in the cause of the Church. "What!" his Holiness had exclaimed, "will she now, after having persevered so long, come to an agreement with heretics? Will she dishonour herself on earth and imperil her immortal soul? What! Connive with Jezebel, ally herself with the worst infidel and persecutor of Catholics that the world contained! It was too monstrous to be believed."[3] Charles Paget and his companions sung the same song. Finally, Englefield, from Madrid, was obliged to say that she must look

[1] The Archbishop of Glasgow to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Lygons to the Queen of Scots, December 14–24: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] La Rue to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584: *MS.* Ibid.

for no interference till either Flanders was conquered or Elizabeth dead, or till a revolution had broken out in England. Even Mendoza, eager as he had been, was now for delay, and did not even wish her to escape. Englefield said he had told Philip that if she found herself deserted after bearing her cross for so many years, she might come to terms with her oppressors; it was a miracle that she had held out so long. But Philip had other views for the settlement of England. Her son's having taken on himself the supremacy of the Church of Scotland, had cooled the Pope. It was reported from Flanders that the supposed party among the English citizens, who were to take arms in her favour, was a mere delusion; those likely to fight for her were "few in number, partial, and passionate;" and that an invasion could not prudently be attempted with less than forty thousand men.[1]

Well might such letters make her desperate. She was to be left, then, in confinement for the general good of the cause; and to be tricked, after all, out of the prize for which she had intrigued and conspired from her girlhood. If the worst came, she could, at least, by yielding, revenge herself on the false friends who were using her so ungraciously.

Her eagerness for release was increased when she found herself consigned to a new residence, disagreeable in itself and full of painful memories, where the respect due to her rank had been first forgotten and her rooms had been seached in her presence by armed men. She had been removed from Sheffield, when Sir Ralph Sadler first took charge of her, to Wingfield, another house not far distant, belonging to the

January.

[1] Englefield to the Queen of Scots, December 5–15, 1584, January 15–25, 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

Earl of Shrewsbury. The Earl's people had remained in attendance upon her. Wingfield was unfortified, and many of these persons were attached to her interest and were not too obedient to the stranger who was placed at their head. Sir Ralph declined to be responsible for her, unless in a stronger position and with his own men about him. It was decided, therefore, that she should be removed once more to Tutbury Castle.

A change of keepers had always been her peculiar fear. She knew that she was safe with Shrewsbury, but she dreaded that sooner or later she would be made over to Leicester. Once in Kenilworth, she was assured that she would never leave it alive ; and Tutbury was the halfway house towards it from Sheffield. The castle, too, was in itself dreary and miserable. Sheffield was the well-appointed residence of an English Earl. Tutbury was a fort on the crest of a round hill, in the midst of a treeless plain. It consisted of a circuit of walls, and in the centre a rudely built hunting-lodge, of which the highest windows were only on a level with the parapets. The recommendation of it was its strength, and the Queen of Scots acquiesced in being taken thither only because she believed still that her stay would be brief, and because her cue was to be humble and submissive. She arrived in the middle of January. Her rooms had not been inhabited since she was last there. The plaster was peeling off the walls. The wind swept through the rents of the wood-work. The scanty furniture had been pieced together from Lord Paget's house at Beaudesert, but was wretchedly inadequate ; and the common conveniences of life had been so ill provided that comfort and even decency was impossible.

Harassed in mind and sick in body, surrounded by

strangers and cut off at last from all private communication, the Queen of Scots fell, for the first time, into entire despair. She wrote again and again in piteous entreaty to Burghley. She flung herself in entire self-abandonment at Elizabeth's feet, crying for liberty or death.[1] The weary days passed on and brought no change; and then, dimly through her prison walls the truth broke upon her that she was betrayed by her miserable son. She drew an Act, in which he was to acknowledge that he held his crown at her hand and in dependence upon her. She desired Mauvissière to carry it to him and demand his signature. "If he refuse," she said, "if he will not admit that he is King of Scotland only by my will, I require you, in all your negotiations, to withhold the title from him. Other princes shall do the same, wherever my credit extends, and a mother's curse shall light upon him. I will deprive him of all the greatness to which, through me, he can pretend in the world. He shall have nothing but what he inherits from his father. No punishment, human or divine, will be adequate to such enormous ingratitude."[2]

And for Elizabeth, also, quiet days were gone or going. She was a mighty mistress of procrastination, but there was an open sore in the commonwealth, which could not be trifled with longer. In the face of the murder of the Prince of Orange and the bond of association, the country insisted that something should be done about the succession. The Queen had found her own interest in protracting the uncertainty. The many expectants were on their good

November.

[1] The Queen of Scots to Burghley, January 20–30, February 6–16, March 2–12: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

[2] The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, March 2–12: Ibid.

behaviour; and the prospect of a Catholic successor had been of material effect in preventing disturbance. But for the same reason there was a special incentive to assassination. The bond, as it stood, was but a temporary make-shift, and justice and common sense required legal provision to be made for the contingency of the vacancy of the throne. The judges had subscribed the bond in the fervour of loyalty; but, as the language of it came to be reflected on, doubts arose "whether every private person indictâ causâ might exterminate and kill any man who should do an act tending only in his opinion to the hurt of her Majesty." "Good subjects would not be inquisitive who was the lawful successor," yet "some lawful successor there necessarily was, and if a wicked act was attempted" for the true heir "without his knowledge and consent," "the act of a stranger could not take away a valid right."[1] These were questions demanding instant consideration; and, bitterly as the Queen detested the prospect, Parliament had to be called to deal with them.

There had been no general election in England for twelve years, but the Parliament of 1572 had been dissolved at last. Writs were issued in October, and the House met at Westminster on the 23rd[2] of the following month. The Council had been hard at work preparing a measure to submit to them; and various notes in Burghley's hand shew how carefully this situation was weighed. The Queen was to be considered on one side and the nation on the other. "For many due respects the constitution of an heir apparent

[1] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association: *Domestic MSS.* 1584–5.

[2] November 23–December 3.

was disliked." To decide between Mary and James, or to decide generally for or against the Scotch line, was obviously impolitic. The object was rather to save the country from danger of anarchy, and to "take precautions that no one attempting any wicked act should profit by it." The perils to the Queen were "either from those who would have change of religion or would take the crown from her." The first could be met by a clause attached to the coronation oath, binding the sovereign to maintain the Establishment; the second by a provisional Government to come into existence on the Queen's death, and to continue till the crime had been punished and the conflicting titles adjudicated upon. The sudden cessation of authority would thus be avoided; the machinery of administration would continue unchanged; and as soon as execution had been done upon the assassins and their accomplices, then and not till then the claims of the various pretenders could be laid before Parliament, the allegations on all sides quietly heard, and "preference, in order of consideration," might be allowed to the person "whose name the Queen should leave in writing as by herself thought worthy of favour." Under this arrangement Elizabeth's special fear would be avoided. She would remain for her life the sole object of her people's affection. Treason would be prevented by the certainty that it would forfeit its reward; and "the sinister opinion of foreign nations, that her Majesty sought only her own safety, without regard to the peril of her realm, would be by that act confuted."

"The desire of sovereignty," it might be said, "was so great that no device could bridle ambitious minds." "The matter would be reduced to the sword before Parliament could assemble:" December.

or the provisional Government, "having the sword in their hands," might themselves name the successor, and "when Parliament assembled, every one would be afraid to speak his mind, for fear, if his opinion was overruled, he would be in disgrace with the Prince that should succeed."

The last difficulty might be met by an arrangement that the decision could be taken "not by open declaration, but by secret balloting, as in Venice." It might be said again, that the interposition of Parliament was unprecedented; that the crown belonged to the right heir, whom Parliament could not alter. But the object was to determine, quietly and indifferently, who the right heir was — "otherwise the sword would be the judge, to the nation's utter overthrow." The situation itself w s without precedent. There was no instance in English history where the succession had remained so doubtful and where men's minds were so many ways abstracted; and precedent or no precedent, if no resolution was taken, "nothing but the sword could decide the controversy, to the very ruin of the realm, effusion of blood without end, and subversion of true religion;" there were objections to every course which could be proposed, but anything was better than to leave so fearful a possibility unprovided for.[1]

It is difficult to see on what ground, either political or personal, the Queen could have resisted an arrangement so carefully considered. The temptation to kill her arose from the confusion which her death would cause. The example of the Prince of Orange shewed what the fanatics would dare. "Those devils," said Burghley, "were persuaded that her life was the only

[1] Notes in Lord Burghley's hand, for the establishing the realm after he Queen's death, 1584–5: *MSS. Domestic.*

let why their tyranny was not planted again ; and while that hope remained, her life was in great peril ; no laws, no association, no fear of torment, could remedy it ; the damnable sect of the Jesuits persuaded men in conscience that such acts would merit heaven."[1] For herself, as well as for the country, the best security was a provision for the stability of the Government in the event of her death ; yet, for some cause, it did not please her ; a successor, even in so vague and shadowy a form, was more than her imagination could endure.

As usual, her chief desire was to huddle over the session, to induce Parliament simply to sanction the association, and to consent to be prorogued in three weeks. At the opening, the Houses were told briefly that they were called together for the furthering of religion, the preservation of her Majesty, and the welfare of the commonwealth ; and on the 16th of December a bill was introduced by Sir Francis Knollys, embodying the Queen's wishes. Some one who was present reported "that it was heard and read in sad silence and little said."[2] There was evidently a feeling of profound disappointment. "The sinister opinion of foreign nations" was true then. The Queen did care only for herself, and was indifferent to the prospective calamities of her people. She was short-sighted even for her personal safety. Heavily and reluctantly the Commons set themselves to consider the association bond. The first objection was to the words "of whom or for whom ;" the unauthorised act of a second person could not take away a lawful right. It was removed at once by a message from the Queen, that "she did not

[1] Lord Burghley's Notes: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association, if it be not qualified with a convenient Act of Parliament, 1584–5: *MS.* Ibid.

wish any one to be punished for the fault of another;" "she would have nothing pass which grieved her subjects' consciences or would not abide the view of the world;" "she affected to approve the zeal of such of her faithful subjects as desired with upright consciences to serve God and her together."[1]

The House was partially satisfied, but they had looked for something different. The association either meant nothing or it meant a suspension of legal authority, and the more the language of it was weighed, the wider the differences of opinion which arose. Some members who had sworn felt themselves "superstitiously bound" to the exact words of the oath; some thought that "it contained matter not warrantable by the Word of God, and repugnant to the laws of nature;" some that as the oath was made for the Queen's safety, the Queen could dispense with it; some that it was unlawful and therefore void. Others, again, argued that "it was a gap opened to make men careless of oaths, ready to swear anything, albeit they meant to perform nothing;" while many "affirmed that they thought themselves bound to perform their oath plainly and truly as they had made it;" "that without excuse, colour, or pretext whatsoever, they were bound to prosecute such perjured persons as would separate themselves, and that no mortal authority could dispense with them."

"I, for my own part," writes the unknown person from whose narrative the description of the scene is borrowed, "with great grief of mind hearing these contrary conceits of this oath from those present which had taken the same, did, methought, behold the bloody effects which must ensue when so many thousands,

[1] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association, if it be not qualified with a convenient Act of Parliament, 1584–5: *MSS. Domestic.*

rising in arms with weapons in their hands, should in mind be thus distracted and by oaths impelled to embrue their swords in the blood of their brothers. Methought — seeing all these associators must for their own safety, upon any such accident, put themselves and their friends in arms, lest otherwise they be persecuted by their fellows as perjured persons — that occasion was offered for any meaning by faction to advance an under-title to intrude themselves, and by linking themselves with the more violent affections, to calumniate whom they list and extol them whom they would, or spoil or prey on any that did wish for deciding of claims in more quiet course."

"Briefly, I thought I did behold a confused company of all parts of the realm, of all degrees and estates there, rising in arms, at such a time as there was no Council of estate in life, no lawful generals, no lieutenants, no colonels or captains to guide them in action; no presidents, no sheriffs, no judges, no justices, no officers, with authority to maintain justice or preserve peace, or with lawful power direct such a distracted chaos of armed men, confusedly rising even at the time when most need should be of greatest government, direction, and justice, to suppress factions, decide claims, and defend the realm from invasion of strangers; when swarms of needy soldiers, abounding in the realms about us, will come flying over to possess and prey upon our felicitous wealth and riches, whenever such an opportunity by our civil debates, yea bella plusquam civilia, shall be offered." [1]

In the face of such dread possibilities, no session of twenty days, no mere proposal to legalise the associa-

[1] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association, if it be not qualified with a convenient Act of Parliament, 1584–5: *MSS. Domestic.*

tion, would meet the just demands of England. The very existence of the empire was held to be at stake: "one frightful thought possessed every loyal mind, that those hell-hounds, the Jesuits, knowing themselves to be united, and good subjects distracted and doubtful," would strike at the Queen and plunge the country into anarchy. "They held and taught that it was not lawful only, but meritorious to kill excommunicated princes." Fear could not daunt them. "The immediate prospect of the paradise which they were to win" enabled them to contemn death and triumph in torments. No precaution would avail "unless the state of the realm was so established that success should not profit them, but rather be the ruin of their hopes."[1]

The bill was withdrawn. A committee of both Houses was nominated to frame a second in its place, and the Commons proceeded with another measure of repression, carrying a step further an Act of the last Parliament. All Jesuits and Seminary priests were ordered to leave the realm within forty days. If they overstaid that time, or if they returned after it, unless for special causes, they were to suffer as traitors; and those who harboured them were to be hanged as felons.

The terror of the whole situation focussed in the word "Jesuit." From the Society of Ignatius Loyola came the inspiration of the assassins, and this measure at least promised to pass with acclamation. To the surprise of every one, a solitary member rose in his seat and declared the bill to be full of blood, confiscation, and despair to all English subjects. The speaker was Doctor Parry, who was then fulfilling his resolution of trying the effect of a remonstrance in Parliament before carry-

[1] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association, if it be not qualified with a convenient Act of Parliament, 1584-5: *MSS. Domestic.*

ing out the purpose with which he had come over from Paris. He had been restored to his place at the Court, and had been again sworn to the Queen on readmission. He had made a merit to Elizabeth of revealing the existence of a plot against her, and, expecting a reward, had applied for the wardenship of St. Catherine's, a rich sinecure in the city. His request had been refused, and, brooding over his imagined wrongs, he had sought companionship with another malcontent, an Edmund Neville, kinsman to the exiled Earl of Westmoreland, who was suffering from the shadow which clouded his family. These two worthies had spent the summer hatching treason together. Parry had revealed to Neville his dispensation from the Pope, and they had mutually warmed their courage over the example of Balthazar Gerard. Parliament, however, was to be tried first, and Parry had obtained a seat for Queensborough, with which he was in some way connected.

The House, already feverish and fretful, turned upon him in a passion of indignation. He was committed instantly to the sergeant-at-arms, placed on his knees at the bar, and required to explain his words. He said he had not meant to offend: he had spoken only his real thoughts; his reasons he reserved for the Queen. He was carried off in charge and examined by the Council. The next day a message came through Hatton from Elizabeth that she was grateful for the feeling which the House had displayed, but that she hoped, on Parry's acknowledgment of his fault, that it would be passed over. Led to the bar a second time, he withdrew his words, promised never to offend again, and was allowed to resume his seat.

The bill was passed, but time was required for the consideration of the larger question. The Christmas

holydays were at hand, and gave an opportunity for irritation to cool down. On the 21st, notice was given of a six weeks' adjournment. The Queen's pleasure was again made known by Hatton, and a scene took place which reveals strikingly the sentiment of the loyal part of the nation. At the close of a long speech, on the goodness chiefly of Almighty God, Hatton proposed that the Commons, before they separated, should join with him in a prayer for the Queen's continued preservation. Amidst a hum of general assent, he produced a form written, as he said, not very well, but by an honest, godly, and learned man. He read it sentence by sentence, and the four hundred members, all on their knees on the floor of the House, repeated the words after him.[1]

January.

On the 4th of February they met again, and by that time the peril for which they had been called to provide had actually appeared at their doors. Edmund Neville, having an eye, perhaps, on the Westmoreland earldom, and hoping to gain favour by betraying his accomplice, came forward in January and accused Parry of intending regicide. Parry, he said, had spoken to him in the past summer of killing the Queen, as an act meritorious with God and the world, and had said that he was ready to lose his life to deliver his country from tyranny. Neville naturally represented himself as having listened with abhorrence, but Parry, he declared, had continued to urge him, "wondering he was so scrupulous, with so many wrongs of his own to revenge." Neville had argued that it could not be done. Parry had replied that nothing could be more easy. The Queen was in the habit of walking alone in the palace gardens at Westminster. Belonging

[1] D'Ewes' *Journals*, 1584–5.

himself to the household, he had access to her presence everywhere: he could introduce his companion, and a barge might be ready at the water side to carry them down the river as soon as the deed was done. If this failed, they could ride up on each side of her carriage as she was going to St. James's and fire their pistols in her face. There would be no pursuit, "for the world was weary of her."

Neville professed to have turned a deaf ear, and had left London. When he returned he found Parry smarting after his adventure in Parliament. The member for Queensborough, it appeared, had relieved his conscience; he had tried the other means and had failed, and was now really determined to execute his commission from Morgan. He again asked his friend to help him. The English were all cowards, he said, and "Neville was the only man with whom he could act in such a matter." Neville said that he "made semblance to be more willing than before, hoping to learn more of Parry's intention:" when he had gathered all that was necessary, "he discharged his conscience," and revealed to the Council "the traitorous and abominable intention."[1]

Instant arrest of course followed. Parry was examined in the Tower by Hunsdon, Hatton, and Walsingham. He was threatened with the rack, and made a full confession. He told how he had been received into the Church, how he had been tempted by Morgan, in Paris, how he had read books, consulted priests, and been uncertain in conscience. He admitted the Pope's dispensation, and the Cardinal of Como's letter. He said that he had lost it, but it was found among his papers. He acknowledged that he had come to Eng-

[1] Confession of Edmund Neville, February 11–21, 1585: *MSS. Domestic*

land meaning to kill the Queen; that he had been counter-advised, had wavered, had made up his mind again. In one breath he said that he had intended to do it, in the next that he had never intended to do it, both stories being probably true, and representing his varying moods. He was no fanatic — no monomaniac with a fixed idea, which is converted into a fate by being brooded over. He was a vain fool, who had fed his imagination with the conceit of being a European hero, and had never wrought himself into the silent mood of determination which issues in act. But if he was a fool, he was a dangerous one, and in the humour of the country and of Parliament he had small chance of finding the mercy for which he prayed. He appeared as the incarnation of the universal terror. His confession was taken down and published with the Cardinal of Como's letter. He was shut up in the Tower; Parliament declared his seat vacant; and Sir Thomas Lucy — Shakespeare's Lucy, the original, perhaps, of Justice Shallow, with an English fierceness at the bottom of his stupid nature — having studied the details of the execution of Gerard, proposed in the House of Commons "that some new law should be devised for Parry's execution, such as might be thought fittest for his extraordinary and horrible treason." [1]

February.

The suggestion harmonised with the general feeling, and was well received; but the ordinary punishment for treason, if carried out to the letter, was cruel enough to satisfy the most hungry appetite for horrors. Justice was swift: Parry was tried before a special commission on the 25th of February. He pleaded guilty: his confession was read to him, and he reaffirmed it to be true. Again he contradicted himself,

[1] D'Ewes' *Journals.*

and said that he was innocent; and when required to explain, only answered with confused and "dark speeches." The Chief Justice, Sir Christopher Wray, passed sentence. As he listened to the frightful words, he cried out in despair, "I summon Queen Elizabeth to answer for my blood before God." The Lieutenant of the Tower removed him from the bar amidst the howling of the crowd. Five days after he was drawn on a hurdle from Tower Hill to Palace Yard, where, clamouring that he was being executed for a crime which he had never meant to commit, he was hanged and quartered.[1] March.

By this time the committee had produced the new bill for the Queen's safety. It fell short of what Burghley had desired, for Elizabeth still chose to keep the competitors for the succession dependent upon her own pleasure, and no principles were laid down by which to choose between them. Something was done, however, though not all.

It was provided that if the realm was invaded or a rebellion instigated after the close of the present session, by or for any one pretending a title to the crown after the Queen's death, or if anything was imagined to the hurt of her Majesty's person, by any one or with the privity of any one that pretended title, such pretender, after due enquiry and conviction, should be for ever disqualified.

The association bond was modified by a clause that every English subject might, *on her Majesty's direction in that behalf*, pursue any person to death by whom or by whose assent such act should have been attempted; and should the attempt be successful, the Lords of the Council, with five other Earls and seven Peers, not

[1] *State Trials*, 26 Elizabeth. Compare Holinshed.

being themselves persons making title to the crown, were appointed a commission with the Judges and the Master of the Rolls, to examine the cause of the Queen's death and execute the offenders and their abettors.[1]

Vague and defective as the Act was — for the dangers to be anticipated, should the Queen be assassinated, were scarcely lessened, if the inducements to assassinate her were diminished — it was now allowed to pass; but inasmuch as Parry had confessed that the object of himself and Morgan had been to place the Queen of Scots upon the throne, and as Morgan was known to be her confidential agent in Paris, "a motion was made, with general applause of the whole House, to revive the proceedings against her in the Parliament of 1572."[2]

Elizabeth was not encouraging, and it was dropped. A liberal subsidy, and a petition from the Commons against the slovenliness, the corruption and growing tyranny of the Bishops, closed the labours of the session, and the Queen, well satisfied, as she had reason to be, with the forbearance which had been displayed towards her, condescended to give both Houses her warm and heartfelt thanks. She complimented them in the speech from the throne on having neglected their private future peril and regarded only her present state. She shewed them that she understood and valued their unselfish consideration for her. Her language in all ways was unusually genuine and dignified. She threw a shield over the Bishops, but she told them that "if they did not amend their faults" she "would depose them." She defended her general religious policy, repelled the ac-

[1] 27 Elizabeth, cap. 1.

[2] A petition, it will be remembered, was presented for her execution as an accomplice in the treason of the Duke of Norfolk. — Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, March 22, 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

cusation of lukewarmness, and appealed to her present position as a proof of her sincerity. For religion, and for religion only, she said her life was in hourly peril. She foresaw, when she originally chose her course, that she would have the mightiest and greatest to wrestle with: she knew the danger, and had deliberately encountered it, and now she was too much wronged if she was charged with coldness. She was persuaded that her way was God's way, and for that reason, and that reason only she persisted in it. The subsidy, she said, would be employed on the defence of the country. Public necessity only had obliged her to apply for it, and if that necessity did not exist she would rather return than receive it.[1]

The Parliament was dismissed, and that trouble was happily over; but foreign perplexities remained as entangled as ever. With a Protestant Scotland heartily attached to her, the Queen might have looked on upon the troubles of the Continent and have seen with regret, but without alarm for her own security, the collapse and defeat of the Netherlands. But the Scotch Protestant leaders were dead or in exile; the ministers were scattered or crushed, and the power of the country was in the hands of an unprincipled adventurer and a treacherous and ambitious boy. The Netherlands problem, therefore, remained formidable as ever. Without help either from herself or France it was clearly impossible for the States to hold out, and immediately on their conquest the reckoning with England was to follow. France was ready to go to war for them alone if they would become French subjects, or to go to war for them by the side of England, leaving their future to be determined at the close of it.

[1] Speech of the Queen at the close of the Parliament of 1584–5: Reported by Stowe, who was present.

Elizabeth could resolve on neither, but still clung to the hope that she could manœuvre Henry into committing himself, and by keeping aloof from the quarrel dictate the terms of the settlement.

The States themselves, meanwhile, could not wait. Their own desire was to be annexed to England. Again and again and again they had offered themselves to Elizabeth, and half the Council had been anxious that the offer should be accepted. War with Spain was held inevitable at all events. The extension of the empire by the addition to it of Holland and Zealand "would be acceptable to the generality of the realm;" "the gain would be the greater and the peril less." The more cautious ministers, who hesitated at the annexation, yet were in favour of accepting a protectorate; even with the certainty that the war would be precipitated.[1]

But the Queen gave only vague answers; vague answers could not check Parma; and the States, feeling that to sit still was to be destroyed, made the same proposals to France.

The third alternative then presented itself — the joint action of France and England. The French Government had desired this all along, and they desired it still. Mauvissière, under the instructions of the Queen-mother, continued to press the tripartite alliance — a close union between France and England and Scotland, with a provision for the Queen of Scots as well as for the Low Countries.[2]

Again Elizabeth hesitated. She was afraid of taking charge of the States herself — afraid of seeing them con-

[1] Objections and answers touching her Majesty's proceedings in aid of Holland and Zealand, 1584–5: *MSS. Flanders.* Resolution of the conference had on the question, Should her Majesty relieve the States or no? October 10–20, 1584: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] The Queen-mother to Mauvissière, December 1, 1584: Teulet, Vol. III

quered, afraid of seeing them incorporated with France, afraid of going to war by the side of France. In December she half resolved upon the last. She bade Sir Edward Stafford tell Henry that she would consent. But Henry found that her agents had been at work in the Netherlands dissuading the French connexion. Warned by past experience he was obliged to be wary in his dealing with her. He told Stafford he feared the invitation might be a stratagem to sharpen his appetite, and that when he and Philip were "by the ears," she would, as her accustomed manner was, "let them alone and sit still."[1] She complained that she was unfairly suspected; yet Henry had probably divined correctly, if not her conscious intention, yet the course which she would in reality pursue. He could not go to war single-handed for England's convenience, with no prospect of advantage to himself; and the States reasonably claimed liberty of action, and the right, if she would not herself help them, to become French if they pleased.

To this issue things were so clearly tending, that in January she sent Secretary Davison into Holland "to devise how the French might be stayed from acquiring absolute dominion there." If the States answered that the French would not help them except on this condition, she empowered Davison to say that sooner than they should be annexed by France, or conquered by Spain, she would herself give them reasonable assistance.[2] She either did not know her own mind, however, or else she was deliberately false. On the same day, Walsingham writing to Davison said, "I am very sorry to see the course that is taken in this weighty cause, for we will neither help those poor distressed

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, October 8-18: *MSS. France.*
[2] Memorandum to Davison, January 14-24, 1585: *MSS. Holland.*

countries ourselves nor suffer others to do it. If France may not help them they must submit to Spain, which will breed such a peril to her Majesty as there is never a wise man but lamenteth it."[1] "Better far," Walsingham wrote to Burghley, "if the Queen would herself take the protection of those countries, with a resolution, if necessary, to spend half-a-million of money there. The burden would be willingly borne by the realm, rather than they should come to the hands of the French or Spaniards. But the directions given to both Her Majesty's ministers in France and in the Low Countries to impeach that the French King shall have no full footing in those countries, cannot but be most perilous to her unless she shall resolve to take the protection of them herself."[2]

The situation was in every way difficult. Walsingham himself did not think that joint action with France could be ventured on. The French King was a poor creature, possibly treacherous,[3] and sitting so weakly upon the throne that the control of the Government might pass at any time to the Guises. The direct interference of England, he thought, would be at once the boldest, safest, and in the long-run the cheapest course.

Elizabeth, however, took her own way. Deputies from the States were dispatched to France in December, with proposals for annexation. Had those proposals been clear and unconditional, and had England

[1] Walsingham to Davison, January 14–24: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Walsingham to Burghley, January 11–21, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

[3] "His delay shows that either he seeks absolute possession of those countries, or does entertain them with vain hopes to make the way easy to a Spanish conquest. Besides, it is to be considered that he is so coldly affected to any cause that carries honour or surety withal — as one given over to a careless security, unfit for his calling, as the least impediment may stay him." — Ibid.

made no opposition, they would have been instantly accepted, and a French army would have taken the field against Parma. Mendoza, who had succeeded De Tassis as Minister at Paris, twice demanded an audience to remonstrate, and was twice refused. The third time he asked for his passports, and the Queen-mother recommended that he should be taken at his word. Spanish ducats were scattered among the Council, and the King at last received him, but the interview was fierce and stormy. The Ambassador insisted that his master's rebels should not be admitted into the King's presence. Henry replied "in great choler" that he was no man's subject; his realm was free to all comers, and his ears open to all petitions. Mendoza went from him to Catherine. Catherine said that if her son would take her advice, he would both hear the Deputies and help them; the incorporation of the Provinces with France would be no more than an equivalent for the conquest of Portugal.[1]

The Ambassador left her in a rage. A Council was held immediately after, in which war was all but decided on. England was the only difficulty. Philip Sidney's mission in the summer had hung fire, but Lord Derby was now coming over, bringing the Garter to the King; some definite resolution on Elizabeth's part was expected, and the Deputies, when they had landed, were desired to remain for the present at Boulogne.[2]

The question, which was originally a simple one, had been by this time made profoundly complicated. There were two conditions under which the Provinces might become French: either they might simply merge in

1 Stafford to Walsingham, January 2–12: *MSS. France.*
2 Same to the same, January 14–24: *MS.* Ibid.

the French Empire, or they might retain their self-government under the French Crown.

January. France naturally desired the first, and was disinclined to the adventure otherwise. Elizabeth had tempted the States to insist upon the second, and if either the States were not resolute, or if the French Government made complete annexation an absolute condition of this interference, she had found friends in Holland who had engaged secretly to put Brill and Flushing in English hands. Stafford was instructed to acquiesce in any terms on which France would be induced to go to war; but there were ulterior designs in the acquiescence which in any one but Elizabeth would have been called treacherous. "Although," she said, "it might be greatly misliked to have the King of France absolute lord of those countries, yet rather than he should now reject them, and give courage to the Spaniard, it were better he should accept the offer, and enter war with the King of Spain. He must have a long time before he can achieve such an enterprise, during which many opportunities may fall out to stop his greatness; and nothing shall more retard him than the holding the great towns of Holland and Zealand out of his hands, as it is likely they shall be so kept." [1]

The spy system was too well organised throughout Europe for these manœuvres to be kept secret, and they were as well understood at Paris as at Westminster. The Deputies were sent for after six weeks' delay. They were trammelled by instructions from home, the sense of which they too well comprehended. When Stafford called on them they made a "cold excuse," some of them bursting out with hard truths at

[1] Instructions to Sir Edward Stafford, January 12–22: *MSS. France.*

her Majesty's tricks and thwarts.[1] They were kindly received by the King; but when they produced their proposals they were able only to offer to be his subjects in the sense in which they had been the subjects of Charles V. No "garrisons" were to be admitted save "those of their own country." The increased greatness into which France was to be tempted was thus "a greatness in the air." February.

The French Council entertained the Deputies at a banquet, to discover, "when they were merry," if there was more behind. It came out "that the sea towns also were to be reserved."[2] In the face of Elizabeth's attitude, more tangible advantages were needed to tempt the King into a war, and the well-founded impression at the Court was that "when it came to the point her Majesty would hinder rather than further their action.[3]

Lord Derby arrived in the middle of February with the Garter, which was accepted with the due solemnities. But his political instructions were vapouring and meaningless. The Queen affected to be anxious that France should go forward, while she had herself induced the States to make their offer of themselves valueless. On Sunday the 28th of February (March 10), the King sent for the Deputies to give them their answer. In the presence of Lord Derby he thanked them for their good-will; but he regretted that the condition of France prevented him from being able to assist them. They should find him a good neighbour, he said, and such private good offices as he could do for them should not be wanting; but to be their sovereign

1 Stafford to Walsingham, February 12-22: *MSS. France.*

2 Ibid.

3 Derby and Stafford to Walsingham, February 23-March 5: *MS. Ibid.*

he was obliged to decline. Thus dismissing them he desired Derby and Stafford to follow him into his cabinet, and alone with his two secretaries he went over the whole history of his negotiations with England upon the subject. He shewed how he and his brother had been played with and trifled with. It was impossible for him, he said, to place sufficient confidence in Elizabeth to venture into a war; but he represented himself as still willing, if she wished it, to make a special league with England; to remonstrate with Philip, in connection with her, on his treatment of the Low Countries; and to shew him that if he persisted in violence he must count upon their united enmity: it was a course which the Queen herself had once suggested; she was unwilling to see the Provinces become annexed to France, and he therefore trusted that she would approve.

March.

To have consented would have obliged England eventually to go to war, and the Queen was bent upon forcing Henry into it single-handed. Stafford not very honestly replied that his mistress would at one time have been satisfied with remonstrance, for fear of harm to the person of Monsieur, whom she loved so dearly; but he was surprised, he said, to see a French King refuse offers which his predecessors would have caught at so eagerly, proffered to him as they were with the good-will of England: the chance might not return, and he should not injure his reputation by neglecting it.

The King answered quietly, that he could not sacrifice himself for the good of others. If the King of Spain saw France and England united and determined, he would respect their wishes. The course which he had suggested was the best, and under the circumstances the only one possible.[1]

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, March 3–13: *MSS. France.*

It would have pleased Elizabeth well to have seen France and Spain at war, and herself to hold in her hands the keys of the Zealand harbours; but her diplomacy was baffled, and she could not conceal her irritation. An opportunity offered itself for the display of her temper.

Morgan, whom Parry had named as having instigated him to kill her, was residing in Paris. She demanded, through Lord Derby, that he should be arrested and sent to England. She promised to spare his life; but she desired to extort out of him "the circumstances of the practice." Had the King been false he would have given the man a hint to escape. He so far complied, however, that Morgan was thrown into the Bastile. His rooms were searched and his papers were seized. He had time to destroy the most important; but a letter was found from Parry on the subject of the murder, containing an allusion to some one, who was probably the Scotch Queen, and, after being looked over by the Council, it was placed with the other documents in Lord Derby's hands.

But this was not enough. The Queen said she must have Morgan himself. The French Council offered to try him, and punish him if he was found guilty. She was not satisfied. It was hinted to Stafford that before he could be brought to the bar "he would have some "melancholick drug in the Bastile, and peak away without accusing anybody," and the accusation was what Elizabeth desired. She wanted to learn and to be able to publish the names of the persons who were setting the assassins to work. She had already got at the Pope. She required the names of the rest.

The King, as Stafford said, wished Morgan at the bottom of the sea. He was notoriously the Queen of

Scots' servant, and on the rack he might possibly enough mention her. Elizabeth regarded him as a mere murderer — Catholic Europe regarded him as the loyal servant of an injured mistress, and to have given him up at that moment might have precipitated the convulsion which was hanging over Henry's head. It was doubtful, in fact, whether he could be carried down to the sea. The Guises held the roads through Normandy, and he might be carried off, and Lord Derby perhaps killed.

But Elizabeth was obstinate and violent. Walsingham suggested that she should express gratitude for the arrest. She would not do it.[1] Savage at her political defeat, and glad to fasten any other faults upon the King, she sent him, instead of thanks, one of the most singular letters ever addressed by one sovereign to another. She accused him of concealing the most important of Morgan's ciphers, and of constituting himself the protector of assassins and conspirators. She said he was permitting her worst enemies to visit Morgan, to arrange his defence for him, and prompt him to conceal his accomplices. She told him that he must be asleep, or that he must be blinded by necromancy. At the same time she wrote to Catherine de Medici that her son had better remember that he was no favourite of the priests, and that if he did not consider better what was due to a sister sovereign, he might live to see strange things.[2]

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, March 7–17: *MSS. France.*

[2] The language of these letters was as remarkable as their substance. To the King she wrote —

"Voyez un paquet qui me fist enragée voir. A grande peine pourrayje imaginer qu'eussiez esté esveillé pour ouir non seulement qu'il ne fust livré en mes mains, ains que prinstes conseil et deliberation qu'il se ne deust faire; et outre nè permettre que les ciphres et escripts fussent veu par mes Ambassadeurs, mais qui pis est, permettre que mes plus grands ennemys le doivent visiter pour par eux accorder sur ses responces, et par le

Walsingham said he had never seen her so exasperated.[1] He thought it prudent to excuse the letters "which were written off with a draft of the pen," but begged the King to impute "the passionate words" to the Queen's affection for him.

Sir William Wade was sent over to repeat her demands for the delivery of Morgan.

The occasion was most inopportune, for he reached Paris on the day on which the Duke of Guise (March 15–25) unfolded the banner of the Holy League, and the House of Lorraine published their intention of coercing their Sovereign, inflicting the decrees of Trent upon France, and cutting off the King of Navarre from the succession. The Cardinal of Bourbon, the King of Navarre's uncle, had been put forward as the nominal

cacher les complices de sy enorme trahison. Mon Dieu, qui negromancie vous a forcené l'esprit si avant pour vous aveugler les yeulx à ne voire comme en un miroir vostre hazard propre, à qui Dieu ne concede tous si sinceres subjects ni si addonnés à vous adorer que ne pourryes tenir les bilances en branle de leur trop grande fidelité. . . . . Je vous jure que s'il me sera nyé je concluray de n'avoir liguée avec le Roy, mais avec un legat ou ung Gouverneur de Seminaires, et aussy grande honte de me mettre en si mauvais compaignie." — Elizabeth to the King of France, March 10–20: *MSS. France.*

And again to Catherine de' Medici:

"Madame ma bonne Sœur, —

"Ceste adage vous excusera en ma conscience: 'Chi fa qual che può, non è tenuto a fare più.' Car autrement je m'en plaindrois trop d'une princesse que j'ay tant aimée, qu'elle deust permettre au pis aller sans l'impugner que le Roy se fust tant oublyé de son office de ne tenir compte de la vie, non seulement de la reputation d'ung Roy comme luy, mais non seulement non livrer le traictre, ains qui pis est ne permectre la recherche de ses papiers, comme s'il feit plus compte d'ung vilain que d'ung Prince. Le temps viendra peut estre, comme les vieilles prophetizent souvent, que les empescheurs de si juste faicte luy donneront plus de peine voire quant il aura tres agreable une amytié telle que la mienne. Il me souvient que tous les religieux de son pays n'ont eu tousjours l'œil sur luy seul sans adorer quelque autre. Si le Roy ne me respectera mieulx, vous verrez chose admirable premier que mourir, non obstant le legat et sa belle suicte," etc. — *MS.* Ibid.

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, March 17–27: *MS.* Ibid.

head of the party. The plea was misgovernment and toleration of heresy. The Princes of the League said that they meant no hurt to the King; but excommunication hung over him if he resisted; and Guise, with twenty thousand men, paid out of the Spanish treasury, was expected in Paris. The rising, which had been long in preparation, had been precipitated by the arrival of the Deputies from the States. It had not been prevented by the refusal to help them, and the question whether two religions could subsist side by side in France was to be tried by the sword.

April.

If Guise won, France and Spain would then inevitably unite against England. Regarded by the light of St. Bartholomew, the movement seemed like "a stratagem devised between the Court and the Duke for the overthrow of religion."[1] Elizabeth bade Stafford tell the King that if he would accept her help she would aid him with the whole power of her realm. Navarre and Condé only waited his orders to fly to his side.

Suspicion had for once been unjust to Henry. The Council, with scarce one exception, advised that he should yield or temporise; he was himself inclined to fight; and the Duke of Montpensier stood by him, saying, "he was as good a Catholic as any, but would not give way to rebels."[2]

Civil war, however, if once begun, would be internecine. Guise was the idol of the great towns, the strength of the ultra-Catholics lying curiously in the proletariat of the cities, while the Jesuit confessors were laying a strain on the aristocracy, by making adherence to the League a condition of receiving the rites of the Church. Catherine de Medici went off to Cha-

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, March 22 April 1: *MSS. France.*
[2] Stafford to Walsingham, March 26–April 5: *MS.* Ibid.

lons, where the army of the League was assembling, "to try for a peaceable settlement."

It was in the midst of this confusion that Wade came with his request for the surrender of Morgan. The Council said it could not possibly be complied with; yet so anxious was the King to please Elizabeth that the League feared he would consent, and word was passed to the Duc d'Aumale, who commanded at Abbeville, to look out for and rescue him. Convinced by his own observation that he could not carry him down to the sea, Wade accepted a promise that he should be kept a prisoner, and went back to explain to Elizabeth. D'Aumale set upon him near Amiens, and not finding Morgan in his company, contented himself with giving him a severe beating, and let him go to report the answer of France to the demand for the extradition of a Catholic.[1]

The King was not responsible for D'Aumale's insolence; but his indecision was easily construed into treachery. Henry of Valois had no character to fall back upon, and when he was honest he could not obtain

[1] The Nuncio interfered for Morgan as well as Guise, and the Pope himself was moved in his behalf. "Forasmuch," wrote one of the English at Paris to a friend at Rome, "as there is a sincere amity still continued between his Most Christian Majesty and the Queen of England, who will never leave to persecute Morgan to the death, his liberty must be procured by all means, that he may not be at the mercy of either of these Princes. Move, therefore, his Holiness in the matter. Let him seem to take it very strange that his Majesty most Christian would, in favour of the Queen of England, an enemy to God and his Church, imprison Mr. Morgan, an English gentleman, who lived in banishment for his faith and his religion. He may tell the King that if he had delivered Mr. Morgan it should have been a great offence in the King towards God to consent to the effusion of innocent blood, and a great dishonour to him and the realm of France. His Holiness may require the liberty of Mr. Morgan forthwith, and allege that his Holiness will employ him in the service of the Catholic Church." — Letter to Dr. Lewis, at Rome, in the case of Mr. Morgan, April, 1585: *MSS. France.*

credit for it. The roads were open when Morgan was first arrested, and the King's two secretaries, M. Villeroy and M. Pinart, were known to have then opposed his surrender. Weakness, too, was almost as dangerous as deliberate falsehood. The King might be killed or might be deposed. The Duke of Guise was supposed to require as one of the conditions of peace that

May. "Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany, with the havens and sea towns," should be made over to him,[1] and Stafford warned Elizabeth "to prepare for the worst." He ascertained that part of the Council, Secretary Villeroy especially, had advised Henry to save France from civil war by diverting the storm upon England, and that Villeroy had gone so far as to consult Mendoza on the possibility of a union with Spain against the Queen.

The King having declined her offer of help, she was driven back once more upon her "natural allies." When Catholic Europe threatened to combine against her, she remembered that she was a Protestant Sovereign. Young Champernowne of Dartington, a name as well known as it was honoured in the Huguenot army, was commissioned to go to the King of Navarre, and to tell him that if the King of France was misled into joining the League, he might count on her support, and that she would send to Germany and invite the Lutherans to join for the common defence.[2] M. de Ségur came again to England. Money was given to Montpensier to enable him to hold Picardy, while Elizabeth had recourse to her pen, and endeav-

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, May 4–14: *MSS. France.*

[2] Abstract of instructions to Arthur Champernowne, sent to the King of Navarre, April–May, 1585: *MS.* Ibid.

oured to work directly upon the mind of "her dear brother" at Paris.[1]

[1] "Could you but know, my most dear brother, the grief which I feel at the danger to which you are allowing yourself to be exposed, you would perceive that there was no creature in the world on whom you might more surely count for help than on myself. My God! is it possible that a great King, against all reason and honour, can sue for peace and to rebels and traitors instead of forcing them to submit to your authority? I marvel to see you thus betrayed by your Council, and so blind as to tolerate their villany. Pardon the affection which emboldens me to speak thus freely to you. I protest before God, I do it only for the honour and the love I bear you. Alas! think you the cloke of religion in which they wrap themselves is so thick that their design cannot be seen through it? their design, I say, to have France ruled, in your name indeed but at their devotion. And I do pray God that be all. I do not think it will be. Princes conquered by their subjects are rarely of long continuance. God defend you! be not yourself an example of this.

"Wake up your kingly spirit, and you shall see that we two, if it please you to use my aid, will put them to the greatest shame that ever rebels knew. If your loyal subjects see you put to your hand, if they have not cause to suspect, as many do, that you are yourself in league with these men, seeing the small heed you take of them, doubt not that they will so stand by you, that you shall have your rebels alive or dead in your hands, to your eternal honour. A King like you should choose rather to risk his life in battle than endure the shame which is coming upon you. Better far to lose twice ten thousand men than reign at the will of traitors. You will soon end this business if you do not beg for peace ere you have taught them to know their places. Who and what are these men that are so hardy as to give the law to their King, and with strange requests and monstrous conditions would make you break your plighted word. Jesus! was it ever seen that a Prince was so awed by traitors that he had neither heart nor council to defy them? If a Queen in two weeks brought into the field thirty thousand men to chastise two dreaming fools, who were set on by another Prince, and were not seeking their own advancement,* what should not a King of France do against men who claim precedence of the House of Valois, and pretend prior descent from Charlemagne, and to colour their doings call themselves champions of the faith, and gird at you as less devout than themselves? Awake for the love of God. You have slept too long. Trust to me. I will help you if you do not abandon yourself. I hear you have a few days' respite. Use the time and make yourself strong. Beware of conditions which will bring you to shame and ruin. I have been so ill handled by your gallant Duke of Aumale, that I can send you no more special ministers; but I beg you write freely to me. Tell me what you will do, and care not for other men's pleasure, but think of your own need. The Creator aid you with his grace and raise your spirit.

"I am your good sister and assured cousin, ELIZABETH."

MSS. France, May, 1585.

* The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland

Of him, however, there was but little hope. He had no love for his cousin of Guise, and those who knew him best did not believe him to be treacherous. Yet "which is better," wrote Stafford, "to fall into the hands of a deep dissembler, which I have ever taken the King to be, and do more than three-quarters believe it still, or into the hands of a coward constrained by fear to embrace any party? This is as much to be feared as the other; for I never saw but cowards were even bloodiest and cruellest when they had the victory. God, like a good God, may bring many things about to His will, and put His hand to that which we were not likely to hope for; but for God's sake let us not live in hope so much of heavenly Providence that we forget to provide for earthly helps which God gives us, for fear we tempt him to be angry with us."

Providence or chance was indeed at the moment curiously working for Elizabeth, and in the most unlikely quarter. On the 24th of April Gregory XIII. closed his long Pontificate. He was succeeded by Cardinal Montalta, known to history as Sextus V., who, ambitious to distinguish his Pontificate, and believing himself born to extinguish the schism in the Church, commenced by a dream of converting the heretic Queen. Sir Edward Stafford, it seems, had been heard to say in Paris that if the worst came to the worst his mistress could save herself by hearing a mass. The words were carried to Rome, and for a few weeks the Vatican was full of a belief that so it was to be.[2] The mistake was shortlived, and Sextus

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, June 22–July 2: *MSS. France.*

[2] "Dixóme su Santidad en esta platica suelto que esperaba que la Reyna de Inglaterra habia de hacer alguna cosa buena. Apretéle con repreguntar para entender si tenia algunas platicas ó intelligencia con ella. Dixóme que no pero que era tanto lo que tenia á los Catolicos y lo poco que se

became as eager as his predecessor for "the enterprise of England;" but differences of opinion had meanwhile sprung up in the College of Cardinals, which prevented his ill-will from taking shape. They could not agree in the person who was to take Elizabeth's place. Some were for Mary Stuart; some were for James; some secretly, perhaps, for Philip; and again, one party wished to see heresy extinguished first in France; others would save France at the expense of its neighbors, and adhere to the old plan of sending Guise to Scotland.[1]

But these uncertainties could not be of long continuance, and the practical danger was becoming more and more imminent. Parma's army was before Antwerp. A bridge thrown over the river, which desperate attempts had been made in vain to break, cut off the city from supplies. Famine was doing its work, and the surrender had become a question of weeks, or at best of months. The fall of Antwerp was expected to be the signal for a general submission of the Provinces, and Parma would then be free to act with Guise, either in France or against the Queen of England. The Queen-mother had done her work at Chalons. She had promised in the King's name that heresy should no longer be tolerated; six months might be allowed to the King of Navarre and the Huguenots to make their peace and surrender their

June

confiaba de los hereges, que le hacia esperar esto. Despues supe del Cardinal de Como, como el Nuncio de Francia escribia que habia sabido de una persona á quien el Embajador de Inglaterra habia dicho, que quando corriese turbio tenia su ama el remedio en la mano, con solo oyr una misa." — El Conde de Olivarez al Rey, 4 Junio, 1585: *MSS. Simancas.* This passage is valuable, as shewing how thoroughly, notwithstanding the shrieks of the Jesuits, the heads of the Church understood and appreciated Elizabeth's tolerant policy.

[1] Olivarez to Philip, July 5–15: *MSS. Simancas.*

towns; but if they had not complied at the end of that time, they were to be declared public enemies. The King, after a faint resistance, confirmed his mother's engagements. He was terrified by the threat of excommunication and the dread of being deposed.

"He hated the Guises," Sir Edward Stafford repeated, "with a hatred which would never be quenched;" there were those about him who foresaw the tragedy of Blois; but for the present he yielded to the times. The edicts were finally revoked, and it was declared with ingenious irony "that there was to be but one religion in France, after the example of the Queen of England."[1]

To the enunciation of these resolutions the King of Navarre replied with an appeal to Europe. "In the presence of God, by whom he looked to be judged, he declared himself a Christian. He accepted the decrees of the ancient Councils of the Church: he professed himself willing to submit again to the judgment of any fresh council lawfully called. The ecclesiastical corruptions universally acknowledged, but as yet unreformed, had compelled him and others to introduce reforms meantime for themselves, and the exercise of two religions had been solemnly permitted by the law during the existence of the schism. France itself had not yet recognised the Council of Trent, nor had its decrees been published within the French frontier." "He had himself," he said, "scrupulously observed the edicts: he had never persecuted Catholics within his own jurisdiction, and he claimed the same respect for himself, till a lawful council, general or national, had decided on the points that were disputed. If civil war was begun again, he invited the world to witness

[1] M. de Clairvaux to Walsingham, June 12–22: *MSS. France.*

that the fault did not rest with him. To save the spilling of French blood he was ready to try the quarrel between himself and Guise, man to man, two to two, ten to ten, or twenty to twenty, whenever and wherever the King would be pleased to permit." [1]

Now was the time for Elizabeth to fulfil the promises which she had made through Champernowne. Ségur was in London to learn her resolution. The Huguenot leaders, Turenne, Du Plessis, Condé, all pressed her. M. de Clairvaux wrote that July. their cause was hers; that to defend them was to defend herself, and that in respect of the common interest she was bound to share the burden, "and take Christ and his members from the cross to save herself." [2]

Elizabeth did not require to be told all this, and she was well aware of the merits of the King of Navarre. She knew that the Prince of Orange being dead she had no truer friend in Europe; but she knew also, that having launched himself into the struggle, he could not be conquered in a single season, and she could afford to take time to consider. She had promised indeed; but gossamer was not lighter than the threads of the obligations which bound her to struggling Protestants. She was entangled also, as will be seen in the next chapter, with engagements into which she had entered with the Low Countries, and was equally endeavouring to evade the fulfilment of them. She was at issue with her whole Council, of all parties and all shades of opinion. After her old manner, she was "refusing to enter into the action otherwise than underhand;" and every one of her ministers "con-

[1] Declaration of the King of Navarre. Enclosed by Stafford to Walsingham, July 1-11: *MSS. France.*

[2] M. de Clairvaux to Walsingham, June 1-22: *MS.* Ibid.

curred in opinion that it was a dishonourable and dangerous course for her, and that it was impossible she should long stand unless she acted openly and roundly."[1]

Conscious that she was wrong, yet unable to act uprightly, she quarrelled with everything that was proposed to her. By her own act she had brought Ségur to England. When every minute lost cost a man's life, she kept him two months waiting before she could determine what to do. Her deliberations resulted at last in an offer to lend the King of Navarre £25,000 — a sixteenth part of what she had wasted on Alençon to save France from her own deadliest enemy, and even her loan she made conditional on the joint-action of Denmark and the German States. It was a fit sequel to the appropriation of the jewels. "I told her Majesty frankly," Ségur wrote to Walsingham, "I had rather she lent us nothing, and I tell you the same. I will receive nothing from her on these conditions. After her message to the King of Navarre through M. Champernowne, it is no time to treat him thus. I would it had cost me ten thousand franks that I had not come hither at this time, or led his Majesty to hope for help from you."[2]

Since the loan could not be accepted, she cut it down to half. She gave Ségur the munificent present of £12,000 and let him go — go in search of more effective help from the Princes Protestants of other countries; and fearing only that being sent away after a two months' suit empty-handed, "her Majesty's example, she being first in rank and honour and power," would not encourage their liberality.[3]

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, July 22–August 1: *MSS. France.*

[2] Ségur to Walsingham, July 2–12: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Same to the same, July 6–16: *MS.* Ibid. Walsingham to Stafford, July 22–August 1: *MS.* Ibid.

Sharp practice like this might be very clever, but it was not always safe. Navarre's appeal was received with more favour than the fanatics looked for. The great middle party in France was inclined to interpose between the League and their prey; to insist on some kind of compromise, and leave Guise, as a compensation, to work his will on England. Villeroy's proposals to Mendoza began to pass into shape. A spy of Walsingham's sent him word in August that there would be an invasion before the close of the winter. Guise was going to Scotland: Spain would make a diversion in Ireland. Neville, Percy, Arundel, Paget, Throgmorton, were to land at different points upon the coast. Mauvissière had left London at last. His successor, M. de l'Aubespine, "had been framed to the purpose;" and "the Papists," once more in heart and spirits, "were in hope to be in England before Christmas.'[1] August.

The signal was to be the consent of the King of Navarre to conditions which Elizabeth's desertion seemed likely to force upon him. Casimir offered to go to his help if she would bear part of the cost, but she would not. She "was indisposed to yield to a contribution for the levy in Germany, and would be content that a lame peace should be shuffled up in France rather than be put to any such charges."[2]

The execution of the plan, however, implied the coöperation of Scotland, and was "dashed," according to an informant who was or professed to be in the secret,[3] by another of those sudden "alterations"

[1] MS. endorsed "the enterprise of England, August 11, 1585": *MSS France.*

[2] Walsingham to Stafford, December 7–17: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Secret advertisement to Walsingham, December 16: *MS.* Ibid

there, of which the young King was for so many years the football.

We go back to the embassy of the Master of Gray and the treaties with the Queen of Scots and with James.

Mary Stuart had offended the Pope by consenting to come to terms with Elizabeth. She had committed herself, yet her liberty seemed as far away as before. Her friends abroad told her to look for nothing from Spain as long as her son was a Protestant; and even Mendoza, who had once thought that the road to the conquest of Flanders lay through England, had now altered his mind, and had advised Philip to leave England alone till Parma had finished his work.[1]

January.

Parma had indeed been anxious that the Queen of Scots should escape, and had offered to provide the necessary money. Paget, Owen, Parsons, and others of the young English Catholics, had a hundred schemes by which, if she could but find her way outside Tutbury walls any dark winter evening, they would snatch her up and sweep her down to the sea. "You yourself know," wrote one of them to her, "what want the lack of your liberty has brought forth to your own subjects and all Christendom. The Queen of England will never deliver you but by fear or force, and I see small appearance yet that she will be constrained. There are but few examples of kings that came to crowns out of prisons, and many being at liberty out of their countries recovered their own."[2]

A few years before, there would have been no diffi-

[1] Charles Paget to the Queen of Scots, January 4–14, 1585. Sir F. Englefield to the Queen of Scots, March 15, 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Hugh Owen to the Queen of Scots, January 13–23: *MS.* Ibid.

culty. Half Shrewsbury's household were then in her interest. But her dreams at that time were of Guise or Lennox, with some gay train of cavaliers appearing at the gates of Sheffield, and bearing her to London amidst the enthusiasm of Catholic England, to take possession of the throne. She had then felt herself better off where she was than in Scotland or abroad, and had no desire to go. But the chance had passed and could not be recalled. Sir Ralph Sadler's servants were strangers, and there was no egress through the posterns of Tutbury. Elizabeth fed her with words, and in anticipation that she might try something desperate, she was guarded with especial strictness. Sadler, on his own responsibility, allowed her now and then to ride with him hawking in the meadows, "a pastime which she had singular delight in:" fifty attendants, with pistols, followed always on horseback; but Sadler was reprimanded for carelessness; and barely excused himself by assuring Elizabeth that "if any danger had been offered or apparent doubt suspected, the Queen of Scots' body should first have tasted of the gall."[1]

From day to day her hopes grew fainter, as from day to day it became more clear that James had sold himself to her enemy. Again he had repudiated the association to which she had pretended that he had consented. No such thing existed, he said, nor ever should exist. In return, the Earl of Angus and his companions had been removed from Newcastle to Oxford, where he would have less cause to fear them; and the return of the Master of Gray was only waited for, for the pension to be satisfactorily arranged. Arran, indeed, was not satisfied. Arran, March.

[1] Sadler to Walsingham, March 22–April 1: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

anxious to secure his forfeitures, still demanded that both Angus and the Hamiltons should be driven out of England; and Sir Lewis Bellenden, the justice clerk, was sent to London to urge it. But the Master of Gray had gained an influence of his own over James, and Arran was no longer all-powerful. Arran's interests were not Scotland's. He was the creature of the King's favour; he represented no principle, and had no political position. Bellenden, when he came up, acted with Gray, and the English ministers were satisfied that whatever dangers threatened the Queen, Scotland was for the present secure.

Fear of Scotland was the lever on which Mary Stuart had counted to work upon Elizabeth, and it was slipping out of her hands. Elizabeth sent her the letter in which James repudiated the association. She cursed the Master of Gray; she cursed her son; she swore that sooner than he should enjoy her right in England, as he had already usurped her actual crown, she would disinherit him as a false, treacherous, and unnatural child, and would bequeath her claims, whatever they might be, to the worst enemy that he had.[1]

She desired that Bellenden might come to her to Tutbury, and carry her complaints to Scotland. "Untie my hands," she cried to Elizabeth, "and let me deal with these lying practisers. Do not tempt my son to bring a mother's malison upon him. Say plainly whether you hold him or me to be lawful Sovereign of

[1] "J'invoqueray la malediction de Dieu sur luy, et luy donneray non seulement la mienne avec telles circonstances qu'ils luy toucheront au vif, mais aussy le deseriterayje et priveray comme fils desnaturé, ingrat et perfide et desobeissant, de toute la grandeur qu'il peult jamais avoir de moy en ce monde, et plustost en tel cas donneray-je mon droit quel qui soit au plus grand ennemye qu'il aye, avant que jamais il en jouisse par usurpation comme il faict de ma couronne." — The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, March 12, 1585: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

Scotland, and whether you will treat with me or no. Let me go. Let me retire from this island to some solitude where I may prepare my soul to die. Grant this and I will sign away every right to which I or mine can claim, either now or hereafter. Now that my son has deceived me, I care no more for ambition. Rather I would have him made an example to all posterity of tyranny, impiety, and ingratitude. His subjects may deal with him as he has been advised to deal with me; or the stranger may invade and spoil him. If earthly force be on his side, I will take God's protection from him; God will never favour impiety."[1]

To this conclusive rhetoric Elizabeth replied coldly that the Queen of Scots was under an entire misapprehension. "Her son declared most positively that he had never consented to the association at all, and therefore could not have injured her as she imagined. As to her release she must be patient. Since the late attempt of Dr. Parry, her subjects were more jealous for her safety. Parry had confessed that his object had been to make her Queen, and so keen a feeling had been created that Parliament had again desired to proceed against her. She must see herself that the time was not favourable for proceeding with the treaty. Sir Lewis Bellenden declined to visit her."[2]

The truth was thus forced upon her in all its bitterness. She had humbled herself before her enemy, she had compromised her reputation as a Catholic, and her prison gates were more firmly locked than ever. There were dismal scenes, too, at Tutbury, not directly connected with herself, but sug- April.

1 The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, March 13–23: Labanoff, Vol. VI. Abridged.

2 Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, March 22–April 1: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

gestive of dreary forebodings. A young Catholic caught in the neighbourhood had been brought into the castle and confined there. Sadler's Puritan servants, thinking to benefit his soul, had carried him daily across the courtyard to the Chapel prayers. The Queen of Scots had watched the poor wretch struggling and screaming in their hands. One morning when she looked out she saw him hanging from his window. He had gone mad with misery, and had destroyed himself.[1] She affected to believe that he had been murdered. He furnished a text on which she declaimed with her usual eloquence on the dangers to which she was herself exposed.[2]

Sir Ralph Sadler's appointment had been provisional merely. He pleaded age and infirmity, to escape as soon as possible from the ungracious office, and another guardian had to be found for her. Lord St. John of Bletsoe was first thought of, and as St. John's brothers and sisters were Catholics, hopes were formed that he might further her escape. He, too, however, dared Elizabeth's anger, and refused,[3] and the choice ultimately fell on Sir Amyas Paulet, who had preceded

[1] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, April 8. To Mauvissière, April 9: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

[2] Speaking of the Puritans, with a scornful play upon the words, she said she knew well with their specious pleas of conscience, "Sous lesquelles ils cachent le pur ou le pus de leur intention, à sçavoir l'asseurer leur monarchie de l'advenir par la presente destruction de vostre sang et legitime succession."

[3] "If Lord St. John had had charge of your Majesty things might have been done for your escape, but now with the change we are at our wits' end." — Charles Paget to the Queen of Scots, July 18–28. Decipher: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.* 'If she had come to my brother's, St. John's house, you should have had full notice what to do.' — Lady Hungerford to the Duchess of Feria: *MS.* Ibid. St John probably knew the pressure which would be laid upon him, and declined to expose himself to it, "rather offering in a sort imprisonment." — Burghley to Walsingham, January 4–14: *MS.* Ibid.

Stafford as Ambassador at Paris — a distinguished adherent of the sect which the Queen of Scots affected so much to hate and fear. Paulet came down to relieve Sadler in the middle of April. Notwithstanding his forbidding creed, Mary Stuart tried her enchantments upon him. He was Governor of Jersey, and by the advice of Morgan, who wrote to her from the Bastile, and whose letters were smuggled into Tutbury,[1] she hinted that if she ever came to the crown "he might have another manner of assurance of that island than ever was given to an English subject." Paulet at once blighted any hopes which she might have formed of corrupting him. He understood her perfectly, and replied that it was as well to speak plainly. She was placed in his charge, and "he would not be diverted from his duty by hope of gain, fear of loss, or any private respect whatsoever;"[2] he would show her all respect and courtesy, but he must obey the orders of his Sovereign. May.

"The calm beginning" had therefore "a rough proceeding." The coachman who exercised her horses, the laundress who carried out the clothes, the almoner who distributed her charities in the adjoining village — all were employed on her correspondence, and all had to be watched, and searched, and worried. Country gentlemen of Catholic leanings "to whom the Queen of Scots was the only saint upon earth," hung about the place "seeking intelligence with her, though it cost them their lives,"[3] and this, too, provoked collision and altercation. Letters stole in, despite of Paulet's care; but they brought small comfort, and did not make the

[1] Morgan to the Queen of Scots, March 30–April 9: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Paulet to Elizabeth, April 19–29: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Morgan to the Queen of Scots, July 10–20: *MS.* Ibid.

lady's temper more docile, or his task less difficult. Père la Rue indeed told her of the League, of the combination of the Catholic Powers, and the prospects of her kinsmen. But the triumph of the cause was no longer to be the triumph of the Queen of Scots. Not she, but the wretched James who had betrayed her, was the favourite of the Pope and the House of Lorraine, if only he could be recovered to the faith. Guise, La Rue said, had sent to offer a place in the Confederacy to the boy whose persistence in heresy had been the excuse for the apathy towards herself, and she well knew how lightly James would turn wherever interest clearly pointed. For her there was to be no forgiveness. The letters which she had written to Mauvissière consenting to the treaty had scandalised the Pope and Philip, ready as they both were to catch at any cause of offence with her. La Rue said he had told them that she had been only dissembling, but it had made no difference. If she played false with Elizabeth, they refused to trust her themselves. La Rue advised her, if she wished to recover their confidence, to demand instant admission into the League, and to throw herself without reserve on the Duke of Guise. "If," he wrote, "your Majesty continue as you have begun, there is not a man living who can aid you. Believe those who next to God have no object but your good. Would to Heaven, Madam, that I could have but three hours' speech with you, and that you would condescend to listen while I was plain with you. Before all things, Madam, reconcile yourself to God and His divine Mother, and the Princes Catholic, and then, with God's grace, there will be a remedy found for all."[1]

[1] La Rue to the Queen of Scots, May 8–18, 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

On the eve of the expected triumph of the Catholic cause, it was a sore thing for the Queen of Scots to find her intelligence cut off, her means of righting herself taken away, and to be left thus to digest her wretchedness. Many a fierce complaint she poured out against the misery of her abode, many an entreaty to be removed to a place to which access would be less impossible. La Rue's communication must have been almost the last which she received for many months, and Paulet's skill at last stopped the channels by which her own private letters were carried out. Every one of her servants was in league to deceive his watchfulness. He described himself to Walsingham as bewildered by the treachery with which he was surrounded. "Nau's French busy head" especially perplexed him. He so little trusted his power to match such a diplomatist that he dared not speak to Nau. There was a priest, too, disguised in the household, whom he had detected, but knew not what to do with, Elizabeth, as he said, "so dandled the Catholics." She bade him, as he expected, let the priest be, and he had one traitor the more to watch over. Still by resolute perseverance he did his work, and did it effectually. Intelligence neither went nor came. Mary Stuart alternately raved, cursed, wept, and entreated. Paulet was courteous, but firm, and could be neither frightened nor melted into indulgence.[1] The priest was winked at, and gave her "the consolations of religion." She was allowed to walk, ride, or hunt, but always surrounded by a guard; no stranger was permitted to see her, and everything which went out of the Castle passed through Paulet's hands. Her rooms looked

[1] See Paulet's correspondence with Walsingham, May, June, July, and August, 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

into the yard. She begged hard for a suite which faced the country, but she was refused. Paulet knew that she meant to use the windows to escape by, or, at least, to make signals from to friends.

So for the present remained Mary Stuart, to fret herself into the desperation which provoked the final catastrophe.

Meanwhile James affected to be devoted to Elizabeth. He sent no answer to Guise's offer of a place in the League. The King of Navarre invited him into the Protestant Alliance.[1] In this and all things he professed to desire to be guided by "his good sister." Edward Wotton was sent to him in April to arrange the terms of the Anglo-Scotch League, and the Queen "understanding that his revenues, by the over-liberal spending of his mother in the time of her government, were much diminished," declared herself "willing to bestow upon him yearly some reasonable proportion of money."[2] She had promised the Master of Gray to allow him £5,000 a year. When Gray's back was turned, however, she naturally thought it too much; she had cut down the sum so far that Walsingham feared it would do more harm than good to mention it; he advised Wotton, therefore, to keep "to generalities," "putting them in hope that her Majesty would have princely consideration of the King's necessities;" something would probably happen before long to alarm her, and he thought he would then be better able to persuade her to keep to her engagements.[3] A few couple of English buck-hounds were also part of the stipulated price of James's desertion of his mother. They had been

[1] The King of Navarre to the King of Scots, May 10. Ségur to the King of Scots, July 8: Teulet, Vol. III.

[2] Instructions to Edward Wotton, April, 1585: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] Walsingham to Wotton, May 23–June 2: *MS.* Ibid.

forgotten. James asked for them immediately, and Wotton, on his arrival at Edinburgh, was obliged to pretend that they were on the road. They were sent for in haste. "The King's mind did so run upon them," Wotton said, "that their want might breed conceits for the adverse party to work upon."[1] The Master of Gray, too, was particular about the £5,000. If it was not granted, he said "he would appear a liar;" Arran was on the watch to recover his influence, and wanted but matter to work upon; "for want of the hounds he would have persuaded the King that all was but words."[2]

There was a plan to get rid of Arran in Scotch fashion. The Master of Gray, before he left London, had arranged with Leicester to kill him. June. Elizabeth had suggested something short of this extremity, and Gray had promised that "he would forbear violence" unless his own life was in danger. But the step from plotting assassination to executing it was short and often necessary. "Their purpose is altered at her Majesty's request to forbear to deal with violence," wrote Wotton, "notwithstanding upon the least occasion that shall be offered, they mean to make short work with him. The hatred borne him is so general and so great that he cannot long brook the place he holds; only the King's power supports him, and that is not so much as it hath been."[3] They did not believe, Wotton added in another letter, that the Queen's objections were sincere; but her interference "had bred conceits in their hearts." "Having her turn served, the peace concluded, and the King as-

[1] Wotton to Walsingham, May 30–June 9: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Same to the same, May 31–June 10. Gray to Walsingham, Ibid · *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Wotton to Walsingham, May 31–June 10: *MS.* Ibid.

sured," they thought she would, as usual, be indifferent to the fate of her instruments. James was known to be revengeful, and if Arran was killed blood might be exacted for blood.[1]

In return, and not without justice, Arran had formed a counterplot to cut the throat of the Master of Gray. It is curious to observe how the open duel had fallen out of use in Scotland, and assassination become the recognised method of getting rid of a political antagonist. "The factions ran very hot;" James, however, tempted by hounds and horses, £5,000 a year, and the prospect of the succession, which Gray had been allowed indirectly to promise him, was inclined, on the whole, to cast his fortunes with the Queen. She could not herself be induced to allow more than £4,000, but the fifth was provided from some other source.[2]

[1] Walsingham, or some secretary who had the care of his correspondence, erased the passages in Wotton's letters which refer to the proposed murder, but the ink with which the lines were blotted has faded, and the original words can be again read. June 5–15. Wotton writes: "The Master Gray conferred with Secretary Maitland, who albeit he had been acquainted with the matter aforehand, and gave his consent thereto, began now to dislike thereof and to dissuade it; the King would lay the fault on them all; and the Queen having her turn served and the peace concluded, and the King assured, would not trouble herself about what might become of them. Yet did he still think it to be a thing of that necessity that, without it was done, they could not promise any safety to themselves nor continuance of the League; and thus the Master of Gray came to tell me. What assurance was held of this enterprise before I came hither, I know not, and I cannot but marvel whence the difficulties that now are made thereof should proceed, I having been told that it should have been done ere I came hither, which I rather wish had been than otherwise. But to be plain with your honour, her Majesty's last letter to the Master advising him not to do aught that might make the King's favour decline from him hath bred conceits in their heads, and is the cause that it hath hanged so long, and that I am so often pressed for advice thereon, that of all men should be the furthest from the knowledge of it, the better to mediate for the doers."

[2] Perhaps by subscriptions among the Council. Wotton asks, on the 9th of July, if he may inform the King of the means by which the support was increased — *MSS. Scotland.*

A sketch of the terms of the League was laid before the Lords of Convention. It was described in the preamble as directed against the Catholic combination — a union offensive and defensive for protection against the common enemy. The King promised in it to be guided in his marriage by the Queen of England. Elizabeth bound herself if not to recognise yet to respect the King's title to the English succession.[1] July.

Mary Stuart was not mentioned on one side, nor the banished lords on the other; but the Master of Gray had undertaken privately for the latter that when the alliance was completed they should be recalled. The articles were generally approved. The King hinted that he would like an English Duchy. The Convention amplified the preamble, explaining the League to be "for causes of religion" against any invader who would disturb the profession of faith established in the two realms; and they required the Queen to engage more precisely, neither directly nor indirectly to promote the pretensions of any other claimant of the crown. They also suggested, further, that Scots and English should become mutually naturalised citizens of either country. Some difference of opinion followed. Elizabeth desired to reserve a power to herself, "upon unkind usage which she hoped would not fall out towards her, to take such order for the succession as to herself and the Parliament should seem meet."[2] The treaty, however, would probably have been arranged satisfactorily to the parties concerned. The Queen of Scots' friends had abandoned all hope of preventing it

[1] Heads of a League to be made between her Majesty and the King of Scots, June 7–17: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Articles of the treaty sent from Scotland, with considerations by her Majesty, July: *MS.* Ibid.

by peaceable means, and the negotiation was left to those who were determined to carry it through.

Other ways, not peaceable, however, were still open to them. There were still the traditional Border enmities, which could at any moment be blown into a flame. The fortunes of the Earl of Arran depended on the prevention of an arrangement which would lead to the return of the Douglases and the Hamiltons; and the management of the treaty with England having passed out of his hands, he had placed himself at the disposition of the Duke of Guise. To the conspirators at Paris it was all-important to prevent the completion of the alliance, and heavy boxes of bullion were sent over for Arran, to use at his discretion in breaking up the English party. A raid of cattle thieves out of Northumberland, on a larger scale than usual, gave him the opportunity for which he was watching.

Ker of Fernyhurst, who was Warden for Scotland, was one of the very few noblemen who through good and evil had been true to the cause of Mary Stuart. To him the intended treaty was as detestable as it was to Arran, and on less ignoble grounds, and the borderers of Hawick and Jedburgh were always ready for a fray. It was usual when there had been any disorder on the Marches that the Wardens on both sides should hold what was called a day of truce, a peaceable conference at some spot in the debatable ground, where they could examine the circumstances, hear witnesses, and punish the offenders. On the present occasion the place of meeting was on the Cheviots, near Riccarton. Sir John Foster, the English Warden, brought with him, as usual, only a handful of his followers, in all not more than three hundred men; and he was accompanied accidentally by Lord Russell, Lord Bedford's

eldest son, who happened to be staying with him. When he arrived on the ground he found Fernyhurst not "in ordinary sort," but surrounded with the moss-troopers of Teviotdale, "with banners flying and drums beating, such as were never seen before." [1] The business of the day had hardly commenced when an English boy was caught stealing a pair of spurs. Justice was prompt on such occasions — the boy was hanged, and conversation began again. The Scots, however, had mounted their horses and gathered into masses. Suddenly a few strokes were heard upon their drums, and the whole three thousand charged in a body upon the English, firing their harquebusses in their faces as they came up. Utterly unprepared, Foster's followers broke and scattered. Many fell, the rest fled for their lives. Foster himself was taken and carried to Jedburgh. Lord Russell was killed — killed evidently with intention by one of Ker's servants.

The Russells were known to be especially dear to Elizabeth. The old Earl of Bedford, at that moment on his deathbed, had been distinguished among the handful of peers who had been true, heart and soul, to the Reformation. It appears to have been calculated that the murder of his heir would exasperate Elizabeth into retaliation, and that the treaty would be at an end.[2]

Suspicion pointed at once to Arran. The Scotch Court was at St. Andrews. Edward Wotton, without waiting for orders, went at once August.

[1] Sir John Foster to Walsingham, July 31–August 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] The Catholics paid the Russells the compliment of being especially delighted. A correspondent of Lady Morley writes to her: "The Earl of Bedford is dead, and gone to his great master, the devil, I fear me. His son is dispatched in a conflict upon the frontiers. The fear in England is so great that we are much to rejoice thereat. Good Madam, be of all com-

to the King, "who shed tears like a child newly beaten," protesting, by his honour and crown, that he was himself innocent, "hoping the Queen would not condemn him for other men's faults, and wishing all the lords of the Border were dead, so Lord Russell was alive again." Wotton demanded Arran's arrest. The King made no difficulty, sent him under a guard to Edinburgh Castle, and offered, if the Queen wished it, to deliver him prisoner into England.[1]

Elizabeth took the King at his word, or was beforehand with him in demanding Arran's surrender. She understood perfectly what had happened. She was aware of Arran's correspondence with Guise, and Fernyhurst had been named by Parry as the leader of the army which was to invade England had he himself succeeded in killing her. She required that both Ker and Arran should be sent to Carlisle Castle to be tried for the murder; and, distracted between his personal regard for his favourite, his pride as a Scot, and his desire to keep well with England, "the King was so unquiet and passionate as he seemed like a man beside himself."[2] Arran must have foreseen what would happen, and must have calculated that the state of feeling between the two countries would not allow a Scotch nobleman, whatever his offence, to be given up and hanged. "The King's affection for him," too, "was greater than was imagined." He was released after a few days' confinement, James writing to Elizabeth to say that he had ascertained him to be innocent; and Wotton had to tell his mistress that she must choose between justice and the League; if she

fort; your Ladyship's deliverance is at hand." — ——— to the Lady Morley, August 29, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

[1] Wotton to Walsingham, July 29–30, August 8–9: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Same to the same, August 6–16: *MS.* Ibid.

wished to punish the offenders she must use force and send back the exiled noblemen.[1]

A cloud had risen exactly as Arran had anticipated. Guise sent over more money. The Earl of Huntly, always French and Catholic, reappeared at the Court. The King replied to a second demand for Arran by a direct refusal; and the army of the League in France, left idle by "the patched-up peace," was placed at his services if he would break altogether with England.

The Master of Gray, seeing how things were tending, advised the Queen to give money in turn to Angus and the Hamiltons, and "let them slip." He undertook himself to join them with his friends at Berwick; and Arran could then be killed or taken, the King's person secured, and the treaty be completed at leisure.[2]

Time pressed. The Jesuits shewed themselves again like vultures scenting carrion. "Mora trahit periculum," said Wotton, in letter after letter. His own life was in danger. The murder of an ambassador would complete the work, and make the rupture certain. Colonel Stewart "braved Wotton to his face" in the King's presence, saying that the charge against Arran was false. Wotton told him that he lied. Gray was urgent for a resolution; he had committed himself so deeply that if England did not move, he said that he must look to his own safety, and change sides again.[3]

Elizabeth was in her normal condition. If the lords went down, the ministers would follow; James's paper episcopacy, which she so much approved of, would crumble and the Kirk be again in the ascendant. Walsingham wrote gratefully to the Master of Gray,

1 Wotton to Walsingham, August 6–16: *MSS. Scotland.*

2 Same to the same, August 25–September 4: *MS.* Ibid.

3 Same to the same, August 31–September 10, September 1–11· *MS* Ibid.

expressing the fullest sympathy with his views; but between Walsingham and the Queen there were the usual differences of opinion.[1] Walsingham was for sending back the lords openly at once. He had disapproved all along of their abandonment. The Queen refused to part with money, and still believed in diplomacy. The demand for the surrender of Arran was withdrawn. The Ambassador was directed to say that by his release, by the repair of the Jesuits thither, and generally by the character of the murder, the Queen "saw cause of jealousy," and that she advised and begged for the lords' quiet recall.

La via del mezo, Wotton replied, was altogether unprofitable; the King was on the verge of breaking with her, and Elizabeth must either yield altogether or go roundly to work the other way. As Randolph, as Throgmorton, as Davison had reported many a time before in the same words, "the cold dealing of England was able to drive the most constant to seek new courses for their own standing."[2] Guise sent Arran word that if he could hold out but for six weeks, he should have men and money enough to encounter all the force that could be sent against him. Arran was himself preparing for an armed struggle, gathering to his side every loose lance in Scotland. A report being abroad that the lords were coming down, a general levy was proclaimed of all Scots between sixteen and sixty to encounter the English enemy.[3] Elizabeth wavered like an aspen; one day Walsingham told

[1] "When we advise to use some way of prevention then are we thought authors of unnecessary charges, and when we lay open the apparent dangers, then are we heard as men possessed with vain fears." — Walsingham to Wotton, September 4–14: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Wotton to Walsingham, September 11–21: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Same to the same, September 13–23: *MS.* Ibid.

Gray that all was well; then Arran wrote her a lying letter and all was changed again. Fernyhurst was next offered as a victim; Fernyhurst was too faithful to Mary Stuart; and "the King and Arran," Wotton wrote, "could be well contented he were hanged so that would satisfy."[1] Fernyhurst should be sent to Carlisle if Angus and the Hamiltons were detained in England, and the League might then go forward as before. The Queen was disposed to agree. Wotton as violently objected: "to trust now to the League," he said, "unless the lords be restored, is to trust to a rotten staff," which would be broken at the moment when it was most needed.

The Queen, for once, felt the obligation of a promise. She said she had given her word to James that the lords should be kept in England. Wotton insisted that James had broken faith first in releasing Arran; want of resolution would ruin everything; the Master of Gray would make his own terms, and "then it would be too late to repent a lost opportunity which would never again be offered:" in a few days Scotland would be full of Frenchmen, and if the return of the lords could be delayed for but a short time, the French party counted that the game was theirs.[2] September.

James, who had been at first frightened, was fast recovering his confidence. Arran assured him that the Queen was "but boasting," as she had done before the execution of Morton, and that she dared not move. The Master of Gray, distracted at "the long English delay," told Wotton plainly that if another fortnight was allowed to pass "he would shift for himself;" the

[1] Wotton to Walsingham, September 18–28: *MSS. Scotland*
[2] Ibid

French were making large offers to him, and he dared not refuse to join them. Wotton said that he was not generally an adviser of "violent courses," but "matters framed so unthwartly that no good could be done but by way of force;" in another week or two Arran would be master of Scotland and the King would be clay in his hands. For himself, Wotton entreated to be immediately recalled. Every one at the Court carried pistols, and men who had not spared kings and regents would not be nice about ambassadors. "If the Queen would send down the lords," he said, "they would work wonders and remedy all inconveniences: if she would not, the country would be clean lost and all her friends wrecked. The King was young, and easily carried away, and most of the persons about him were Papists or Atheists." [1]

There was, as usual, one straight honourable road open to Elizabeth, and as usual she would not travel upon it. To avow and protect the lords, who had been driven out of Scotland only for having served her too faithfully; to restore them, frankly, conspicuously, and with confessed support, was a step to which no argument could induce her to consent. The most which she could be brought to contemplate was that, as if weary of inactivity and hopeless of pardon, they should apply to her for passports to go abroad, and that, when started upon their journey, they might change their route for the Border without her own appearing to have sanctioned their return to Scotland. To sustain the farce, and protect herself further, she applied through Wotton for James's permission to them to go to Germany.[2]

[1] Wotton to Walsingham, September 22–October 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham to Wotton, September 24–October 4; Elizabeth to James, November 10–20: *MS.* Ibid.

But even so she "still varied in her purpose." Walsingham had been unable to convince her that she was really in danger. "She was carried away with the hope that the treaty would have cured all," or that there would be a fresh explosion in France.[1] At length she was made to see that the Duke of Guise was really meditating an immediate descent on Scotland. In James's sincerity she had no belief at any time, further than she could hold him by his interest. Walsingham believed him to be false in religion;[2] and to lose the Master of Gray was a risk too formidable to be ventured. "After mature deliberation she began to fall to resolution."[3] Wotton still pressed for haste. "Protraction of time," he wrote in cipher, "is very dangerous," "celerity must be the word."[4] Huntly, Crawford, and Montrose, were gathering their forces to join Arran. The final step, therefore, was at last taken. Wotton was recalled. The Queen, "finding," as she said, "no redress for Lord Russell's murder," declared publicly that she "did not think it honourable to allow a minister to remain at the Scotch Court;" and he stole away without taking leave. "Mr. Wotton," wrote Walsingham to Davison, "is retired out of Scotland, sans dire adieu; you shall hear of a change there shortly; I pray God it may be for the best."[5] Angus, Mar, Sir John Col- October.

1 Walsingham to Wotton, September 24–October 4: *MSS. Scotland.*

2 "The bruits given out by the Papists, both here and there, touching the King, I do assure you are not without cause, for he doth but dissemble in religion, whatsoever he professeth to the contrary" — *MS.* Ibid.

3 Wotton to Walsingham, October 5–15: *MS.* Ibid.

4 Same to the same, October 7–17: *MS.* Ibid. From another source it would seem that James made more resistance than Arran expected to Guise's coming over. Arran, in the middle of October, said "that the time was not come but that it should shortly be brought to pass." — Scottish advertisements, October 19–29: *MS.* Ibid.

5 *MSS. Holland*, October 23–November 2.

ville, and the Master of Glamys, sent in a formal request to Elizabeth, which was easily granted them, to be allowed to leave England for Germany. They rode straight for the Border. They were met at Jedburgh by Lord Hume, and a few miles further by Lord Hamilton, who had gone down before them. The hatred against Arran was so deep and general that no English help was needed. The whole Lothians rose, and superstition gave the rising a more than natural force. The plague had lain for months upon the Scotch towns. Twenty thousand people, in the wild estimate of terror, had died in Edinburgh alone. Lady Arran was believed to be a witch, and the pestilence to be God's judgment upon her and her husband's devilries. Unresisted and with gathering numbers the lords swept on to Stirling, where the King was lying. Gray, Maitland, and Bellenden, remained with him to prevent Arran from carrying him off. Arran tried to seize them, but failed, and escaped in disguise by the water-gate, flinging the keys into the Forth as he fled. James would have gone also, fearing probably his father's fate. He stole down to a postern which he hoped to find unguarded, but the lords had been too careful to leave a bolt-hole open. He was caged, and had to wait for his fate. On the 2nd of November[1] the town opened its gates. Two days later the castle surrendered also. The King was once more a prisoner in the hands of the Protestant nobles, and all was over.

November.

Thus rapidly the revolution was completed, and the hopes of the Catholics were again "dashed" at the moment when they were about to be realised. A second raid, more efficient than the raid of Ruthven,

[1] November 2–12.

destroyed the faction which for six years had distracted Scotland. No blood was shed, not even Arran's, who, stripped of his usurped wealth, was left to wander in poverty and to die at last in a brawl. The Hamiltons recovered their estates. Angus was reinstated in the splendid inheritance of the Douglases. The King was treated so much better than he expected that he was easily reconciled to his fate. The lords affected a regret to him for the violence into which they had been driven. They assured him of their respect for himself. He said, shrewdly, "there was no need of words; weapons had spoken loud enough, and gotten them audience to clear their own cause."[1]

Elizabeth outdid herself. Relieved of her danger, she professed to be overwhelmed with astonishment. Alarmed for her dear brother's safety, and specially desirous he should understand that she had been no party to what had happened, she sent her cousin, young Knollys,[2] to comfort and encourage him. If the lords ill-used him, she swore "they should smart for it," and she wrote him a letter which, read by the light of Walsingham's and Wotton's correspondence, suggests reflections which need not be expressed.

"Right dear Brother," she said, "the strange news of hard accidents that are arrived here of unlooked-for or unsuspected attempts in Scotland, even by some such as lately issued out of our land, constraineth me, as well for the care we have of your person as of the discharge of our own honour and conscience, to send you immediately this gentleman — one that appertaineth to us in blood — both to offer you all assistance

[1] Calderwood.

[2] Leicester's brother-in-law, son of Sir James Knollys.

of help, as all good endeavours of counsel, and to make it plain that we dealt plainly. These lords, making great outcries that I would not or could not help them to be restored, I, by their great importunance, yielded, that if I might be freed of my assurance given unto you for their safe keeping, I would consent unto their departure; and so, after your answer, as methought most honourable, that they might take them away to Germany with your gracious grant of some livelihood, after a week since I gave them my passport, and so dismissed them, without, I swear to you, even the sight of any one of them.

"Now, when I weigh how suddenly beyond my expectation this sudden stir ariseth, and fearing lest some evil and wicked person might surmise that this was not without my foresight, I beseech you trust my actions according to the measure of my former dealings for your safety, and answerable to the rule of reason, and you shall find that few princes will agree to constraint of their equals, much less with compulsion of their subjects. Judge of me, therefore, as a king that carrieth no abject nature; and think this of me, that rather than your danger I will venture mine. And albeit I must confess that it is dangerous for a prince to irritate too much through evil advice the generality of great subjects, so might you ere now have followed my advice that would never betray you with unsound counsel.

"And now to conclude — making haste — I pray you be plain with this bearer that I may know what you would that I should do without excuse hereafter that constrained you did it, for I dare assure you of his secrecy, and thereof be you bold. For the Lord Russell's death and other things, I refer me to this

gentleman, who I dare promise is of no faction beside my will. God bless you as I wish myself.

"Your true assured cousin and sister,

"ELIZABETH.

"Fear not, for your life must be theirs, or else they shall smart, every mother's son of them.

"November 10, 1585."[1]

The supposition that James could be deceived by the fiction of a passport to Germany was an indifferent compliment to his understanding; and if he had been able to resent his captivity the letter would scarcely have persuaded him of Elizabeth's innocence. The business had been done so completely, however, that there was nothing to fear, and the King, though more respectfully treated, was as helpless as he had been in the hands of Morton. He concealed his displeasure, and appeared resigned to his fate. Young Knollys found him hunting daily, and on the happiest terms with his masters. He said he had been greatly offended with the lords at their first return, but finding that they meant him no harm he considered God had worked a miracle in bringing about so happy a reconciliation. They might have done what they pleased with him, and he was now satisfied that they had taken arms, not against him, but against Arran. He was content with the result, and desired nothing but the completion of the English treaty.[2]

The designs of Guise upon England were once more defeated. His preparations had been all but completed:

[1] *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] William Knollys to Walsingham, November 23–December 3: *MS. Ibid.*

his troops had been drawn down under various pretexts to the Channel coast, and were ready to embark at a day's notice. The Catholics had once more congratulated themselves that their day of deliverance was at hand: once more all had been broken up. In England itself the party of insurrection was gradually dissolving. Paget and Morley were abroad: Lord Henry Howard and the Earl of Northumberland were in the Tower: Lord Arundel, for whom the Queen had a special tenderness, had been under arrest also for a time, but had been released and had been held in attendance at the Court. That these noblemen had been for many years engaged in active conspiracy; that they had intended and had deliberately prepared to rebel as soon as Guise should land either in Scotland or England, the correspondence of Mendoza and De Tassis contains the most conclusive proofs. Their proceedings and their purposes had indeed been revealed with sufficient clearness by Francis Throgmorton, and they had been received into the Church since the passing of the statute which made it a penal offence. But Elizabeth could not bring herself to punish the son and brother of the Duke of Norfolk. Arundel had been restored in blood; she had visited him at Framlingham; she had intended to give him back the dukedom; for his father's sake she had shewn him exceptional kindness, and he repaid her by taking his father's place at the head of the disaffected Catholics. He had denied his guilt, and with the clearest proof of it under her eyes she refused to disbelieve him. He had been present at the opening of the last session of Parliament. The association, however, and the bill which was founded upon it, with the companion act against the Jesuits, which he opposed in the House of Lords, shewed him that England was no safe place

for disloyal noblemen. He wrote at length to Elizabeth, confessing himself a Catholic. He complained of the malice of his enemies, and alluded to the ends of his father and grandfather. He told her that for the sake of his soul, which was in peril among heretics, he felt obliged to retire to the Continent. Knowing that she would refuse him permission, he left his letter to be given to her when he was gone. A vessel was waiting for him in a creek somewhere in Sussex. He embarked and had proceeded half a mile to sea, but the Government had received notice of his intended flight. An armed boat lay in wait for him, and he was taken and brought back to the Tower. Again he declared most solemnly that he had been guilty of no disloyalty. The Queen "was pleased to receive" his protestations of innocence. Throgmorton's confession, however, he was told, had been confirmed by an intercepted letter of Mendoza, who had named him as the expected leader of a rebellion. His "falling away in religion," his conduct in Parliament, the intimacy of Lady Arundel with the Pagets, and his attempt to steal out of the realm, were circumstances tending, all of them, strongly to confirm the suspicions of him, and he was invited to regard his present restraint rather as favourable and gracious dealing than as severity.[1] April.

In the Tower, therefore, Arundel remained, useless thenceforward for the purposes of the Catholics. Lord Northumberland, who was to have risen with him and was to have shared the honour of the revolution, had deserved and would probably have found less gentle treatment. Compromised in the rebellion of 1569,

1 Words to be used to the Earl of Arundel, April, 1585. Walsingham's hand: *MSS. Domestic.*

though avoiding treason in the first degree, Sir Henry Percy had escaped with a fine of £5,000. The Queen had not only excused him payment, but being unwilling that an old peerage should become extinct, she had revived the earldom in his favour, and with the title he had adopted his brother's politics and had become the chief of a new conspiracy. About his guilt there was no doubt whatever. Charles Paget had come to England to consult him about the spot where Guise was to land. He deserved no mercy, and lenient as Elizabeth always was to offenders of high blood, he would probably have found none. Had he been tried he must have been found guilty, and could not reasonably hope to escape execution. To save his property, therefore, for his children, he anticipated forfeiture, and shot himself in his room in the Tower.[1]

[1] It was immediately said that he had been murdered. He was found dead in his bed, shot with three balls in the breast, with the pistol on the floor, and the doors bolted — so it was officially stated — on the inside. It was argued that in a place like the Tower a prisoner could not be in possession of a loaded pistol, nor would a prisoner's door have bolts on the inside. The Catholics spoke confidently of foul play. They even named the person, a servant of Sir Christopher Hatton, by whom the deed was committed. The Government was confessedly afraid of the report, and anxious to clear itself, and Catholic historians have found further ground for assuming the murder proved, from a passage of a letter written many years after by Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Cecil. "For after revenge," Raleigh said, "fear them not. Humours of men succeed not, but grow by occasion and accidents of time and power. Somerset made no revenge on the Duke of Northumberland's heirs. Northumberland that now is thinks not of Hatton's issue." These words speak undoubtedly to a belief, at the end of the century, that foul play had been used, and perhaps that the belief was shared by Raleigh himself. But Raleigh was not omniscient, and on the other side there is first a very elaborate inquest upon the Earl's body, conducted by the coroner of the city of London. The jury examined the premises, and satisfied themselves about the bolts. Sir Owen Hopton described the bursting of the door, and the position in which the body was found. The Earl's servant confessed to having bought the pistol at his master's desire, and described the manner in which it was carried in; the gunsmith was produced from whom it was purchased, and the enquiry was

Thus gradually the Catholics were collapsing as a formidable party in the State; and seeing their hopes blighted and their enemies triumphant, were now more and more inclined to sit still and wait for the open interference of Spain or France. No weapon formed against the Queen seemed to prosper. The Pope's anathemas had borne fruit only in the rotting quarters of two hundred Jesuits and the skull of Desmond upon a spike on London Bridge. The great powers had looked on in indifference, and every one of themselves who had dared to move in the cause was either dead, in exile, or in the Tower. The rack and the quartering knife was terrible; but more terrible, more crushing, more wearing to heart and spirit, was the perpetual disappointment of their hopes. They sunk under a fatality which they called the will of God, and concluded that for some inscrutable cause it was his pleasure that heresy should prevail. June.

accepted as conclusive, by every one to whom charges against the Government were not credible in proportion to their enormity. No intelligible motive can be suggested for the murder of a prisoner of rank whom it would have been useful to try, and whose estates might have thus rewarded the avarice of courtiers; while to suicide there was the temptation of escaping a public execution, otherwise almost certain, and the practical desire to save the property of the family from confiscation. Forfeiture would have followed, as a matter of course, on a legal conviction for high treason; but to kill an untried nobleman, and afterwards to pass a bill of attainder through the House of Lords, would have been impossible. To the Catholics, on the other hand, it was perfectly natural to suspect a Government which they hated, and to spare the memory of one of their own leaders from the reproach of what they looked on as a crime.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

If the best informed statesman in Europe had been asked, in the middle of the year 1585, whether in his opinion "the enterprise of England" would ever be carried into effect, he would have hesitated to answer. Many times it appeared to be coming; but, again, always it had faded into distance, and the eagerness with which excuses were caught at for delay, shewed that there were obstacles of no ordinary kind which prevented the parties interested from combining. The conduct of the invasion necessarily depended upon Spain. If the Duke of Guise was to be the instrument, the means would have to be supplied by Philip; while Philip, if he was to bear the expense, intended to secure the reward; and, though content that Mary Stuart should take the place, he meant the reversion after her to fall to himself or to some one of his own nomination. The heresy of the King of Scots was the plea which he was prepared to allege. His real motive was probably the same which had made him originally prefer the claims of Elizabeth to those of her cousin of Scotland — an unwillingness that the crown of England should pass to a sovereign so intimately connected with France. At any rate, it is perfectly certain that if he meddled with Elizabeth he had determined that James should not succeed his mother;[1]

[1] A passage in a letter from him to Count Olivarez, his minister at Rome, leaves no doubt whatever upon this point. "El haberle enterado," he

and this resolution had aggravated every other difficulty which had so long stood in the way of any active movement. The Jesuits were Spanish; but the Duke of Guise stood by his kinsman; Sextus V. was not anxious to see Philip's greatness enhanced further; while the Catholic laity of England, willing as they might be for a religious revolution, did not care to buy it at the price of independence. Thus, on the whole, Spanish statesmen were now inclined to finish with the Low Countries, before calling Elizabeth to a reckoning, and as little had they made up their minds that the reckoning need necessarily be a violent one.[1] It

writes, speaking of the Pope, "del inconveniente que seria que el Rey de Escocia, siendo herege, sucediese en Inglaterra, siempre que se trate de la empresa, conviene poner los ojos en persona Catolica, que, excluydo él de Escocia, entrase en su lugar y que quede Su Santidad en esta opinion, prendado á conformarse, en esto de successor de la Reyna de Escocia, con lo que á mí me pareciere, y siempre que venga ocasion de confirmarle en lo uno y lo otro, lo hareis de procurar.

"Tan bien fué muy acertado el omitir por agora la particularidad de la persona que os apunte para esta succession, y asi visto lo que decis, parece que será bien que sigais este camino. Solo hareis de estar advertido que si el Papa con su zelo y resolucion viniese á tratar alguna vez de otro diferente successor, le acordeis antes que se embarque y aficione al nuevo concepto, que está prendado comigo de seguir mi parecer en esto, y que vos me lo escrivisteis por su orden, procurando por aqui que no se nos salga de aquello; y porque este punto y él de arriba importa que no se despintese ni entre el Papa en otras traças, ora la empresa se hubiese de apresurar ó dilatar, he querido tratar dellos en primer lugar y encargaros el cuydado de procurar que no haya mudança." — El Rey al Conde de Olivarez, 20 de Julio, 1586: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] This too Philip directed Olivarez to impress on Sextus. His Holiness supposed that for its own sake Spain would be forced into war with England; but this, Philip said, was wholly a mistake.

"Conviene sacar á Su Santidad," he continues, "del engaño que padece en pensar que por los robos y atrevimientos de Ingleses haré yo la empresa de mio. Habeis de darle entender que essos son discursos de allá hechos por los que se hallan lejos, y no han de poner manos en la obra; que yo sé lo que me conviene y conozco el sitio de Inglaterra, y entiendo lo que á muchos pesaria de verla mudar estado, porque el zelo de la Christianidad y de ver Catolico aquel Reyno no es tanto en Franceses y otros que no pesen mas con ellos otros respectos; que estoy mas obligado á acabar de asegurar mis Estados y cosas proprias que á emprender las agenas, que

was true that English volunteers had served in thousands in the Low Countries, that English subscriptions had paid their expenses, that the insurrection had been kept alive by English treasure. There were the piracies of Drake to be atoned for, the expulsion of Mendoza, and the persecution of the Catholics, of whom Philip was the natural protector. Yet, on the other side, English Catholic volunteers had fought under Don John. The supplies to the Spanish army, which in the desolated Provinces would otherwise have starved, mainly came from England. If Elizabeth had been in communication with the Prince of Orange, so had Philip with disaffected English and Irish. He had not forgotten his employment of Chapin Vitelli or his own expulsion of Doctor Man, or, more than all, the long-continued cruelties of the Inquisition to English seamen, contrary to express stipulation. The affronts on both sides had been equal; while the commercial relations between the two countries were growing in importance, and their traditionary respect for each other had not yet wholly died away. Flanders might be conquered — yet Elizabeth's alliance might still be of importance to Philip. He was careful to let the Pope know that she had as yet done nothing which he could not pardon; and, if he could induce her to assist him, as more than once she had been on the point of doing, in repressing the rebellion of the States, he had really made up his mind to abandon all thoughts of troubling her.[1]

para mi y mis reynos y subditos basta echar tales armadas en la mar que la limpien de corsarios y amparen lo de las Indias y aseguren la navegacion de las flotas que van y vienen, y el tesoro que de allá se trae," &c. "Que tras esto sé que Ingleses mueren por concertarse conmigo, y lo tientan por muchas partes y offrecen hacer emiendas," &c. — El Rey al Conde de Olivarez, 20 de Julio, 1586: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] "Como pasado esta ocasion y paciñcado V. Md con aquella Reyna,

England was no longer unprepared to meet an invasion: over the whole country, in towns and villages, the people had been drilled and trained; dépôts of arms at convenient distances were placed in charge of officers whose fidelity could be relied on. The Catholics, still the numerical majority, were opposed to a war which they thought unnecessary, in behalf of foreign Protestants; but, with the cloud over the succession, the greater number of them were as determined to stand by their own sovereign against a Spanish invasion as they were unwilling to interfere between Philip and his own subjects.[1] Philip, on the

queden eternalmente proscriptas las cosas de Inglaterra para no poderse pensar en ello." — Note of a Conversation between Count Olivarez and Sextus V., February 4, 1586: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] A State paper of this date, by an unknown hand, contains curious evidence of the temper of the English people, and of the admiration which was evidently felt for the Spaniards.

"The people of this realm have been always found to be a most valiant nation. To them only is given by God's special gifts the use of the bow; also they have been always, and at this present be, a free people such as in few or no other realms ye shall find the like; by the which freedom without all doubt is maintained the great and valiant courage of the said people and nation. The lack thereof must needs breed a heartless and wretched people, and what may follow of such a thing all wise men do see it.

"With this people only the Kings of this realm have always honourably defended the same, and have made their wars in foreign realms and done valiant acts there, and made great conquests, the memory of which cannot be blotted out in time. Therefore the people that be valiant and do esteem their honour, do assure their faithful services to their princes, as by experience is seen by a nation I need not rehearse.

"They be well known which stand so much upon their honour and reputation to do well that by no means they can be altered from it, whereby their King is most assured of their fidelities towards him, as doth well appear by the great and honourable charges committed to them in many and sundry regions far distant from him; and how faithfully they deal is most manifest, and the only and special cause of their fidelity is by their great estimation of their honesty and reputation, for the maintenance of which they are always ready to pledge their lives rather than lose any jot thereof. So it must needs follow that baseminded men be most easily won from their duty to their Prince and their country. There is no assurance of them in field or hold. They are always ready for rebellion, forgetting

other hand, descended from John of Gaunt and once already titular King of England, the nearest Catholic in blood after Mary Stuart, had no wish to provoke gratuitously the hostility of a people to whom he might again offer himself as sovereign; while his sister-in-law was equally averse to a quarrel not forced upon her in self-defence, for the interests of what was called religion.

Religion to Elizabeth was a very simple matter. She had a common-sense perception of the relations between the world and its Maker. The detailed articles of creeds, sacramental mysteries, and other "schemes of salvation," served to vary the vocabulary of her oaths, but were in themselves profoundly dubious to her. She despised the bigotry which insisted on precision of words, only less than the exaggerated scrupulousness which made men willing to die for an opinion. For the fools who require theological formulas, the law provided a ritual respectable by antiquity, and she cared but little for the shades which distinguished Anglicanism from Catholicism, so long as there was no Inquisition to pry into men's consciences. The fiery indignation against falsehood, the fear of turning the service of God into a lie for personal or political convenience, she did not understand; the service of God, in the technical sense, she perhaps considered an insoluble problem; and whether men went to mass or went to church, so long as they fulfilled their duties as citizens, she regarded merely a variety as of form. She prohibited mass in England because it would have led to disturbance. For the same reason, had she been Queen

their duty to their Prince and Commonwealth." — Certain things to be considered for the special wealth of England, December, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

of France, she would have prohibited the Huguenots' sermons. Circumstances rather than preference had placed her originally on the side of the Protestants. Her connexion with them was political, and it was only when she needed their assistance that she acknowledged a community of creed. With the quarrel with Rome she was identified from her birth. Her mother's marriage had caused the rupture, and the reunion under her sister had been accompanied by her own disgrace. But with the creed as distinct from the Papal Supremacy she had no quarrel at all. Mass and Breviary, accompanied by national independence, and liberty not of worship but of conscience, would have suited best with her own tastes. She had established the nearest approach to it which her position would allow, and she had no more pleasure than Philip himself in seeing the peace of Europe disturbed, that the priest at the altar might be superseded by a Calvinist in the pulpit.

Thus it was that she had been so indifferent to the revolted Netherlands, and that her position towards them was so curiously complicated. She had wished to see them Spanish but self-governed. The religious reformation irritated her as needlessly perplexing the relations between them and their sovereign. To Holland and Zealand, on the other hand, the religious reformation was the all in all. To have done with lies, to be able to serve God with honesty and sincerity, and not with effete hypocrisies, for this and only this they had begun and continued their desperate struggle. They could have had peace at any moment, peace, with every security that they could desire, would they have conceded this single point: but they would sooner have buried their country in the ocean from which it

had been conquered, they would sooner have become provinces of France, in spite of Alençon and the Antwerp treachery, than sacrifice their spiritual freedom; and Elizabeth could neither let France have them except on terms which France would not accept, nor allow them to be crushed by Spain for fear of the account which Spain might next demand of herself. She neither cared for their Calvinism, nor could she recognise liberty of worship, which she herself refused, as a legitimate plea for rebellion; yet she was compelled to support them in a revolt which meant either that or nothing. She could not even leave them alone to compound their own quarrel with Spain, even on terms which she would herself have approved, lest in their resentment at her desertion of them they should join with Spain against her. She, who despised their scrupulousness, was compelled to become its patron; and she writhed in the ungrateful situation, striving by every sleight and trick to escape her obligations. A French army would have been at Brussels, but for the limitations with which she had tempted the States to embarrass their offer of themselves to their neighbour. She had bound herself to help them, if they lost the help of France in consequence; and they had lost it, and she was called on to fulfil her engagement.

As usual, she reconsidered the entire question upon its merits, as if no promise had been made.

The States were willing and indeed eager to be annexed to England. The acquisition would have been a splendid compensation for the loss of Calais. The united fleets of England and Holland would have been supreme in the Channel, and would have ruled with undisputed sway over the known seas. But it promised interminable war — war immediately with Spain,

to which no end could be foreseen, and war sooner or later with France, which would not quietly see England become again a continental power. Yet war with Spain seemed equally inevitable if the Provinces were reconquered. Demands would unquestionably be made upon the Queen, which must be either submitted to or resisted, and which, if submitted to, would involve humiliation, disgrace, and probably an internal revolution. England would not be permitted to remain the harbour and nursery of heresy; and, unless she was prepared to abandon Protestantism altogether, the alternative lay between seeking war boldly, while the Provinces were holding out, or waiting to meet it single-handed at home.

English seamen, who had been fighting Spain as privateers for twenty years, held its power extremely cheap. Philip to them was "a Colossus stuffed with clouts." Half the sailors of the Peninsula went annually to the Newfoundland fisheries; and Sir John Hawkins proposed, as others had done before him, to destroy them all at a single swoop, cripple the Spanish marine for years, and leave the galleons to rot in the harbours for want of hands to man them.[2] Elizabeth, however, had views of her own. She knew that Philip was less savagely inclined towards her than Walsingham supposed, or she regarded with less alarm the possibility of a compromise with him. "Her Majesty," as M. Ségur said, "had a will of her own, joined with an opinion that she saw further into those actions than her whole Council, and would not be advised." [3]

She kept Davison at the Hague ready to take ad-

[1] Herle to Burghley, July 17, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*
[2] Plot for annoying the King of Spain, April, 1585: *MS* Ibid.
[3] Herle to Burghley, July 17: *MS.* Ibid.

vantage of the dismay which would be created by the refusal of France to interfere; she anticipated that the States would now make overtures to her so pressing that she could dictate the conditions of her assistance.[1] The sea-towns, which were to have been made over to her if the Provinces had become French, she meant to secure at all events: and as a security for the fulfilment by the States of the obligations to which she intended to hold them, she required Flushing, Brill, and Enchusen to be put into her hands, to be held by English garrisons. What, at the bottom of her heart, she thought of doing with these towns will be seen hereafter. She regarded them as the property, in strictness, not of the States but of Philip: and Philip had reason to believe that she might perhaps assist him to recover them.

Twice, already, she had been on the point of interfering on the Spanish side, and the occupation of these places might be a step towards the restoration of them to himself.[2] It is not to be supposed that she distinctly meditated doing this, but the possibility floated before her mind. The possession of the towns would give her the command of the situation, and enable her at once to make terms for herself, and to dictate to the States.

She was demanding, at any rate, the control of the whole seaboard of the States, and their past re-

1 "Mr. Davison must so handle the matter that the States shall have recourse to her Majesty for relief, not as if she herself was in any difficulty or peril, that she may make the better terms." — Instructions to Mr. Burnam, March 8–18: *MSS. Holland.*

2 "No ha hecho la Reyna de Inglaterra ofensa que no se le pueda muy bien perdonarle, hora que sea instrumento de reducir aquellas Islas. Echole en las orejas que se entiende que no está lejos desto aquella Reyna, ne aya querido con otro fin poner pié en las Islas, siendo el principal suyo asegurarse que V. Magd le dexe vivir." — Olivarez al Rey, 4 de Hebrero, 1586: *MSS. Simancas.*

lations with her had not been so satisfactory that they were inclined to place their fortunes in her hands. They were heartily anxious, they said, to give her the sovereignty of the Provinces. She would then be frankly and completely embarked in their cause, and the two nations would become one in the union of a common faith; but to part with the towns "might breed quarrels, suspicions, and cavils." [1] Before sending formal commissioners, the States privately felt their way with her. She professed herself "extraordinarily resolute to assist;" yet she still adhered to her point, and the States shrunk from granting it. An attack was to be made on the Prince of Parma's siege works and the bridge over the Scheldt, from which great results were anticipated. Both parties waited to see what effects would follow. It was a splendid effort: a fireship, sent down from Antwerp, shattered the bridge and blew a thousand Spaniards into the air; but Parma's coolness turned disaster into victory. The bridge was sealed again, and with it the fate of the beleaguered city, unless an army could take the field for its relief. The negotiation was resumed, and Elizabeth repeated her terms. Send us five thousand men and save Antwerp, the States said, and the whole country shall be yours forever.[2] I do not want the country, Elizabeth answered, and will not have it; but I am willing to become your protector if you will give me your towns.[3] Her treachery, if she intended it, was a secret which she kept to herself. The revolt had notoriously been supported by English money; half the States' army

April.

May.

[1] Gilpin to Walsingham, March 6–16: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Same to the same, May 9–19: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Walsingham to Gilpin, May 7–17: *MS.* Ibid.

consisted at that moment of English volunteers. The overtures of the States to the Queen were notorious to the world. It was equally notorious that she was treating with them, and Philip determined to frighten her. An unusual number of English ships were in the harbours of Spain. The corn famine continued in Gallicia and Andalusia, and vessels bringing wheat had been invited over with special promises that they should be free from molestation. On the 29th of May a sudden order was issued at Madrid for the arrest of any English ship upon the coast, the imprisonment of the crews, and the appropriation of the vessels and their guns to the Armada which was in preparation at Cadiz.[1]

The command was generally obeyed. Hundreds, probably thousands, of English sailors and merchants were robbed of their ships and goods, and sent to the galleys or to the dungeons in Seville.[2] "Our countrymen are still in prison," wrote an Englishman, some months later, "and in great misery; except there be better order taken, better for men to stay at home than raise the price of corn in our country to bring it hither to so ungrateful a nation."[3] A few ships only by skill or courage contrived to escape, the Primrose, of London, having the singular fortune to bring home no less a person than the Corregidor of Biscay himself. The Primrose, with a crew of fourteen or fifteen hands, was lying in the roads at Bilbao. The Corregidor having received his orders from Philip, went on board, as if on a friendly visit to the captain. He looked about him, saw the ship, as he imagined,

June.

[1] Orders to the Corregidor of Biscay, May 29, 1585: *MSS. Spain.*
[2] Advertisements from Seville, November 22: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Advertisements from Spain: *MS.* Ibid.

defenceless, and after returning to the town returned with two or three boatloads of soldiers,[1] came on deck, followed by his people, and taking the captain by the arm told him he was a prisoner. The captain, whose name was Foster, shook himself free and shouted to his crew to defend themselves. Snatching the first weapons that came to hand, axes, pistols, cutlasses, boarding pikes, the men flung themselves upon the Spaniards, pitched them overboard, hurled stones upon them as they crowded down into their boats, cleared their decks of them. Seven or eight were killed. Many more fell wounded into the sea. The Corregidor himself being thrown with others into the water, hung to a rope, and was taken up when the fight was over. The cable was instantly cut, the sails hoisted, and in a few minutes the Primrose was on her way to the Thames, with the first officer in Gallicia a prisoner.

The news of the arrest was received in England with deep resentment. Had such a measure been resorted to in retaliation for the plunder of Drake, the justice of it would have been recognized; but the ships at present taken had been engaged on what was something like a mission of charity, and had been tempted over by special promises of safety. Letters of reprisal were issued immediately to the merchants, and for the first time the idea of a war with Spain began to be really popular. The people neither understood nor cared for the intricacies of diplomacy, but they could comprehend very well a broad and flagrant wrong. Even trade itself, it was thought, would per-

1 "The captain says three or four pinnaces, manned with thirty men apiece. The Corregidor says two boats, one with twenty-three or twenty-four men, the other with seven or eight." — Sussex to Walsingham, June 9–19, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.* Examination of the Corregidor before Sir H. Killegrew: *MS.* Ibid.

ish if the Government wanted spirit to defend plundered subjects. "For her Majesty's reason," wrote a correspondent of Burghley, "that she would not enter into a war for displeasing of her people that have lived so long in peace, it is with her high favour no reason at all. The people generally desire this war as just and necessary, taken in ripe season, and will have those that impugn it as enemies to their country, condemning them of doting or malice or both."[1] The

[1] William Herle to Burghley, July 17–27: *MSS. Domestic.* William Herle, the writer of these words, was the person who fourteen years before had been employed in the not very honourable office of a spy on the Catholic prisoners in the Marshalsea. He had been engaged subsequently in collecting information in Ireland, Holland, France, and Germany, and had been so useful and accurate that Burghley had unusual confidence in him. He was behind the scenes in the Queen's artifices, of many of which he had been himself the instrument. He was eager, like most well informed Englishmen, that she should take up the cause of the Low Countries, and in pressing it upon his patron, he provoked a correspondence which throws remarkable light on the character of Cecil himself. The Lord Treasurer was believed by the world to have encouraged Elizabeth's hesitation, and to have thwarted the bolder policy of Walsingham and the Protestants. It was true that Cecil was growing old. It was true that Walsingham in succeeding to Cecil's office took the place which Cecil had held earlier in the reign, as the advocate of determined measures. What Cecil had been to De Quadra, Walsingham had become to Mendoza. Cecil was considered cautious and timid, Walsingham dashing and courageous. M. Ségur had supposed and said that the Queen's coldness to the King of Navarre had been Cecil's work, and the Deputies from the States believed equally that he was unfavourable to the cause of the Netherlands. Even Philip curiously imagined that he had a friend in his most constant enemy, and when a list was made of the English ministers who were to be hanged on the success of the invasion, Philip struck out Cecil's name. "Cecil," he wrote, "no importaria tanto, aunque gran herege; es muy viejo y el que aconsejó los tratos con el Principe de Parma." — Teulet, Vol. V. p. 378. Yet according to Cecil himself no mistake could have been greater. He had to humour the Queen in order to keep some control over her, but he was deeply hurt by the suspicion that he was untrue to the common cause. M. Ségur, he said, had discovered his own error, and had expressed his sorrow for it; "Yet the scar of that false report remained, and the untruth first uttered continued; the truth to M. Ségur revealed remaining only with himself for his satisfaction." "The same thing had been reported to the Hollanders of his hindrance of their suit, and so was falsely conceived by them." Yet "God knew," Cecil said, "that he was falsely slandered;"

opportunity of the Low Countries became recognised, and interest lent its aid to religion in promoting a de-

"his own conscience would otherwise be a perpetual sting to him; and the Queen might greatly condemn him if he did not concur against her known enemies Popish and Spanish." For the part which he had taken about the States he appealed to Walsingham and Davison, "who could tell in what sort he had dealt with her Majesty, often to the offending her with his earnestness." — Burghley to Herle, July 12–22, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

Flattered by Burghley's confidence Herle mentioned other insolent language which the world used about Cecil. He was charged with monopolising the Queen's patronage, absorbing the government with his own hand, amassing enormous wealth by encroaching on the realm and the Commons, compelling all suitors to apply to him for justice, and making England in fact "regnum Cecilianum." — Herle to Burghley, August 11–21: *MS.* Ibid.

This letter cut Burghley to the quick. "I may say truly," he answered, "Acuerunt linguas suas sicut serpentes; venenum aspidum sub labris eorum. If they think me guilty they need not fear to accuse me, for I am not worthy to continue in this place; but I will yield myself worthy not only to be removed but to be punished as an example to all others. If they cannot prove all the lies they utter, let them make any one point wherewith to prove me guilty of falsehood, injustice, bribery, dissimulation, double dealing in advice in Council either with her Majesty or with her councillors. Let them charge me in any one point that I have not dealt as earnestly for the Queen's Majesty to aid the afflicted in the Low Countries to withstand the power of the King of Spain, the assurance of the King of Scots to be tied to her Majesty with reward, yea with the greatest pension that any other hath. If in any of these I be proved to have been behind or slower than any in a discreet manner, I will hold myself worthy of perpetual reproach. They that say in a rash and malicious mockery that England is become regnum Cecilianum, may please their cankered humours with such a device; but if my actions be considered, if there be any cause given by me of such a nickname, there may be found out in many others juster causes to attribute other names than mine."

He went on to describe his personal circumstances, and his general relations with the Queen. Burghley House belonged to his mother, he said, and with the exception of a few grants from Edward VI. almost all the rest of his property came to him from his father. From the Queen, for all his long services, he had received next to nothing. The fee for the Treasurership was no more than it had been for three hundred years, and would not answer the charges of his stable. He had been obliged to sell land of his own to pay his expenses at Court. The hardest part of the public business was thrown upon him. Yet of the good things which the Queen had to bestow nothing had fallen to kinsman, servant, or follower of the House of Cecil. "In very truth," he said, "I know my credit in such cases so mean, and others I find so earnest and able to obtain anything, that I do utterly forbear to move for any. Whereupon many, my good

sire for interference. The time for practice and intrigue had gone by.

July. "Her Majesty," wrote Herle again, "cannot provoke Spain more than she hath done. She provokes all princes as well Protestants as others against her. She makes herself naked of all aids, and converts the friends now pretended tc be turned against herself. She stains her credit everlastingly in having importuned the poor people over to her and then to send them fruitless away. She abandons the Church of God distressed, and her best bulwark withal. She excludes traffic at home by despising friends abroad. She dissolves merchants. She breaks the drapery of England, and starves the poor people living of the same trade, to a necessity that will shake the frame of the whole state. The gentleman shall not sell his wool, the ploughman his corn, nor the artificers be employed. All things will be disordered, and we be suffocated in our own fat, though we feel not the force of any foreign invasion. The customs will be nothing. Her Majesty must live of her rent, and how it will be answered is doubtful, and that which she most fears will follow at the heels, the contempt of her person, the reputation whereof has been kept in tune this twenty years by one policy; but the date is out, and the last entertainment had like to have ended tragically." [1]

friends, do justly challenge me as unwise, that I seek to place neither man nor woman in the chamber nor without to serve her Majesty, whereby I might do my friends good; and therefore indeed I have few partial friends, and so I find the want thereof." — Burghley to Herle, August 14–24: *MSS. Domestic.*

Lord Burghley has been reproached of late years for neglecting to advance his nephew, Francis Bacon. Many motives have been suggested, indifference, blindness, even jealousy. No one seems to have suspected that he was entirely powerless.

[1] Herle to Burghley, July 17–27: *MSS. Domestic.*

Burghley thanked his correspondent for his sensible letter. He replied that he had laboured hard to make her Majesty understand that she could not safely separate herself from the common cause, and that when her neighbours were overcome her own turn would come next. "Her Majesty sees this sometimes," he said; "she will yield as overcome in argument; but that which is natural to herself hinders resolution." [1]

By this time formal deputies from the States had arrived in London. The offer of sovereignty was renewed and again declined, but the Queen continued to repeat for a time that she was ready to accept a Protectorate, and notice was given for a meeting of Parliament to decide whether there should be peace or war.[2] In detail, however, there were immediate difficulties. To assume the Protectorate would be to assume the entire administration, and Elizabeth wished to confine herself to sending troops with a Lieutenant-General. The States desired her to take the place which had been held by the Prince of Orange. She played with the idea, gave vague answers, and tried to dodge the position. She undertook, indeed, and this was most important, "to make no truce with the enemy without the consent of the States-General," [3] but she was making evident efforts to avoid the appearance of direct action against Spain. As Parliament would have taken a clearer position, she prevented the meeting. It was to have sate while the Commissioners were in England. Unknown to Burghley, and during his absence from the Court, it was suddenly

1 Burghley to Herle, July 18–28: *MSS. Domestic.*

2 Proposals of the States Commissioners, with the Queen's answer, June, 1585: *MSS. Holland.*

3 Ibid.

prorogued.[1] She quarrelled with every demand that was made upon her. She made Antwerp a separate question from the general defence. She declared herself willing to send four thousand men to assist Antwerp, but she demanded Ostend and the Sluys as additional guarantees. She changed her mind about the Protectorate of the States. She decided to limit herself to being an "aiding friend."[2] Yet she still made a condition of the transfer of Flushing, Brill, and Enchusen; and finally falling back on her old methods "she refused to enter into the action at all otherwise than underhand;" while her whole Council of all shades and parties agreed for once that it would be "dishonourable" as well as "dangerous," and that "it was impossible she should long stand unless she entered openly into the action."[3]

To tempt her cupidity, a "device" was proposed by which if she became Sovereign of the States, she might make ten thousand pounds a month out of the currency; and to remove Burghley's supposed opposition a thousand pounds a month in addition was offered to himself. If it could be done, Burghley said, he would be to blame if he refused his assent to anything which would bring the Queen to a decision, "seeing her Majesty, for her own surety, was bound to charge her-

[1] Burghley was suspected of having been the cause. "For the proroguing of Parliament," he wrote to Herle, "I had no more to do with it than you had. I was at my house at Theobald's, the day before it was done, and when it was done. The first I heard of it was by my Lord of Leicester's report. I was very sorry, and so was his Lordship." — Burghley to Herle, July 18–28: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] The purpose of the distinction appeared afterwards: "meaning perhaps to abandon the action," wrote Walsingham, "she conceives it may be done with the less dishonour, being an assister, than when her minister shall carry the title of absolute governor." — Walsingham to Leicester, April 26. *Leicester Correspondence.* Edited by John Bruce.

[3] Walsingham to Stafford, July 22–August 1: *MSS. France.*

self with the defence of the States against their enemy and hers: but for the offer to himself he did utterly refuse either such or a less sum, thinking it more charity to yield of his own to the common cause, than to receive a penny."[1]

Nothing came of this; but at length on the 2nd–12th of August, the Queen consented to the separate treaty for the defence of Antwerp. August. She undertook to send over four thousand men, with their wages paid for three months, provided she could be assured of repayment in half a year, and meanwhile might have the Sluys and Ostend.[2] The States yielded, and having begun to make concessions gave way altogether. A few days later a general treaty was signed, which was to take effect when Antwerp should have been relieved. The Queen bound herself to provide from four to five thousand men, to serve at her cost in the Low Countries till the end of the war, the States on their side promising to make over Flushing, Brill, and Rammekins, to be occupied by English garrisons till all that she had spent or should spend in their cause had been repaid in London.[3]

The opposition seemed at last to have been overcome, and a hundred shiploads of soldiers were instantly on their way to the seat of war. Between volun-

[1] Cecil adds, in an angry postscript, "I marvel that any malicious discoverer can note me a councillor that do abuse my credit to my private gain. I may say boldly I have neither made, nor had use from her Majesty, these ten years, by lease, licence, gift, loan, or any other way worth ten shillings. How others are fraught with suits, the world may easily see." — Burghley to Herle, July 22: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Articles of the treaty provisional for Antwerp, August 2–12: *MSS. Holland.*

[3] Articles of a treaty for the aid of the Low Countries, August 10–20 *MS.* Ibid.

teers and Queen's troops seven thousand men had sailed within a week of the completion of the arrangement.[1] They were too late to save Antwerp. Distressed by the uncertain news from England, and threatened daily with an assault, which the starved and scanty garrison would be unable to resist, St. Aldegonde, who commanded them, surrendered two days after the signature of the treaty. He thought it "foolishness to expect help from a woman, and that woman the most variable and inconstant in the world."[2] He told Walsingham that he had done his best. He had yielded only when to persist would have exposed the unfortunate city once more to sack and butchery.[3] Distrust and despondency had almost carried Holland and Zealand to simultaneous submission. Parma offered them everything that they could wish, if they would allow their chapels to be suppressed and the mass to be reëstablished in the churches; and the dread of some trick on the part of Elizabeth, the dislike of parting with the sea towns, and "the large offers of the enemy," were fast inclining the people to peace.[4] If she intended to have the towns, she was recommended to take possession of them at once, and to send over some one to command the army. The troops had crossed, and she had signed the treaty; but fears were entertained that she was still thinking of drawing back. Davison was again in Holland, having gone over on the news of the fall of Antwerp. "By letters from

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, August 15–25: *MSS. France.*

[2] "M. St. Aldegonde a calomnié la Reyne d'Angleterre, disant entre autres propos que c'estoit une grande folie d'attendre secours d'une Dame singulièrement de une qui est la plus inconstante Dame qu'on pourroit trouver au monde." — Secret Advertisement from Antwerp, August, 1585. *MSS. Holland.*

[3] St. Aldegonde to Walsingham, August 17–27: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Roger Williams to Walsingham, August 15-25: *MS.* Ibid.

Calais," wrote Walsingham, on the 27th of August, "I find it very necessary that her Majesty should hasten her resolution, which you shall do well to further by writing hither as soon as you are over, for that her Majesty must needs send thither with speed lest otherwise there be an accord made before she be aware." [1]

The Queen's conduct indeed, however intelligible it became afterwards, when the inner movements of it were revealed, was on the surface inexplicable. She intended evidently to seem as if she meant to do something real; and as before, when she threatened interference, she had sent to Don John, so now she sent to Parma to remind him that she had long entreated Philip to give peace to the Provinces by granting them liberty of conscience, and some toleration for the exercise of their religion. She was connected with the Low Countries, she said, by many ties, and was deeply interested in their welfare. She had often told the King that unless he would take a reasonable course with them she would be forced to interfere. She had no ambition to annex the Provinces to England. She desired nothing but to see them happily settled under the Spanish crown. But unless the King would confirm the pacification of Ghent or concede some degree of toleration, or unless the Prince, if he had no commission to entertain such a question, would grant a suspension of arms till he could send to Spain for instructions, she said she had determined, and was fully minded, to employ such means as God had given her in the assistance of the said countries." [2]

1 Walsingham to Davison, August 27–September 6: *MSS. Holland.*

2 Instructions to Sir John Smith, sent to the Prince of Parma, August 22–September 1: *MSS. Flanders.*

So far all was honourable and straightforward.

The next step was to choose some one to command the English contingent. Universal consent settled at once upon the Earl of Leicester. All along, when interference had been talked of, Leicester was the person thought of as the most suitable leader. It was true that he had neither ability nor character; but he was the Queen's supreme favourite, the most conspicuous nobleman at the Court; the one of all others who was supposed by the world to represent most nearly the Queen's person: while she herself regarded him as "a creature of her own," and therefore most to be depended on to be pliant to her wishes. On Leicester, therefore, the choice determined, and on the 28th of August (September 7) her pleasure was communicated to him by Walsingham. The intimation did not take him by surprise. "He had been most willing," he said; "it seemed to be God's cause and her Majesty's;" nor had he any reason to offer for reluctance, beyond experience of his mistress's temperament. But a presentiment of evil haunted him. The Council had voted unanimously for the treaty, and the loss of Antwerp, if the Queen was really resolute, was of minor consequence. Conscience, honour, interest, pointed in the same direction; to desert the States might soon cost her not only her kingdom but her life; but still Leicester doubted. "If her Majesty," he said, "was led or drawn on by this advertisement or that persuasion, as times and changes fell out, without a full persuasion indeed that the cause was as it was, and that it did concern herself and the whole realm in the highest degree, it were better for her Majesty not to enter into it, and her money might be for the time saved, and her people be preserved from slaughter."[1]

September.

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, August 28–September 7: *MSS. Domestic.*

The Queen having signified her pleasure, however, he prepared to go, and to go at once, since the States hesitated to make over the towns, at least till his appointment was confirmed. Lady Leicester came from Kenilworth to London, meaning to accompany him, while he himself was borrowing money upon his lands to meet the cost which he knew would be thrown upon him. At once, for no assignable cause, the Queen's humour changed. The appearance of the Countess Lettice, whom she detested, seemed to irritate her. She said she would send some one else, or send no one.

The storm blew over, and the Earl was again to go; when she made another difficulty. She fancied or pretended to fancy that she was dying, and that she could not spare him from her side.[2]

She recovered her spirits, but the improvement lasted only four days. On the 26th of September she had once more decided to do nothing. "Unless God give her Majesty another mind," said Walsingham, "it will

[1] "Here we are lukewarm, and yet from sundry quarters we hear of great practices against this poor crown. I see not her Majesty disposed to use the service of my Lord of Leicester. There is great offence taken in the conveying down of his lady." — Walsingham to Davison, September 5–15: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] "Mr. Secretary, I find her Majesty very desirous to stay me. She makes the cause only the doubtfulness of her own self, by reason of her often disease taking her of late, and this last night worst of all. She used very pitiful words to me of her fear she shall not live, and would not have me from her. You can consider what manner of persuasion this must be to me from her; and therefore I would not say much for any matter, but did comfort her as much as I could, only I did let her know how far I had gone in preparation. I do think for all this, that if she be well to-night, she will let me go, for she would not have me speak of it to the contrary to any body. Thus much I thought good to let you know, and pray you send my wife word in the morning that I cannot come before Thursday to London. Your assured, R. LEICESTER."

This letter is dated characteristically by Leicester, "This evening." It was his habit when he wished to be precise. An endorsement assigns it to the 21st of September. — Leicester to Walsingham: *MSS. Domestic.*

work her and her subjects' ruin." [1] Leicester could but answer "it was one of the strangest dealings in the world: he was weary of life and all." [2]

October. Weeks thus went by in alternate shifts of mood. Davison and Sir John Norris took charge of the troops that had gone over, but neither supplies nor money were forthcoming to support them. Elizabeth ordered that the war should be strictly defensive, and that on no pretence should her soldiers be seen in the field. Norris could not believe her to be serious, and in the middle of October he stormed a Spanish fort with conspicuous gallantry. She rebuked him instantly and severely for having neglected her instructions, "her meaning in the action which she had undertaken being to defend and not to offend." [3]

The States, perplexed and uneasy, more than ever hesitated to relinquish their towns; but, unwilling to break their part of the bargain, they intimated to Davison that they were ready to place them in his hands, if he was prepared to receive them. He was scarcely able to do it. The army had been dispatched in haste without a responsible officer, without change of clothes or stores of any kind. Not an article of any kind or a stiver in money had followed them; and six weeks' service, under such conditions, had already transformed them into a ragged mob. The companies intended to garrison Flushing had been exposed ten days, in open boats, to the October rain and tempest, and at times had not even food. For a week after they were huddled together in a church at Middleburgh, their soaked coats and shirts dropping in pieces

[1] Walsingham to Leicester, September 26: *Leicester Correspondence.*
[2] Leicester to Walsingham, September 27: Ibid.
[3] Elizabeth to Sir John Norris, October 31: *MSS. Holland.*

from their backs. So many died, that Edward Norris, Sir John's brother, was obliged to write pressingly for reinforcements. Six hundred draggled, half-armed, and starving wretches were marched at last into Flushing and reluctantly put in possession of the works in which the States had maintained seven hundred and fifty "excellently appointed soldiers." The stout inhabitants of the town received their new masters half in suspicion and half in scorn, and refused to furnish them with either bread or clothes except for money, of which they had none to give.[1]

Something was at work in the Queen's mind beyond mere irresolution, to make her shift and pause and leave her troops to famish, and the States to run distracted. Two ominous letters from Walsingham, one to Burghley, another to the bewildered Davison, explain in part what it was.

"I think it right to let you know," he wrote to Burghley on the 26th of October (November 5), "that her Majesty doth deliver unto divers persons the great mislike she hath of her own resolution taken in the cause of the Low Countries, a matter which, being once known either by the enemy or those of the Low Countries, cannot but work some dangerous change. If her Majesty be disposed to make peace and compound the differences between her and Spain, she cannot but make it with far greater advantage now than before, when she had not Flushing and Brill in her hands. But the way to make it good is not in outward shew to seem to mislike her bargain, but to put a good countenance on the matter for a while,

[1] Sir John Norris to Davison, October 10–20; Davison to Burghley, October 13–23, and October 20–30; Edward Norris to Walsingham, October 21–31: *MSS. Holland.*

until there shall be some way devised to compound things with honour and safety."[1]

"Our stay in sending on governours to the town," he wrote a fortnight later to Davison, "cannot but breed some doubt of our disposition to the cause; or rather that being now possessed of Flushing and Brill we shall seek to serve our turn at their cost and peril. I cannot deny but some practices have been used to draw her Majesty to mislike of the present action, and of such as advise her to enter into the same."[2]

Elizabeth was showing her hand prematurely. The four thousand seamen and fishermen in Flushing were likely to make short work of the perishing wretches who, without a governor or commanding officer, were put in charge of the most important positions in the whole Provinces, if treachery was distinctly suspected. Though the general uncertainty continued, therefore, appearances were more carefully studied; Sir Philip Sidney was sent as governor to Flushing, and Sir Thomas Cecil, Burghley's eldest son, to Brill. The choice of persons so nearly connected with the Government seemed to imply a more defined purpose. A little money was also sent, and some supplies. Finally, Leicester's appointment, after two months' wavering, was reconfirmed; and Walsingham, at the beginning of November, hoped that "the matter was now solved and free from practices." By the middle of the month Sidney had gone to his charge; but the orders were stricter than ever that the English troops should be confined to garrison work, and Walsingham referred Davison to Sidney, to learn from him "the strange humours that reigned at the Court." "There were

[1] Walsingham to Burghley, October 26–November 5: *MSS. Domestic.*
[2] Walsingham to Davison, November 6–16: *MSS. Holland.*

overthwart proceedings," he said, "which would easily be redressed if the Queen would take a resolute course, but that was a matter rather to be prayed than hoped for."[1]

The provinces were left in anarchy. Every arrangement was held in suspense till the Queen would make known her pleasure, and she would neither decide what authority should be held by Leicester, nor take the government herself, nor allow the States to choose a Stadtholder. Leicester was to command the English contingent; but whether he was to command the States' troops also — whether he was to levy taxes and administer them — whether, in fact, he was to be governor there or under the rule of others — all this was left as if in purposed confusion. She let him go at last, but she laid a concluding prohibition upon him to take an oath of any kind to the States, or occupy any position which would imply that he was in any way connected with them. Twenty thousand pounds were coming from her, which sufficed to pay the wages already due to the soldiers; but she held out no hopes whatever for the future. A secret purpose was in hand which Leicester suspected, though he was not admitted to it. "I perceive," he wrote before he started, "your peace with Spain will go fast on; but this is not the way."[2] She left him to encounter all collateral expenses out of his own resources, to sell lands, to mortgage, to borrow, to collect subscriptions through the clergy, and he spoke his mind freely on her treatment of him. "If," he wrote, "it be the will of God to plague us that go, and you that tarry, for our sins, yet let us not be negligent. I am sorry her Majesty doth deal in this sort,

[1] Walsingham to Davison, November 19–29: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Leicester to Walsingham, December 3–13, 5–15: *MS.* Ibid.

content to overthrow so willingly her own cause. Look to it, for by the Lord I will bear no more so miserable burdens; for if I have no money to pay the soldiers, let them come away, or what else. I will not starve them, nor stay them. There was never gentleman or general so sent out as I am. My cause is the Lord's and the Queen's. If the Queen fail I trust in the Lord, and on him I see I am wholly to depend." [1] In this condition the nobleman who was to snatch the Netherlands from the Prince of Parma sailed from Harwich for the Hague in the middle of December.

And now for the explanation of their performances, which were extraordinary even for Elizabeth.

But before entering upon it, we must look at something going forward at the same instant, which threw a fairer light upon England's prospects. Wherever in the history of these times the Queen's hand is visible, there is always vacillation, infirmity of purpose, and generally dishonesty; where her subjects are seen acting for themselves, whether as seamen, soldiers, merchants, pirates — in any and all capacities — there as uniformly is decision, fierceness, often cruelty, but invariably energy and vigour.

It has been said that on the arrest of the English ships in Spain, letters of reprisal were given to their owners to enable them to indemnify themselves. Swarms of privateers had in consequence been busy through the summer hovering on the Spanish coast from Gibraltar to St. Sebastian. They had made such havoc, and so great was the alarm at Madrid, that twice the usual number of ships of war was sent to convoy the treasure fleet from Panama.[2] Sir Fran-

[1] Leicester, "on the eve of sailing," letter as usual undated, to Walsingham. — *MSS. Holland.*

[2] "Habiendo visto y considerado que en dos meses han hecho tantos

cis Drake had long been anxious for a second adventure on the Spanish Main. The galleons carrying home a whole year's produce of the mines, would be a prize, beside which the Cacafuego herself would be insignificant. While the exasperation of the merchants continued, he obtained leave from the Queen, in one of her bolder moments, to fit out a squadron. As usual it was to be a private adventure, with which she could disclaim connection if it failed. Drake and his friends found part of the money, and the Queen the rest, but merely as a personal speculation. He was to carry a commission with him as far as Spain. His orders were to repair to the various ports and demand the release of the arrested ships. What more he might do was to be on his own responsibility.

Drake desired nothing better. Volunteers of all sorts were ready to serve with him — to serve without pay, for the chance of prize money. He got together five-and-twenty vessels of all sizes at Plymouth. Christopher Carlile and Martin Frobisher, after himself the two most distinguished English seamen, commanded under him. His ships were officered by the survivors of his old crew, and young gentlemen of rank contended for the honour of going out with him.[1] September.

They were ready for sea in the middle of September, and sailed suddenly, "being not the most assured of her Majesty's perseverance to let them go for-

daños los Ingleses con los navios de mercantes que navegan por estos mares, y que es de creer que haran lo mismo en las flotas que fueren y vinieren de las Indias, convenia que llevasen otras dos naos por lo menos en cada flota." — Parescer de Alonzo Baçar, Marques de Santa Cruz, 26 de Octubre. Printed in Hakluyt.

[1] Among the names are found those of William Cecil, Burghley's grandson who was supposed to have turned Catholic, Edward Winter, the admiral's son, and Francis Knollys, the Queen's cousin. Philip Sidney had wished to go, but was wanted elsewhere.

ward."[1] Burghley had, in fact, given Drake a hint to be off. At Finisterre he would be beyond the reach of a change of mind.[2]

Picking up a vessel or two returning from the Newfoundland banks on their way, and relieving them of their salt fish, the fleet stood in to the islands, at the month of Vigo Bay. As they swung to anchor, "it was a great matter and a royal sight to see them." The Governor, Don Pedro Bernadero, between alarm and astonishment, sent off to know what they were, to offer them hospitality if they were merchants, to promise them "what they did lack" if they were of a more ambiguous calling, and to beg them to go on upon their way. Drake answered that he was come to enquire after his arrested countrymen, and must take leave to land his men to refresh themselves. The Governor made no opposition, and to conciliate his strange visitors sent them cartloads of wine and fruit. They remained on shore for two or three days, lounging among the churches and chapels, and taking liberties with the saints, to provoke them to shew that they were alive. Among other performances they "made bold to relieve our Lady of her clothes," and when she was stripped, treated her with some indignity.[3]

October.

The weather becoming wild, and the anchorage at the islands being insecure, the fleet removed into the bay. The town was by this time in a panic, and the harbour was covered with boatloads of terrified people flying up the country with their property. The pinnaces were sent in chase, and prizes were taken of more or less value — one especially, containing "the

[1] Christopher Carlile to Walsingham, October 10–20: *Domestic MSS.*
[2] Drake to Burghley: Ellis, 1st Series, Vol. II. p. 304.
[3] News of Sir Francis Drake, from Vigo, October 14–24: *MSS. Domestic*

furniture of the High Church of Vigo," altar-cloths, copes, patens, chalices, and an enormous cross of very fine silver and "excellent workmanship." The Governor of Gallicia collected a force and came to the rescue, but when he saw the ships he thought only, like his subordinate at the islands, of how best to persuade them to go away. He met Drake upon the water, and promised freely that every prisoner in the province should be immediately released. Drake having taken all the spoil that he was likely to get, and being unable to wait till the prisoners were sent to him, accepted his word and sailed.

All Spain was in agitation at the news that the world-famed corsair was on the coast. The Council of State sat three days discussing it. That the English could dare to beard the first monarch in Europe in his own dominions seemed like a dream. "Had the Queen of England," it was asked, "no way to employ Sir Francis Drake but to send him to enquire after Englishmen's ships and goods? Did the Queen of England know the King of Spain's force? Did not she and her people quake?" Little England, to the King of half the world, was but a morsel, to be swallowed at his pleasure. The Marquis de Santa Cruz, however, observed that "England had many teeth,"[1] and that, with Drake upon the ocean, the first object was to save the Indian fleet. The man who, with a single barque and a handful of men, could take half a million of gold from under the eyes of the Viceroy of Peru, might go anywhere and everywhere with such a squadron as he had now at his back. He might sweep the South Seas again, and take Lima itself. He might take Madeira, or Rio, or the Canaries, or the West India islands.

[1] Notes from Spain, January, 1586: *MSS. Domestic*

While faint hearts at Elizabeth's Court were dreading Philip's preparations at Cadiz, and every seminary priest's heart was exulting at the growth of the great fleet at Cadiz, which was to overwhelm the Jezebel of England, Santa Cruz recommended that every available ship should be sent at once to sea to rescue the gold fleets and Indian galleons, to save the Colonies, and encounter and destroy the audacious rover who was laughing at the Spanish power.

Before returning to the Queen and her diplomacy, it will be agreeable to remain a little longer in the company of Sir Francis Drake. Elizabeth, it will be seen, was negotiating with Parma for permission to Drake to return to England unpunished. Drake was caring better for himself, and for England, and for the Queen also, if she could have but rightly known it. Before the Spanish Council had collected their senses, he had been down at the Canaries. He had gone from the Canaries to Cape de Verde. He missed the Indian fleet by twelve hours only, "the reason best known to God," as Drake put it, laying the blame upon the weather; but on the 17th of November, as a celebration of Elizabeth's accession, St. George's cross was floating over St. Iago, and the plunder of the town was secured in the holds of his cruisers. From St. Iago he flew westwards before the trade winds, and after a few days' rest at St. Christopher's, he made direct to St. Domingo, the first city in the Indian dominions. His name bore victory before it. St. Domingo was carried by assault. The entire town being too large for the English to occupy, they quartered themselves in the central square, taking possession of castle, palace, and town hall, where Philip's scutcheon, a horse leaping upon a globe, with the haughty motto, *Non sufficit orbis*,

preached a sermon to conquerors and conquered on the pride of fools.

Drake was no destroying Vandal. He was unwilling to sack St. Domingo if the inhabitants were prepared to redeem its safety. He remained at his leisure, holding the threat of pillage over them till they would consent to terms with him. A month was spent in debate, and he had now and then to remind them who he was, and that he was not to be played with. One day he sent a negro boy to the Governor with a flag of truce. A Spanish officer struck the lad with a lance. He came back wounded for an answer, and died in Drake's presence. Monks and priests were believed, not without reason, to be at the bottom of all the misery which was distracting the world. Drake selected a couple of friars from among his prisoners, sent them down with a provost-marshal and a guard to the place where the crime had been committed, and promptly hung them there; and he informed the Governor that he would hang two more on the same spot every day till the offending officer was given up and punished. The effect was instantaneous. The officer was brought in. To make the example more instructive, the Spaniards were compelled to execute him themselves; and thenceforward they knew with whom they had to deal, and were more careful. As they were long in coming to a resolution, there was every day less for them to save. Each morning two hundred sailors were told off to burn and destroy till the ransom money was paid. At length they offered twenty-five thousand ducats, which the English accepted and departed.

Having left his mark on St. Domingo, Drake went next to the second great city, Carthagena. This, too, he took, burnt partially, and ransomed the rest for

£30,000, intending afterwards to go on to Panama for the chance of a convoy of bullion. Yellow fever, however, broke out in the fleet. The mortality became extremely great. Every third man was dead or dying, and very reluctantly Drake was obliged to abandon the hope of further exploits. As regarded prize money the voyage had been a failure, and barely covered its expenses; but the plunder of Vigo, the storming of St. Iago, St. Domingo, and Carthagena, and the defiant coolness with which the work was accomplished, did more to shake the Spaniards' confidence in themselves, and the world's belief in their invincibility, than the accidental capture of a dozen gold fleets.

Drake had done his part to make diplomacy difficult. It was not easy to maintain the fiction of a defensive war, after the taking and holding to ransom of Spanish cities. He now came home at his leisure, entirely indifferent to the Armada which had been sent in search of him; but long before his arrival all Europe was ringing with reports of his success.

When a private adventurer, without cost to the Empire, could strike a blow so weighty three thousand miles away, the nation itself might have accomplished something considerable at its own door had its arm been unbandaged. The Prince of Parma had but eight thousand men, all told, when Antwerp fell. The English and Dutch fleets united might have sealed the Channel so effectively that not a Spanish transport could have ventured within its waters. An English army of the same size, led by a soldier and left free to act, supplied adequately from home, and backed by the revived energy of the States, unparalysed by fear of treachery, would have made short work of the Netherlands difficulty. A single season's campaign would have seen the last Spaniard over the frontier.

But such was not Elizabeth's pleasure. She understood these matters, as she supposed, better than any other person. It pleased her then and always to maintain a clique of traitors in the palace, one of them, at least, Sir James Crofts, the Controller of the Household, being in the pay of Spain, to whose subtle whisperings her ears were eternally open. It may be believed, without injustice, that she did not desire too complete a triumph to the Protestant cause. With "the cause of God," as it was called, and as it really was, fully and clearly victorious, it would have gone hard with her theories of Church government, and the *via media Anglicana* would have ceased to exist.

The name will be remembered of a certain M. de Champagny, brother of Cardinal Granvelle, a Catholic nobleman of great weight at Antwerp, who had been sent by Requescens on an embassy to England in 1576. Champagny, like Granvelle himself, represented the party of the old Catholic Flemings, who hated heresy and heretics, but did not wish to see their liberties set aside, and their country ruined by the incubus of a Spanish army. Between them and Philip there was no longer any substantial difference of opinion. Weary of the enormous expense and the slow progress of the conquest, the King was willing to make any concession short of religious liberty. Elizabeth, as Champagny well knew, desired nothing better than the same solution of the question. She had taken exactly the same ground nine years before. No sooner had she signed her treaty with the States, and given notice to Parma that she intended to interfere, than Champagny contrived to place himself in communication with her. He had, it seems, been recently a second time in England. He had seen the Queen, and talked over with her the

possibility of peace. He had told her that so long as religious liberty was made a condition, peace was out of the question, and Elizabeth had as good as promised that it should not be insisted on;[1] while Champagny on his part had agreed that if she would yield on that one point she should have security that neither on that nor any other ground should she be molested in her own dominions.

Extreme secresy was necessary; for Holland and Zealand, so far from empowering Elizabeth to make peace for them, had bound her under her hand to make no peace without their consent. Their distrust of her had caused the difficulty about the sea towns. They had agreed to part with them only when they felt assured that they could depend upon her, and if they saw cause for suspecting that she meant to play them false, they were likely to expel her garrisons, and anticipate her by making peace for themselves. The religious liberty of which she made so light was the solitary object for which they were fighting. If they were to lose it they did not need her assistance. It was but too probable that in resentment at finding themselves betrayed they would sacrifice her as she had meditated sacrificing them, and make themselves the instruments of Philip's revenge upon her.

This was so certain that if the peace party made public overtures to her she would be obliged to reject them, and reject them with affected resentment; she would be driven in earnest into the war with which she was at present playing, and the Spanish army would remain indefinitely to afflict the Catholic Netherlands.

[1] "Entrò si avanti con vive ragione ch' ella quasi gli accordò di simil punto non tratarne." — Carlo Lanfranchi to Andrea Looe, February 7, 1586: *MSS. Flanders.*

Champagny, therefore, not venturing to appear in the matter himself, made use of the assistance of an Italian merchant in Antwerp, Carlo Lanfranchi, who had extensive connexions in England. Lanfranchi, instructed by Champagny, wrote, in November, to Andrea de Looe, the principal partner of an Italian house in London, desiring him to feel the pulse of the Queen, and of such of the Council as he could trust. De Looe carried Lanfranchi's letter to Burghley, by whom it was shewn to Elizabeth; and a question rises on the part which Burghley really played in the transactions which followed. Was he indeed a party to the meditated treason against the States, whose cause he had for so many years so earnestly advocated, or was he keeping the negotiation in his own hands, that he might control and guide it, and, if necessary, save his mistress from herself, as he had done many times before? His general character, his close and continued intimacy with Walsingham, his insisting when it came to the point, as it will be seen that he did, that there could be no peace without religious toleration after all, suggest the second alternative. On the other hand, De Looe, Lanfranchi, Parma, Philip himself, believed that Burghley was on their side, and Philip marked him off, to be spared from the gallows in consequence, when Elizabeth's other ministers were hanged.

It may be that, knowing his mistress well, and doubting, as many others doubted, whether she could ever be brought to persevere in the war, he hesitated to neglect an offered chance, but reserved to himself the final care of England and the Queen's honour.

Any way, he shewed her Lanfranchi's letter. She liked it much. "She wished forwardness in the mat-

ter."[1] It had been in her mind from the first, and was the ground of her desire that her quarrel should be as little exasperated as possible. In the thought of it she had rebuked Norris into inactivity, she had allowed her troops to famish, because if peace was coming expense was unnecessary. She had hesitated on sending Leicester, and when he went at last, had given him undefined authority, and tied him by impossible instructions. He was no sooner gone than, as if some restraint had been taken off from her, she seemed inclined to pick a quarrel with the States, and find an excuse to precipitate the conclusion. By her double bargain she had secured Ostend and Sluys, as well as Brill and Flushing. English troops occupied all these places; but she required the States to pay for the repairs of the fortifications; while a lawyer construed the articles of the treaty for her, so as to throw on the States the maintenance of her garrisons in the other towns.[2]

January. Leicester, on landing at Flushing, sent her a message "that she should have peace at a year's end, with honour and safety." "It came in good time," wrote Walsingham to him, "for we began already to grow so weary of the charge of the war, and to fear so much the long continuance thereof, as it was half doubted lest some over-hasty course would have been taken for some dangerous and dishonourable peace."[3]

The hasty course was still in hand, unknown to Walsingham. De Looe let Lanfranchi know that the

[1] A declaration of the manner of treating of peace, underhand to my Lord of Leicester: *MSS. Holland*, 1585–6.

[2] Payment for the garrisons in Flushing and Brill, December 27, 1585: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Walsingham to Leicester, December 22, 1585–January 1, 1586: *MS* Ibid.

Queen was willing to proceed. Lanfranchi replied, on the 29th of January, that if she was reasonable in her demands peace could be easily arranged. Religion must not be mentioned; but religion, after what she had said to Champagny, was not expected to be a difficulty.[1] The correspondence continued. Champagny was confident, relying on Granvelle's influence with Philip. The King had sworn to maintain the Catholic religion, as Elizabeth in England maintained the act of uniformity. Neither one nor the other practised toleration, and toleration, therefore, ought not to rise as a question between them; but if this point was waived, the Catholic noblemen in the Netherlands were ready to guarantee her against danger from Spain, and Philip himself, indeed, was ready to make any engagement which she might require. Nor was this all. She might make an excellent bargain for herself in every way; for in the conditions of peace provision might be made for the repayment of the money which she had spent in the States' defence.[2] February

It might have been unwise, but it would not have been dishonest, if Elizabeth had frankly told the States

[1] Lanfranchi to Andrea de Looe, January 29–February 8: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] "Nel resto poi quanto alla sicurezza del Reyno dessa Ser^ma^ Regina, credo che il Re et y Nobili di questi Paesi daranno la parola, et anche crederei fra qualche tempo che si otteria cavar del paese la gente Spagnuola. E por y denari la Ser^ma^ Regina da davero non resteria a dietro farsi buona opera che li Stati con un poco di tiempo la paghassero." — Same to the same, February 24: *MS.* Ibid.

Again on February 27 Lanfranchi wrote that all would go well.

"Mentre non si tratti di Religione, trovando che quanto al fare rihabere alla Ser^ma^ Regina li denari prestati a questi Stati, sua M^ta^ si contentera li siano resi come l' appartiene. Tocante alla sicurezza di stare in pace nel suo Regno di questo anche si trovarebbe repiegho che i Nobili del Paese farebbero la promesa che senza loro la Regina molestata non puote essere. Il Re l' affirmarebbe lui anche." — Same to the same, February 27: *MS.* Ibid.

that she was unable to defend them, had restored them their cautionary towns, and then made her separate peaces. But the present treaty was for the States as well as for herself, and the principle of it was that if the States refused they were to be left, shorn of their strongest posts, to Philip's mercy. It was her possession of the towns which gave her the command of the situation, and it seems too painfully certain that she contemplated not the restoration of them to the States, but their delivery to Philip. It is plain, from the very nature of the case, that this was to have been one of the conditions of peace.[1]

The meaning of Walsingham's epithets, "dangerous and dishonourable," is now apparent. It need not be supposed that the Queen would have gained nothing. It has been thought that Parma was playing with her credulity; but Philip's language to Olivarez shows that he had no objection to a peace, if peace could be had at such a price; and he might have been well satisfied to leave Elizabeth in quiet for the rest of her life, to enjoy the infamy in which she would have involved herself.

Let us turn for a moment to the cabinet of Sextus V. After the signature of the treaty with the Low Countries, and the visit of Drake to Vigo, the King of Spain came unwillingly to recognise that war with England was inevitable. The Pope, set on by Allen and Parsons, had required him formally, as a faithful son of the

1 "The Duke of Parma," writes some one whose letter is among Burghley's papers, "will be easily contented to come by that which he would have from us, and depart with nothing. He looks that the Queen should restore all the towns in her possession, to avoid all her forces out of the country, and consequently to leave the full subjection of the country wholly unto him, having so much thereof subdued already. It may be he will proffer some paltry piece of money, and yet pay us a great part of it in our ear, upon Sir Francis Drake's reckonings, and what assurance will be given of her Majesty's quietness, God knoweth." — *MSS. Flanders*, March, 1585–6.

Church, to execute the Bull against Elizabeth. He had offered to contribute to the extent of his means, and Philip had instructed Count Olivarez to give a cautious but favourable answer. While the Antwerp and London merchants were arranging a peace, the Spanish Ambassador was discussing the invasion of England in the Pope's cabinet, and the conversations there reveal with great distinctness both Philip's objects and his difficulties.

"I told the Pope," wrote Olivarez in a ciphered dispatch to his master, "that although your Majesty had been often invited to undertake this enterprise by his Holiness's predecessors, you had never before felt assured that you would receive the practical assistance which would be necessary. His Holiness's willingness to meet your Majesty's views in this matter, had now induced your Majesty to take a more favourable view of his request, notwithstanding the continued troubles in Holland, and the other obstacles which have stood so long in the way. The object, I presumed, would be to restore the Catholic religion, and place the Queen of Scots upon the throne. His Holiness said that he was infinitely grateful to God for having brought your Majesty to so happy a frame of mind, and he gave his full consent to the elevation of the Queen of Scots."

The next point was the succession to the English crown, which Olivarez was obliged to approach with caution. The Pope's views were very different from Philip's. The Queen of Scots was now forty-two; she was credited with bad health, and her life might easily be short.

"I represented," said the Ambassador, "that in your Majesty's opinion it would never do to allow a confirmed heretic like the King of Scots to follow her. The poi-

son, if once more expelled, must not be allowed to return. A successor ought to be selected whose religion could be depended on, and care also ought to be taken that the Queen of Scots should not be betrayed by a mother's partiality into favoring her son."[1]

The Pope generally acquiesced; his Majesty's reasons were, he admitted, weighty, and he said he would consent to any arrangement that his Majesty might recommend. He hinted, however, that the King of Scots might be converted; or if this could not be, some English Catholic nobleman, he thought, might marry the Queen of Scots with the reversion of the succession if she died without another child.

Olivarez said it would be very difficult to find a suitable person. Over and above the religious quarrel, England was distracted by factions. The elevation of a private nobleman to the throne would create violent jealousy. His enemies would raise the cry of religion, and he would be unable to maintain his authority; while as regarded the King of Scotland, so long as he gave no sign whatever of being disposed towards conversion, it was useless to think of him.

Sextus replied, faintly, that the objections were well taken. He was silenced if unconvinced, and he appeared at last to yield entirely.

"I did not venture further into particulars," wrote Olivarez; "I have left it to Father Allen to break the rest to him; at present he has no idea that your Majesty has views on the succession for yourself.[2] He

[1] "Para que la Reyne no pueda, engañandole el amor de madre, pensar que será bueno introducirle en la succession y meterle en la possession del Reyno."

[2] "No ose salir á mas particularidad: pienso me valer en esto de Alano quando fuere tiempo de apretarle. Está Su Santidad muy asegurado de que V. Magd no piensa á la succession de Inglaterra."

said so expressly to the Cardinal of Este, and I did not undeceive him. He will be much astonished when he knows the truth, and entangled though he may be by his promise to do as you wish, I have no doubt he will make difficulties. When I next speak to him, I may bridge matters over by speaking of the repayment of expenses after the enterprise has succeeded, and I may suggest that the succession shall be assigned by way of compensation, as a dowry to the Infant Doña Isabella; of course professedly as a provisional arrangement, till your Majesty shall have recovered your outlay, with the accumulating interest. This will come to the same thing, for in a few years the sum will be so large that it cannot be paid. I will say nothing, however, till I receive directions from your Majesty."

The succession being disposed of, the question rose of the amount of the Pope's contribution. The Spanish treasury, Olivarez said, had been much exhausted by the wars in the Low Countries, and glad as the King of Spain would be to undertake everything without troubling his Holiness — well expended as he would regard any amount of treasure, could he be the means a second time of recovering England to the faith — yet the restoration would be largely lucrative to the Holy See, and he considered, therefore, that his Holiness might perhaps supply two millions,[1] which would be half the estimated cost.

One of the leading provocations to the original revolt had been the enormous tribute which England, under one form or another, had contributed to the See of Rome. The Pope calculated on recovering it;[2]

1 "Dos millones de oro." The gold crown, worth something over six shillings.

2 "La quale succediendo como s' espera con el favor d' Iddio felicemente, intende sua Santª che la Sede Apostolica recupere e sia integrata

and with this prospect two millions was not an excessive sum. Sextus, however, was as fond of money as Elizabeth, and could drive as hard a bargain. He said that he had found his coffers empty on his accession. He must not burden the Papal States with fresh impositions. He was willing, however, to contribute more than a Pope had previously contributed to any enterprise whatever. He offered to give the King two hundred thousand crowns at once, a third hundred thousand when the army should have landed in England, a fourth six months after, and two hundred thousand annually as long as the war continued.

Olivarez declined to argue. He replied merely that the lowest sum which his master could accept was a million and a half; and he allowed this matter, like that of the succession, to lie over till the arrival of Father Allen, who was coming to Rome from Rheims.

To Allen had been assigned the part in the second recovery which Pole had filled in the first. He was devoted to Philip, and was about to be made a Cardinal by Spanish interest. He was prepared to promise the Pope, in the name of the English Catholics, the repayment of every crown which he might spend, and to tell him that if there was another disappointment his Holiness alone would be to blame. Avaricious as Sextus was already known to be, these arguments were expected to make an impression upon him. The Catholic Powers had little confidence in one another. The Pope imagined that Philip would take his money, and would do nothing after all. Philip feared that the Pope, having launched him upon the enter-

efettualmente di vente ragioni jurisditione et accioni che per prima haveva in quel regno avanti che Henrico Octavo apostatava la fede." – Olivarez al Rey, 24 Hebrero, 1586: *MSS. Simancas.*

prise, would leave him to his own resources. The Pope saw plainly that Philip had remembered his duty to Church, only when he found a war with England forced upon him by Elizabeth's interference in the Low Countries. Philip endeavoured as earnestly to prove that war was not forced upon him at all; that, as far as Spain was concerned, he could have every political satisfaction which he required, by peaceable negotiations; and that if he attached England it would be in deference only to his Holiness's wishes.

"His Holiness," said Olivarez, "is persuaded that you are obliged to call this woman to account, and that only by doing so can you come to an end with Holland and Zealand. He thinks that the conquest of England is incomparably easier than the conquest of those Provinces, and that you must undertake it to protect your own colonies and your own coast. He says that in the time of Pius V. four hundred thousand dollars were thought a sufficient subsidy from the Holy See. He cannot understand why a sum so much larger should be demanded now. I tell him that your differences with the Queen of England may be easily repaired if she will assist you in recovering the Provinces, which she is not far from consenting to do; that in fact she would never have set foot in the islands except with that intention, her desire being that the Provinces should remain under the Spanish Crown, in possession of their ancient liberties. I have said that if the present occasion is allowed to pass, and if your Majesty make peace with the Queen, the English question must be considered at an end, and be thought of no more. Your Majesty, I repeated, had been influenced only by the persuasions of his Holiness in taking another way; you would have to continue the

war in Holland, to maintain an army in Flanders as a check on France, and to provide a fleet strong enough to encounter and overcome the whole strength of England; and I said it would be a smaller fault when God called him to account, if he had spent a little too much, than if he permitted the whole enterprise to fall to the ground."

There remained one more obstacle: France had always stood in the way, and France, notwithstanding the league, remained in the same position. Politics at the Court of Paris were stronger than religion. The Cardinal of Este admitted frankly, that although the French Catholics would coerce or punish their own heretics, they could not and would not allow Spain to overcome England. If Spain undertook the work, a Spanish officer would have to lead the expedition; and the Duke of Guise had begged the Pope to refuse his sanction to the invasion, unless Guise was himself a party to it. Cardinal Sanz, who represented France in the Papal Council, opposed it altogether: he recommended the Pope to do one thing at a time, and suggested that he should divert the invasion, if invasion there was to be, from England to Geneva. The Pope himself wished it to go forward, but was not eager to spend more upon it than necessary. It was doubtful whether he could be brought to declare against the King of Scots; and still more, whether he would sanction the settlement of the crown on Philip. The ambition which he had felt to distinguish his pontificate, had been cooled by the distress of parting with his money.[1] Philip's game was suspected if not fully un-

[1] "El gusto que mostraba y desseo de hacer alguna cosa señalada se le ha resfriado con el dolor del dinero." — Olivarez á Su Magd, 24 Hebrero: *MSS. Simancas.*

"Lo que su Magd dice cerca de las exhortaciones que diversas veces se

derstood. The Guises were no more willing than the House of Valois that their young kinsman in Scotland should be deprived of his rights, and the Pope was an Italian sovereign as well as the Father of Christendom, and had no anxiety to see a further increase of the already overgrown Spanish power.

The expense, the uncertainty of the succession, and the humour of France, formed thus a serious objection to proceeding with the war. The evident object of the Vatican was to leave the work to Philip and to deprive him of the practical fruits of it. Philip, therefore, it is easy to see, had strong inducements to consent to a peace, on the terms which the Queen appeared ready to concede. He would thus be left to destroy at his leisure the remnant of freedom which was left in Holland and Zealand. The Huguenots could be crushed next in France, and the submission of England to the general will of Christendom would then only be a matter of time.

Elizabeth, on the other hand, terrified at expense also, and with traitors in her Council, saw or thought she saw that she could secure quiet to herself for the remainder of her own reign, without exacting sacrifices of the Provinces which she could herself regard as important. Perhaps she thought that such a settlement as she contemplated might be a prelude to the general compromise which she had always longed for. Those round her, who understood better the depth and power of religious passion, foresaw that however it might fare with herself, the storm would sooner or later fall on England; that a Catholic revolution must and would ensue, with its

me han hecho en nombre de su Santidad, y lo que su Santidad respondio á ello." — Roma, 4 Hebrero, 1586. Inclosed in a letter of the same date from Olivarez to Philip II.: *MSS. Simancas.*

bloody and terrible consequences. But Elizabeth did not see it, or was careless if she did: things would last her time; or if the storm overtook her while she was alive, to attend mass again, as she had done under her sister, was nothing so particularly objectionable; the mass and the English service were the same thing, with but a trifling difference of form. As it was with the succession to the crown, so it was with religion. It was convenient to herself that there should be no acknowledged successor. It was convenient to herself to be indifferent to the Protestant cause. The next generation might solve their own problems in their own way.

Thus the secret negotiation went on swimmingly. Champagny reported to Parma, while Andrea de Looe communicated with Elizabeth. Whatever Burghley's instructions may have been, both she and De Looe gave Parma to understand that religion was not to be a difficulty; the conditions otherwise were easily agreed upon; and there remained only some diplomatic coquetry as to which of the two powers should make the first open advance.[1] Lanfranchi undertook for the Prince, "that so far forth as her Majesty would not intermeddle in matters of religion, she should have all other things to content her; amongst others, her money should be repaid her which she had lent, and bestowed in the Low Countries." "It was confidently answered that her Majesty was content not to meddle or deal in any matters of religion." "The Queen looked only that the Prince of Parma should first seek the peace, for that she herself would not first begin."[2]

March.

[1] Andrea de Looe to Burghley, March 13-23: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Declaration of the manner of treating of peace underhand to my Lord of Leicester, 1586: *MSS. Holland.*

Success, however, in Elizabeth's opinion, depended on keeping Leicester paralysed. Leicester himself, and Walsingham, who, understanding the care with which the secret was kept from them, conjectured what was going on, conceived that even if peace and compromise were to be the ultimate objects, an effective campaign would be the fittest prelude to the treaty. The Queen, on the other hand, still affected to maintain that in sending troops to the Netherlands she had meant no hostility to Spain. She had accepted no authority except in the cautionary towns. As carefully she had reserved the control of her army in her own hands, to prevent the States from using them upon active service; while she had refused to allow her representative to take any office which would encroach formally upon Philip's jurisdiction.

The sensation may be imagined, therefore, with which she learned that Leicester — Leicester, whom she was pleased to say she had raised out of the dust, the slave of her pleasure, the automaton that was to move only at her will, had dared to break the positive command which she had laid upon him, had accepted in the Queen's name the absolute government of the Provinces, had taken an oath to the States, which she had distinctly forbidden him to take, and had put an end to the anarchy which she had meant to continue. He had done, in spite of her, what she ought herself to have been the first to desire. He had gone over, tied hand and foot by orders which made him useless and helpless, to hold a starving army in inactivity, without money to pay them, in a country without a government. He was surrounded by traitors: Blunt Lord Mountjoy's brother, Pooley, a dependent outwardly of the Sydneys, and many others, secret agents of the Queen of Scots, had

been sent over purposely to watch and thwart him. Though professing such care of the lives of her subjects, that she forbade Norris to expose them in action, she had allowed them to perish in squads. "The havock," wrote Lord North, "which has been made of the soldiers first sent over is lamentable, which must be supplied and enlarged presently before my Lord can do anything."[1] "Most part of the bands that came over in August and September," said a correspondent of Walsingham's, "are more than half wasted, dead, and gone, and many that remain are sick, lame, and shrewdly enfeebled. Of our own soldiers many be paid with earth in their graves, the rest so discontented that, if pay come not speedily before, they may be drawn to deal with the enemy. I doubt some ill adventure."[2]

February. Not, probably, without the secret advice of Burghley, or at least of Walsingham, Leicester had made a bold effort to burst the net in which he was entangled. The States for the past year had possessed no organised government at all. Since the murder of the Prince of Orange they had waited upon Elizabeth's pleasure. If they did not know what she was doing, they could easily conjecture what she was likely to do. She had been so careful to avoid committing herself, that they were the more anxious to commit her in spite of herself, and they had not parted with their hopes of being incorporated in the English Empire. The populace saw, in the advent among them of a great English nobleman, a step towards a realisation of the union. He was received with the wildest enthusiasm. "God save the Queen" had rung through Delft streets, loud as ever it had been heard in Cheapside.

[1] Lord North to Burghley, January 28: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Digges to Walsingham, March, 1586: *MS.* Ibid.

The Estates represented to Leicester that a government of some kind was pressingly necessary. The Provinces were in confusion; money could not be had from England to pay the troops, which in their impatience and hunger were often on the edge of insurrection. The dispensation of the States revenues would prevent, at any rate, anarchy and disaster, and the accounts could be settled afterwards. A hundred obvious reasons could be given for a thing so necessary as union of authority. The government was offered to Leicester, who wrote to England for leave to receive it, and he was installed and in possession before the inevitable prohibition could arrive. The request itself, when it arrived, provoked more than sufficient indignation. That the States should have even proposed such a thing, and that Leicester should not have instantly refused it, was of itself an unpardonable crime.[1] The act itself the Queen learnt from others before the Earl himself informed her of it.

Secretary Davison, whom he found at the Hague, and by whose counsels he was encouraged to act as he did, undertook to be the bearer of the news, and to defend what had been done. Davison was detained by foul weather, and the news reached England before him. The Queen was in full cry after peace, with the game in view, and almost, as she thought, secured, when Leicester, of all people in the world, started out of the ground upon her path. To send troops with a half-defined intention of using them in the enemy's service might be defended or excused; but for their commander to accept authority over the King of Spain's territories at the hands of his rebellious subjects, was an act of hostility not to be explained away.

[1] The Council to Leicester, January 26–March 5: *MSS. Holland.*

The peace would be less easy, as Lanfranchi expressed it. "The King of Spain found himself assaulted in earnest;" "the matter had proceeded beyond words, and princes answered deeds with deeds."[1]

Sir Thomas Heneage was ordered to go instantly to Holland, to say "that the Earl and the States had treated the Queen with contempt;" either the world would refuse to believe "that a creature of her own would have presumed to accept the government contrary to her command, without her secret assent," or it would be thought that she could not rule her own subjects. The election, she said, must be cancelled with the same solemnities with which it had been published; "the Earl, all excuses laid aside, must resign his authority in the place where he accepted it."[2]

Walsingham dared to suggest that it would be prudent to ascertain first the effect which such an order might produce in the States. Burghley said that for his own part he thought Leicester had acted honourably and well. "But the Queen would not endure to hear speech in defence of him."[3] Her passion against the favourite might have been palliated if in the midst of it she could have remembered her own duty. The troops enlisted in her name, which she had bound herself to pay, men with England's honour in their charge, were dying like sheep with the rot, their credit spent, and without means to buy food or clothes. Their wages, poor wretches, had been "earth in their graves," and she could not be brought to cast a thought upon them. Of the seven thousand sent over in August and September, more than half had perished, and

[1] Carlo Lanfranchi to Andrea de Looe, April 10–20: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Instructions to A. B., to be sent to Holland, February 10–20: *MSS. Holland.*

[3] Burghley to Leicester, February 7–17: *MS.* Ibid.

while the temper was upon her not a penny could be wrung from between her clenched fingers.[1]

Before Heneage could set out Davison arrived. The Queen sent for him and received him with a hail-storm of invectives. When she paused to take breath, he told her resolutely that the States could not remain ungoverned; that no other government but Leicester's was possible; and that, "for his own part, he would have been mad to have dissuaded an action so necessary to her service." He produced no effect, and only drew the storm of her anger upon himself. A fresh burst of rage had been caused by a report that Lady Leicester, whom she hated, was going over after all with finer carriages than her own, and a train of ladies and gentleman which would eclipse the English Court. "This information did not a little stir her Majesty's choler, saying with great oaths she would have no more courts under her obeisance than her own."[2] Heneage was going the next morning. She had driven Davison out of her presence. Daring her fury he went again to her, "and with tears besought her to be better advised, laying before her the dishonourable, shameful, and dangerous effects of so unhappy a message, which would be utter ruin to the cause, and her own dishonour and undoing."[3] She continued to storm and swear. "She had nothing to answer except her old complaints." She said "the Earl might have had the substance if he would have forborne the

[1] "There came no penny of treasure ever since my coming hither. That which came was due before it came. The soldiers cannot get a penny. Their credit is spent. They perish for want of victual and clothing in great numbers; the whole and some are ready to mutiny." — Leicester to Burghley, March 15–25: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Thomas Duddeley to Leicester, February 11–21: *Leicester Correspondence.*

[3] Davison to Leicester, February 17–27: *MSS. Holland.*

title." Davison asked her if she could suppose the King of Spain "would make a distinction between the name and the thing." She replied so savagely, that "he begged to be allowed to retire from her service, and spend his days in prayer for her, as one whom salvation itself was not able to save if she continued the course she was in."[1] With these words Davison left her, and she was somewhat staggered, for Heneage was told to wait for further orders. Burghley followed up the impression, "moving her very earnestly not to send Heneage at all, or if go he must, to qualify the message of which he was the bearer." She yielded a very little. She still insisted that he should go; but she left him "discretion for the *manner*, though for the *matter* none." She would have "her offence declared." She continued to stigmatise Leicester as "one of her own raising." She consented to spare him the disgrace of a public deposition; but she required the States to devise some method in which she could save the stained rag which she called her honour. Inconsistent as usual, and wavering under the alternate influence of her Council and the ladies of the bedchamber, she agreed one day that "in respect of mischief from a change," Leicester might continue his government for a time; and afterwards that he might retain the power if he took no other title than Lieutenant-General for England. But in the long-run she stood by her point, and Heneage was dispatched "to do," in the language of Sir Philip Sidney, "as much hurt with honesty as any man for twelve months had done with naughtiness."[2]

The De Looe and Lanfranchi negotiation meanwhile

[1] Davison to Leicester, February 17–27: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Sir Philip Sidney to Burghley, March 18–28: *MS.* Ibid.

was no longer the entire secret which Elizabeth desired to keep it. The Prince of Parma, March. though he had not betrayed the precise nature of the overtures that had been made to him, had hinted to the States that they were in danger of desertion, to tempt them on their side to make their separate peace; and the Hollanders, though they could not believe that they were really betrayed, were not to be safely trifled with. If they once saw clear ground for suspicion, the chances were that they would come to terms in rage and despair, and find afterwards a melancholy pleasure in helping Philip to wring the last penny of satisfaction out of the woman who would then be at their mercy. Leicester, though governor in name, had not dared to use his authority till his mistress had sanctioned it. Precious time was allowed to pass. Spanish reinforcements were pouring in, while the English were wasting in garrison, a burden on the cities in which they were quartered. Ominous mutterings were heard among the sulky Dutchmen of Flushing, who under any circumstances ill liked the presence of strange soldiers among them. "I beseech your Lordship," wrote Sir Philip Sidney to the Lord Treasurer, "give your hand to sending over the moneys, or there will some terrible accident follow to the caution towns."[1]

Heneage was a good subject. "A loose and disordered estate needed no shaking," he said; and an "uncertain and mistrustful people required to be the more assured;" Leicester, if he was allowed to continue in his position, might keep "the tottering course upon the wheels;"[2] and had Heneage dared he would

[1] Sidney to Burghley, March 18–28: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Heneage to Burghley, April 8–18: *MS.* Ibid.

gladly have kept his message to himself. But Elizabeth's ill humour had rather returned in its force than been in any way appeased. Lord Warwick wrote from the Court to his brother, that she was about to make England the slave of Spain and leave religion to be crushed; against himself her malice was great and unquenchable, and he advised Leicester if he was recalled rather to go to the end of Christendom than return home.[1]

The Queen's instructions to Heneage were positive; though characteristically, when the mischief resulted from it which every one foresaw but herself, she blamed him for obeying them.[2] He waited, however, as long as he dared. Leicester had sent over Sir Thomas Sherley with fresh explanations. It was possible that she might have reconsidered her resolution. But Elizabeth was never constant except in perversity. Sherley was kept waiting for a week before she would see him. When he was admitted, at last, he found only "bitter words," and threats to revoke Leicester altogether.

1 "Her Majesty may, if she will, bridle the rage of all her enemies, and she will not accept of it. This noble country of ours to be ruinated for ever, yea and to become slaves to the vilest slaves in the world, and that which passeth all the rest, the true religion of Jesus Christ to be taken from us! Our mistress's extreme rage doth increase rather than any way diminish, and she gives out great threatening words against yourself. Make the best assurance you can for yourself. Trust not her oath, for that her malice is great and unquenchable. Repose your trust in God, and let this be a comfort to you, that you were never so honoured in your life among all good people as you are this day. Have care for your safety, and if she will needs revoke you, to the overthrowing of the cause, if I were you, if I could not be assured there, I would go to the farthest part of Christendom rather than ever come into England again. Advise me what to do, for I mean to take such part as you do." — Warwick to Leicester, March 6–16: *Leicester Correspondence.*

2 "Fault is now found with me that I did not stay to proceed if the public cause might take hurt. I had warrant for the manner, but for the matter none, for done it must be." — Heneage to Burghley, April 8–18: *MSS. Holland.*

In matters of importance English officers spoke their minds freely, even to their Sovereign. Sherley said, like Davison before him, that the acceptance of the government was an unmixed good, and that after the expedition of Sir Francis Drake it was idle to be afraid of giving offence to Spain.

"I can answer for Sir Francis Drake," the Queen said, impatiently; "moreover, if need be, the gentleman cares not if I disavow him."

"Disavow my Lord, then, Madam," said Sherley, "and keep your favour towards him; no government is now possible in the States if you revoke my Lord, and harm will come of it."

She swept out of the room in a rage. "To be plain with you," Sherley wrote, "I fear she grows weary of the charge, and will hardly be brought to deal thoroughly."[1]

Heneage upon this delivered the matter with which he was charged. In a public audience and in Leicester's presence, he read a letter from the Queen to the States, in which she reproached them with having treated her with contempt. She did not indeed now insist on an immediate and formal degradation, but she required them to lose not a moment in finding means to relieve the Earl of an authority which she would not permit him to hold. If they refused he would be immediately recalled.

The original misgivings, the hints of Parma, and the scattering drops of rumour received at once a fearful confirmation. The neglect of the troops, the dead inertness to which she had condemned the army, coupled with the eagerness which she had shewn to get possession of the cautionary towns, was but too intelligible if

[1] Sherley to Leicester, March 14–24: *Leicester Correspondence.*

the Queen meditated treachery, and was explicable in no other way. The traitors at the English Court could not keep their counsel. They sent word to their friends in Holland that "the thing they hoped for was come to pass;" that Leicester was in disgrace, and that peace was coming. "God forbid it should be so," wrote Leicester; "if it be true, her Majesty, her realm, and we, are all undone, and too late we shall find the remedy."[1]

April

Still the English treasury continued closed. The soldiers still cursed and died. Argument and entreaty were powerless alike to move the Queen; and Burghley at last told her that he must resign his office, retire into privacy, and wash his hands of the shame and disgrace which he saw inevitably coming.[2] She was moved at the moment, as she had been when Davison used similar words to her. But the next day, "seduced by some adverse counsel," she relapsed into obstinacy, and into a humour which Burghley described as "very absurd and perilous."[3] "I gather by her Majesty," wrote a Mr. Vavasour to Leicester, "that an indifferent peace will not be refused, whereof you are only used as an instrument; for, talking with her Majesty of the necessity to put men into the field, to which I found her ears altogether stopped, especially blaming the charges, And what,

[1] Leicester to Burghley, March 17–27: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] "In the presence of Mr. Secretary I used some boldness with her Majesty, and protested to her as a councillor that for discharge of my conscience and my oath I could not forbear to let her know that this course that she held against your Lordship was like to endanger her in honour, surety, and profit, and that if she continued the same, I prayed her Majesty that I might be discharged of the place I held, and both afore God and man be free from the shame and peril that I saw could not be avoided." — Burghley to Leicester, March 31–April 10: *Leicester Correspondence.*

[3] Same to the same, April 1–11: Ibid.

quoth she, if a peace should come in the meantime?"[1] "We are so greedy of a peace," said Walsingham, "as in the procuring thereof we neither weigh honour nor safety."[2]

The danger was so very great if the States discovered for themselves that a treaty for peace was really in progress, that Walsingham obtained permission to let them know it, assuring them at the same time that they need stand in no fear of having their own interests neglected.[3] Her consent to the confession being made had been obtained at an unguarded moment, and she found fault with Walsingham for having acted upon it. She had her own views of the States' real interests, and as their opinion might differ from hers, she did not intend them to have a voice in the decision. Sir Thomas Heneage, seeing how great was their anxiety, strained his instructions. He assured them solemnly, in his mistress's name, that she would keep her faith, and agree to nothing to which they were not parties. Elizabeth was furious at the supposition that she was responsible to the States for her actions, or that a promise, in reliance upon which they had placed themselves in her power, could be conceived to be binding upon her. She swore at Heneage for "obliging her to more than she was bound or minded ever to yield." "Think you," she wrote to him, "that I will be bound by your speech to make no peace for my own matters without their consent? It is enough that I injure not their country nor themselves in making peace for them without their consent."[4] "Sir Thomas He-

[1] Vavasour to Leicester, March 31: *Leicester Correspondence.*
[2] Walsingham to Leicester, April 11–21: Ibid.
[3] Same to the same, April 21: Ibid.
[4] Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Heneage, April 26: *MSS. Holland.*

neage," she wrote to Leicester, "has gone too far in assuring the States that we would make no peace without their privity and assent; for our direction was, if our meaning had been well set down by our secretary, that they should have been only let to understand that in any treaty that might pass between us and Spain, we would have no less care of their safety than of our own." "Ministers," she said, "in matters of that moment, should not presume to do things of their own heads without direction." She was impatient that nothing had at once been done in qualification of Leicester's title. "Our pleasure is," she concluded in her haughtiest style, "that, all respects or conceits of danger laid aside, you shall presently enter into consultation with the Council of State there how the said qualification may be performed according to our will, with reservation notwithstanding of the authority already yielded to you, carrying only the title of our Lieutenant-General."[1]

She intended, she said, to do the Provinces good in spite of themselves. She conceived herself to be a better politician than all her Council, and to understand the interest of the States more clearly than the States understood it. She meant to surrender for them the object for which they had been fighting for twenty years, and which alone had brought them to her side in opposition to their own Sovereign. When Burghley remonstrated with her, "she grew so passionate as she forbade him to argue any more;"[2] and Walsingham concluded, at last, that "her disposition was unapt to embrace any matter of weight." Being, as she was, incapable of carrying on a war, and determined upon a

[1] Elizabeth to Leicester, April 26: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Walsingham to Leicester, April 26: *Leicester Correspondence.*

peace which was likely to be a dishonourable one, he came to wish himself that negotiations for it should be openly set on foot, and that Leicester should have the conduct of them; then, at least, there would be no treachery, and no articles could be secretly concluded which would not endure discussion before the world.[1]

Authentic tidings were now coming in of Francis Drake. All that he and others had said before of the vulnerability of Spain was more than confirmed, and the English, already vain of their hero, were raised to enthusiasm at the splendour of his successes. The effect in Europe was almost as considerable. The aggressive power of England had passed hitherto for nothing. The strength of its arm, if once raised to strike, became more correctly appreciated. The Antwerp merchants grew cautious of advancing money to Parma. Parma himself could not believe that there would be any more talk of peace on the terms offered through Andrea Le Looe, and was as much gratified as he was astonished to find the Queen unchanged.

A second group of agents had by this time grown beside the first. Sir James Crofts had a cousin named Bodenham, in some office about the Prince of Parma's person. From this man Crofts learnt what was going forward between Lanfranchi and De Looe, and having risked his neck in the service of Spain for many years,

1 "Seeing her Majesty is so inclined to the peace, and is found altogether so unapt to prosecute the war, I cannot but wish your Lordship to be a principal dealer therein, as well in respect for your own honour, as that I hope it will be performed with both honourable and profitable conditions, whereas I doubt if it pass to other hands it will not be so carefully dealt in." — Walsingham to Leicester, April 21: *Leicester Correspondence.*

Again, May 23, Walsingham writes: —

"I think now that the only thwarts your Lordship receives groweth out of her Majesty's own disposition, whom I do find daily more and more unapt to embrace any matter of weight." — Ibid.

he did not like to see others step in between him and the fruit of his labours. Parma admitted his priority of claim, and promised that the doing and the thanks for the peace should not be taken from him when it was dealt in."[1] Crofts had Elizabeth's ear, and it is possible that she herself, kicking as she was more and more against the restraint that Burghley laid upon her, was glad of another channel of communication with which Burghley had nothing to do. A second Italian merchant named Augustin Grafigny, whose business lay between England and Flanders, was found to communicate with Bodenham, or to go himself on occasions to the Prince of Parma. Through Bodenham, Sir James Crofts apologised both for Drake's voyage and for Leicester's presence in the Low Countries. Walsingham, he said, and not the Queen was to blame.[2] Grafigny followed up Bodenham by assuring Parma that she would not only consent to peace, but was most eager for it; and said that he had been sent by the Queen herself, with the knowledge of part of her Council, to tell him that if she could be otherwise assured, she would put in his hands the places which were in the occupation of the English, especially the fortresses in Holland and Zealand.[3]

June. These words, it will be observed, tally exactly with Philip's statement to the Pope, that the Queen had given him hope of assistance in

[1] Declaration of the manner of treating of peace underhand to my Lord of Leicester, 1586: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] "Esmerandose mucho en excusar a Reyna assi de la yda de Drake á las Indias, como de la venida de Leicester, echando la culpa á Walsingham y á otros mal intencionados, y que ya la Reyna començaba á conocerlo." — Parma to Philip, April 19: Quoted by Motley.

[3] "Se allanaran en volver y entregar á V. Magd lo que ocupan y poseen, y en particular las fuerzas de Holanda y Zelanda." — Parma to Philip, June 11: Motley.

recovering the maritime Provinces. The betrayal of the towns was from the beginning a necessary part of the transaction; but it had not before been so plainly expressed. There was a fear that if it was spoken of too plainly, the Prince might reveal what was going forward to the States, to show them the real character of the ally on whom they were depending; the States might very probably anticipate her by yielding altogether. But Philip was likely rather to close with conditions which would secure him triumph over England as well as over his own Provinces; the secret was not kept after all; a copy of a letter, containing a distinct account of what had passed, was sent by some one in the States Council to Burghley, and he found his name mentioned as among those who were said to have approved. If Grafigny had really been sent with such a message by the Queen, Parma had no more to desire. The bitterly expressed anxiety of Walsingham is conclusive that the Queen was seriously meditating treachery; if she had not gone the full length of Grafigny's engagements for her, he was sincerely afraid that she would not stick at them, if she could not otherwise obtain peace.

This second entirely contraband negotiation Burghley determined at once to extinguish, before it had passed beyond his control. Bodenham brought to England a polite letter to the Queen from Parma, requesting that she would throw her proposals into form. He and Grafigny were called immediately before the Council, where to their surprise and confusion they found Walsingham sitting at Burghley's side. They were cross-examined as if they were criminals, and having been employed by Crofts in a mission distinctly confidential, they knew not what to acknowledge or to

deny.[1] Grafigny was asked if he had been sent to Parma by the Queen. He equivocated. Bodenham threw the message on the Controller of the Household. They were both bewildered and astonished. Burghley enquired whether they had promised in the Queen's name to surrender the cautionary towns. When they attempted to deny it, Burghley said he had a letter of Parma's in his possession directly saying that they had. They were dismissed in disgrace: the Queen's reputation was saved at expense of her instruments; and for her own sake, and to neutralise the effect in Holland, she was compelled to deny publicly that she had sanctioned their overtures at all. Caught in her own net, and betrayed by her exaggerated eagerness, she was now obliged to confirm Leicester in the position which she had been so furious at his

[1] Chasteauneuf, in a memoir on the state of England, says that the four leading members of Elizabeth's Council affected to be of opposite parties, with their mistress's knowledge and sanction. Burghley and Hatton professed to be Spanish and Catholic, Walsingham to be French and Protestant, but that in fact they were all agreed. "Le Chancelier" (Hatton), he says, "et le Trésorier ont toujours fait semblant de tenir le parti et favoriser les affaires du Roy d'Espagne, même des Catholiques, dans ce Royaulme. Le Comte de Leicester et Walsingham, au contraire, se sont toujours montrés grands Protestants, et fait paraître avoir affection à la France. Mais en effet le tout n'est *qu'une dissimulation jouée du sçu* de leur maîtresse pour tromper les ministres de ces Princes-lá et ruiner les Catholiques Anglois et tous ceulx qui favorisoient la Reine d'Escosse." — Labanoff, Vol. VI. p. 280.

As regards the four ministers, this is probably true. Had Burghley's and Walsingham's letters to Leicester, had Davison's letters, and Sherley's and Warwick's, been written to be seen by the world, there would have been a chance that it was true also of Elizabeth, and that Sir James Crofts was her dupe. But if she was herself at heart a Protestant, she played the other part so skilfully that she deceived the very men who were represented as the parties in the illusion. She sacrificed her army in the Low Countries. She all but terrified the States of Holland into making a peace, out of which she would herself have been excluded. On Chasteauneuf's hypothesis her whole career becomes a tissue of gratuitous and blundering mendacity.

receiving, and was driven to undertake in earnest the cause which she had so far played with. She replied to Parma's letter, disavowing her emissaries and declaring her meaning to have been utterly mistaken. She said she had no intention of making a separate peace, and that she would defend the Low Countries till the King granted them honourable terms. She wrote to the States complaining greatly of the wrong which they had done her in giving credit to injurious reports. They ought to have known her better, she said; her honour was precious to her; and she was not so foolish as to conceive that there could be a sound peace between her and Spain, in which their surety was not comprehended.[1]

"Your Lordship may see," wrote Walsingham, in describing what had passed to Leicester, "the effects which are wrought by such weak ministers; they that have been the employers of them are ashamed of the matter." Yet Walsingham still feared that the danger was not yet over. "The desire of peace is so great," he said, "I doubt the answer will not be so honourable as were fit;"[2] and the events confirmed his misgivings.

Back-stairs transactions can seldom be completely traced; it is only at points and intervals that the thread can be caught; and the impression which prevails of Elizabeth's political sagacity suggests that there must have been something behind, which, if known, would change the complexion of the story. If she was endeavouring to deceive Parma, her genius was unfortunately occupied; for the neglect of her troops was part of the game, and the part of it which most satisfied the Prince that she was in earnest. She let her soldiers die

1 Elizabeth to the States of Holland, June 15–25: *MSS. Holland.*
2 Walsingham to Leicester, June 24–July 4: *Leicester Correspondence.*

of famine; she distracted the States; she drove her truest friends into a frenzy of fear for her good fame. So vacillating had been her orders while the negotiations were pending, that what one day's post commanded the next unsaid. Champagny and Sir Thomas Heneage were alike at their wits' end.

"I fear," said the latter to Walsingham, "if matters pass not more certain, the world will judge Champagny's words to be over true, that there is no Court in the world so odious and uncertain in its dealings as ours." [1]

And a few days later: —

"I shall tell her Majesty, if I live to see her, that except a more constant course be taken with so inconstant a people, it is not the blaming of her ministers will advance her service or better the state of things: and shall I tell you what they now say here of us, I fear not without cause? even as Lipsius wrote of the French: — 'De Gallis quidem enigmata veniunt, non veniunt, volunt, nolunt, audent, timent: omnia ancipiti metu suspensa et suspecta.'" [2]

This much is certain: there were two secret negotiations going on with Parma simultaneously, one in which the parties were Champagny, Lanfranchi, and Andrea de Looe, with the knowledge and under the direction of Burghley; the other, conducted by Sir James Crofts, Grafigny, and Bodenham. The Controller having discovered that a treaty for peace was going forward, was afraid of losing the reward of his long

[1] "Et de vray c'est le plus fâcheux et le plus incertain negocier de cest Court que je pense soit au monde."

"Help me in this business and advise me," concludes Heneage, "for surely I am weak." — Heneage to Walsingham, May 17–27: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Same to the same, May 25–June 4: *MS.* Ibid.

treason, and had started a fresh correspondence on his own account. "Grafigny had been sent before, that he might win the spurs."[1] The interlopers were tripped up and driven from the field by Burghley. They had done their work clumsily, and had committed the Queen to a position which she was forced to disown.

Crofts, the real traitor, was thus for the time checkmated, but the mischief was not over. The De Looe correspondence continued. The Queen hankered after peace as much as ever, and De Looe himself is next found directly writing to her describing an interview with Parma. The Prince had complained to him that Grafigny had wrecked the treaty by his officiousness. He professed himself as anxious as ever to come to terms, and De Looe said that he had told him that he must not construe the Queen's last letter too literally.[2] A ciphered fragment follows among the State Papers, in which there is a glimpse of treachery of another kind. Elizabeth was tempting Parma's loyalty to Philip, as Don John had been tempted before, by the offer of the Provinces to himself.[3] Again in the winter the negotiation for the treaty was renewed. Elizabeth chose to have it so, and could not be withheld; and Burghley kept his hand upon the

October.

[1] Declaration of the manner of treating of peace underhand to my Lord of Leicester: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Andrea de Looe to the Queen's Majesty, October 20-30: *MSS. Flanders.* Endorsed by Burghley, "His negociation with the Prince of Parma, after her Majesty had disowned Grafigny."

[3] "The point is that your honour may make this foundation firm, sure; that the Prince of Parma for certain is not Spanish, but has a secret pretension in great colour for Portugal. Somewhat I have felt him. The words which were spoken between us would greatly satisfy, but time doth not permit. About the offer which your honour did present him in the name of her Majesty, touching Holland and Zealand for him, I find him marvellous well-disposed; and I have the best way to have it uttered by way of conscience all I receive so and otherwise not." — B. to ——, October 29: *MS.* Ibid.

strings, fearing only that he might be led in spite of himself to make dishonouring concessions.

On the 26th of December, De Looe in reply to a question from the Prince of Parma on the terms which the Queen demanded, answered that he would tell him what he had himself heard directly from Cecil. She desired nothing but to see the Low Countries in tranquillity, subject to the Crown of Spain. She had seen the people driven to desperation by the violence done to them by strangers, and rather than allow them to fall into the hands of any other Prince, she had interposed in their favour. For her own and her subjects' security she wished the Spanish army to be withdrawn, and the Provinces to remain under the government of the inhabitants of the country; and she required an engagement from the Prince of the King, that no attack should be made afterwards upon England. Nothing was said about religion, except as it might be covered by an expression of hope "that the King would temper his hard dealing with benignity." The question of the towns was cast into a new shape. The Queen was willing to waive her claims for expenses, the States themselves, she said, having given her sufficient security; the States Government when it was re-established under Spanish authority, would repay her, and she would then restore them her guarantees.[1]

Religion was treated of more distinctly in a body of articles which De Looe presented to Parma soon after. He undertook that the Queen would demand nothing on this point, but would be contented with such measures of toleration as the King of Spain could conscientiously allow.[2]

[1] Andrea de Looe to the Prince of Parma, December 26: *MSS. Flanders*

[2] "Che sua Ma^ta si contenta di non stare altrimente sul punto della Religione che d'obtinere del Re tanta tolleranza per Hollanda et Zellanda

De Looe had exceeded slightly, though not much in this, the directions which he had received from Burghley. Burghley's own words shew how nearly even he was prepared to abandon the real cause for which the Provinces were contending.

"In your letter of the 26th of December to the Prince of Parma," he wrote, "there was one principal point whereof I find no mention, that some order must be taken how the people in those Low Countries that have been so instructed in their form of religion, as either they never did know any other, or cannot without peril of damnation to their souls change their religion, might by toleration be provided for; for otherwise I told you, and I still think, there cannot be a general reduction of all the natural born subjects to their obedience to the King."[1]

He thought, he said in another paper, that the King might consent to the Pacification of Ghent, or "remit the point of religion to the General States of the whole Provinces." Eleven of the Provinces being Catholic, Philip might have trusted the matter in their hands; but it could not be. Champagny said that peace was impossible unless the settlement of religion was left wholly to the King. Burghley, resuming a firmer tone, answered, that there could be no sound conclusion till liberty might be obtained for the Protestants "to enjoy their religion and exercise thereof;"[2] while the Queen, on the other hand, took on herself to supplement Burghley's directions by private letters of her own. "I have sent her Majesty a letter from De

con le altre Provincie e terre al presente unite che potra concedere con sua salva consciencia e honore." — Articles of Peace submitted to the Prince of Parma by Andrea de Looe, March 4: *MSS. Flanders.*

1 Burghley to De Looe, March 7, 1587: *MS.* Ibid.

2 Same to the same,, July 18–28: *MS.* Ibid.

Looe," wrote Lord Buckhurst to Sir Francis Walsingham, "whereby it seems that now very lately her Majesty has given him to understand that she will not insist upon the matter of religion further than shall be within the King's honour and conscience; whereupon De Looe takes no small hold. If she keep that course all will go to ruin, as I have written to her Majesty."[1]

July. How nearly she fulfilled Buckhurst's prophecy; how, believing herself wiser than all the world, she again allowed herself to be led by Sir James Crofts, till she had almost delivered England defenceless into Philip's hands, will be told in its place. Meanwhile the effects of her performances had already been sufficiently disastrous. While her own army was starving in quarters, for fear of widening the breach with Spain, Parma was sowing distraction in the States by revealing Elizabeth's double dealing, and offering peace to themselves, on far easier terms than Elizabeth was attempting to secure for them; at the same time he was putting out all his energies in the war, and shewing them that the English alliance served them as little in arms as in diplomacy.

Ten months had passed since eight thousand high-spirited Englishmen had rushed across the Channel to prevent or revenge the fall of Antwerp. Had there been good faith and resolution, and had Lord Grey, or Sir Richard Bingham, or Sir John Norris been in command, twenty thousand Dutch and English troops might have taken the field in perfect condition. The States would have spent their last dollar to find them in everything which soldiers could need. They would have had at their backs the enthusiastic sympathy of the population, while the enemy was as universally abhorred; and

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, June 18–28, 1587: *MSS. Holland.*

Parma, exhausted by his efforts in the great siege, with his chest empty and his ranks thinned almost to extinction, could not have encountered them with a third of their numbers. A lost battle would have been followed by a renewed revolt of the reconciled Provinces, and Elizabeth, if she found peace so necessary to her, might have dictated her own conditions.

The position was now reversed. Half and more than half of the brave men who had come over in the past September were dead. Their places were taken by new levies gathered in haste upon the highways, or by mutinous regiments of Irish kernes, confessed Catholics, and led by a man who was only watching an opportunity to betray his sovereign. Sir William Stanley, who had for some years been employed in Ireland, was called to London with as many Irish as he could bring with him. His ancestor, by distinguished treachery on Bosworth field, had given the crown to Elizabeth's grandfather. The inspiring example had perhaps worked upon his imagination. He, too, might play a part in a change of dynasty. He came over with a considerable force. While in London he was in the confidence of the Jesuits. He knew part if not the whole of the Babington conspiracy. He corresponded with Mendoza, and contrived to communicate with Lord Arundel in the Tower. When ordered to the Low Countries, he made pretexts for delaying in London, in the hope that the Queen might be killed, or that the Spanish fleet might arrive from Cadiz. When excuses would serve no longer, and he was obliged to sail, he undertook to watch his moment, and when he could do most injury revolt with his regiment to Parma.[1]

1 "El Coronel sir Villiam Estanley es soldado muy experimentado y que

Gone was now the enthusiasm which had welcomed the landing of Leicester. In the place of it was suspicion and misgiving, distracted councils, and divided purposes. Elizabeth while she was diplomatising held her army idle. Parma, short-handed as he was, treated with his hand upon his sword, and was for ever carving slice on slice from the receding frontiers of the States. At the time of Leicester's installation he was acting on the Meuse. He held the river as far as Venloo. Venloo and Grave were in the hands of the patriots, both of them strong fortresses, the latter especially, on the defences of which the most elaborate engineering skill had been expended. After the fall of Antwerp these two towns were Parma's next object. The siege of Grave was formed in January. In April Colonel Norris and Count Hohenlohe forced the Spanish lines, and threw in supplies; but Elizabeth's orders prevented further effort. Parma came before the town in person in June, and after a bombardment which produced little or no effect, Grave, to the surprise of every one, surrendered. Count Hemart, the governor, was said to have been corrupted by his mistress. Leicester hanged him; but Hemart's gallows did not recover Grave or save Venloo, which surrendered also three weeks later. The Earl, conscious of the disgrace, yet seeing no way to mend it, seemed to have abandoned

ha venido por orden de la Reyna con mil soldados Irlandeses, los mas Catolicos, para pasar en Flandres, los cuales estan alojados al contorno de Londres. A este Coronel le ha tomado la Reyna misma juramento tres veces de que le será leal: pero él por ser Catolico ha puesto achaque para no pasar en breve con sus soldados en Flandres, aguardando que viniere la Armada de V. Magd; y lo mismo procurará hacer hasta que se tenga nueva della; y cuando le sea fuerça yr en Zelanda, offrece el pasarse en alguna buena occasion al Principe de Parma."—Don Bernardino al Rey, 13 Agosto, 1516: Teulet, Vol V. Mendoza's letter being written three months before the surrender of Deventer, proves that Stanley went to the Low Countries with a deliberate purpose of treachery.

hope — to have accepted the conclusion that the Provinces were doomed, and, being at bottom made of base material, notwithstanding gleams of a better nature at times showing in him, was willing at last to play into his mistress's hands.

He understood her at last, and saw what she was aiming at. "As the cause is now followed," he wrote to her on the 27th of June, "it is not worth the cost or the danger. Your Majesty was invited to be sovereign, protector, or aiding friend. You chose the third, and if your aid had been indeed so given that these people could have been assured of its continuance, if your Majesty had taken their cause indeed to heart, they would have then yielded large contributions for any number of years, and no practices could have drawn them from you. But they now perceive how weary you are of them, and how willing that any other had them so your Majesty were rid of them. They would rather have lived with bread and drink under your Majesty's protection than with all their possessions under the King of Spain. It has almost broken their hearts to think your Majesty should not care any more for them. But if you mean soon to leave them they will be gone almost before you hear of it. I will do my best, therefore, to get into my hands three or four most principal places in North Holland, so as you shall rule these men, and make war and peace as you list. Part not with Brill for anything. With these places you can have what peace you will in an hour, and have your debts and charges readily answered. But your Majesty must deal graciously with them at present, and if you mean to leave them keep it to yourself. Whatever you mean readily to do, you must persuade

them now that you mean sincerely and well by them. They have desperate conceipts of your Majesty." [1]

Leicester probably was seeking pardon for his fault about the governorship, and understood the way to purchase it. It is true that a powerful party in England was opposed to interference in the Netherlands; and it is true also that the Queen, as the sovereign of a divided people, was bound in prudence to consider their objections. Before committing the country to a quarrel with such a power as Spain, there were doubtless serious difficulties to be considered, and the Queen might reasonably doubt whether England was equal to the encounter. But when all allowances are made, allowances even for the obliquities of her own disposition, no excuse — no palliation can be suggested, of the intentions to which Leicester saw that she was still clinging, and which he was willing to further in spite of his oath to be loyal to the States.

August. Never at any time of her life could Elizabeth understand that her liberty of action was interfered with by engagements into which she had entered. Immediate convenience was uniformly her measure of obligation. The importance of Leicester's concluding advice was too plain to be neglected. If the States made peace for themselves, she was lost. In the interval, therefore, in which the negotiation with Parma was suspended, after Grafigny had been disowned, she sent a secretary, Mr. Wilkes, to the Hague, to insist again that the suspicions of her were unjust. Wilkes, who knew nothing of what had passed, assured the States on his honour that the unfavourable reports were unfounded; and the States, willing to believe the best, "gave her Majesty immor-

[1] Leicester to Elizabeth, June 27–July 7: *MSS. Holland.* Condensed.

tal and eternal thanks," and were "raised from despair to the height of joy and confidence."[1] Leicester, too, was allowed to keep his office, and money — a moiety only of what was due, but enough for immediate purposes — was sent over to pay the soldiers. It came but just in time. Neglect and suffering had produced disaffection and desertion, and the garrison at Flushing was on the verge of explosion. "Last night," wrote Sir Philip Sidney on the 13th of August, "we were at the point to lose all. The soldiers are four months behind in their pay, and if once they mutiny the town is lost. I did never think our nation had been so apt to go to the enemy as I find them."[2] The army generally were on the worst terms with the people. Ill paid, they could pay ill for what they consumed, and it had been dangerous to take soldiers beyond the walls of any town in which they were quartered, lest the inhabitants, once quit of them, should refuse to allow them to return.[3]

The incapacity of Leicester, too, was growing evident. He had been used as a lay figure to dazzle the eyes of the Provinces, while both he and they were mocked by the secret treaty. The treaty was hanging fire. Parma had the field to himself, and the administration and the finances of the Provinces went to wreck and confusion. In the English army there was neither order nor command. Leicester was played upon like an instrument by favourites and flatterers. He was the victim of the arts by which he had himself risen. He had quarrelled with his ablest officers —

1 Wilkes to Burghley, August 7–17: *MSS. Holland.*

2 Sidney to Walsingham, August 4–14: *MS.* Ibid.

3 Matters to be had in consultation for preventing the dangers like to ensue from the present state of the United Provinces, September 12: *MS.* Ibid.

with Sir John Norris especially, who if work had been meant, should have been in his place. It was recommended that Leicester "should be in some honourable sort recalled under pretence that his presence was required in England," and that commissioners "of credit and judgment" should be sent over "to settle the broken state."[1] Leicester was at all events to retire. No one wished more heartily than himself that he could be rid of his thankless office. The coming of Wilkes, however, for the moment put all parties in better humour with each other. The treaty had been suspended and the Babington conspiracy, in which Mendoza was believed to have had a part, had been just discovered. The Queen had been "marvellously distracted," but had so far opened her eyes as to see that she was not improving her position by keeping her army idle; and Leicester, that he might not part with his government in entire disgrace, having done absolutely nothing, took the field for a short campaign in the middle of August.

Parma had established himself in Gelderland, at Zutphen, and Duesberg. The States held Deventer, further down the Issel; but Deventer would probably fall as Grave and Venloo had fallen if the Spaniards kept their hold upon the river; Leicester therefore proposed to attempt to recover Zutphen. Every one was delighted to be moving. The young noblemen and gentlemen who had come over to break their lances on Spanish cuirasses, saw at last a chance of meeting the enemy. The Earl of Essex, Sir William Russell, Lord Willoughby, and others who held no special commands, attached themselves to Leicester's staff; Sir Philip Sidney obtained leave of absence

[1] *MSS. Holland.*

from Flushing; Sir John Norris and his brother brought the English contingent of the States army; Sir William Stanley had arrived with his Irishmen; and with these cavaliers glittering about him, and nine thousand men, Leicester entered Gelderland. Duesberg surrendered to him without a blow; Norris surprised a fort outside Zutphen, which commanded the river and straitened the communications of the town. The English had been so long idle that their coming had not been counted on. The town itself was ill provisioned, and unless relieved might be starved into a surrender. The Prince, who was not in strength to offer battle, came into the neighbourhood to throw in supplies. Spies brought word that an attempt would be made on the morning of the 22nd of September, and the knights and gentlemen volunteered for an ambuscade to cut off the convoy. September.

No dispositions could apparently have been worse than those which Leicester made. The bulk of the army was to remain in reserve, in case the Spaniards came up in force; and he so placed it that if there was to be serious fighting it could not possibly be of use. He expected that the waggons would be accompanied at most by a small detachment. Parma brought with him every man that he could spare, and the ambuscade party were preparing unconsciously to encounter four thousand of the best troops in the world. They were in all about five hundred, Essex, Audley, Willoughby, Sidney, Russell, Stanley, with their friends and personal followers, forming a single well-mounted regiment of extremely irregular cavalry.

The morning was misty. The waggons were heard coming, but nothing could be seen till a party of horse appeared at the head of the train where the ambuscade

was lying. Down charged the five hundred, much as in these late years six hundred English lancers charged elsewhere, as magnificently and as uselessly. They rode over the Spanish horsemen. Willoughby overthrew a Spanish nobleman with his lance, and dropping it, plunged through the ranks swinging his curtle-axe and crushing skulls right and left of him. Russell, turning always where the cluster of the enemy was thickest, fought so desperately that he was taken for the devil. Philip Sidney, half armed — for at the beginning of the action he had lent the thigh plates of his mail to Sir William Pelham — rode three times through and through the Spanish squadrons. Never had been a more brilliant action seen or heard of, never one more absurd and profitless. For the ranks of the Spanish infantry were unbroken, the English could not touch them, could not even approach them, and behind the line of their muskets the waggons passed steadily to the town. Had the main army been within reach they might have been destroyed, or a valuable victory won; but the army was far off, with deep canals and watercourses intervening, safe out of the way of usefulness, and the young knights had to retire at last, having obtained "immortal glory" and nothing besides, while the convoy of provisions made its way within the walls of Zutphen.

A few, not many, had been killed; but among those whose lives had been flung away so wildly was Philip Sidney. He was struck by a musket ball on his exposed thigh, as he was returning from his last charge. Though the bone was shattered he sate his horse till he reached the English entrenchments. Thence he was carried to Arnheim, where the wound mortified, and in musical discourses on the immortality of the

soul, on poetry, Plato, and the Bible, and the vanity of the world, his spirit sang itself swanlike away.

His father, Sir Henry, had died but a few months previously. Philip, who had married Walsingham's daughter, had left deeds uncompleted and papers unsigned which were needed in taking possession of his inheritance. The honour of serving Elizabeth was always an expensive one. Sir Henry had involved himself so deeply in his Irish government, that he had been obliged to decline a peerage, and Sir Philip had borrowed six thousand pounds to fit himself out for his service in the Netherlands. Walsingham had become security for the loan, and Sir Philip had left, as he supposed, sufficient powers for the sale of an estate, to hold his father-in-law harmless. It proved otherwise, as will be told in its place.

Parma immediately afterwards entered Zutphen unmolested. An English garrison was left in the fort taken by Norris, in command of Rowland Yorke, a soldier of fortune, who, having been on all sides and of all creeds, happened at the moment to be in the service of the Queen. Deventer was left in charge of Sir William Stanley and his kernes, and the campaign, which had been like a blaze of straw, was ended.

Leicester's presence was found necessary in England. With the natural sympathy of one worthless person for another, he had taken a fancy to Stanley, and chose to give him an independent command; and leaving the government to the Council of the States, and the army again without a chief, he sailed in November for London. November.

It was well for England, it was well for the Queen, that those who were intrusted with the interests and honour of their country were not all such as Leicester,

and were not all within reach of her own paralysing hand. Pitiful as the failure had been, it had not wholly undone the effects of the exploits of Drake; and another English soldier, who was far away and left to himself, had through this whole summer done timely service.

The destruction of the Geraldines, and the crushing of the rebellion in the Pale, had been followed by a mutinous calm, of which Elizabeth had taken advantage to stop further supplies, and to leave Ireland, according to her favourite theory, to pay its own expenses. The execution system, notwithstanding the fair promises with which Sir John Perrot commenced his administration, was continued with a vigour which seemed intended to clear the South of its remaining population. Sir William Stanley, then in command at Youghal, reported that he had hanged within a year, by order of law, above three hundred rogues, and had so terrified the rest "that a man might travel over the whole country and none molest him."[1]

"Give me fifty thousand pounds for three years," says Perrot, "and I will undertake to settle Ireland. Now is the time."[2] Though the hanging "by order of law" was undiminished, the Deputy recommended a political amnesty, and the occupation of Ulster, whose inhabitants had not suffered, by a strong garrison. To confiscation in the Northern Provinces he was opposed. He did not think it desirable "to take the chiefs' lands from them or banish their captaincies, or alter their ancient customs, matters hardly to be endured by reasonable men."[3] Religion, the especially

[1] Stanley to Walsingham, September 17–27, 1584: *MSS. Ireland.*
[2] Perrot to Walsingham, October 20–30: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Waterhouse to Burghley, October 23–November 2: *MS.* Ibid.

sore subject, he preferred, unlike Grey and Sidney, to leave in abeyance. "A temporising course was set down;"[1] "there were not of the birth of the land forty Protestants in Ireland;"[2] and the Queen, not caring to provoke resistance, was ready to dispense even in the Pale itself with the oath of supremacy. "Touching the refusal of the oath of supremacy by the gentlemen of the Pale," wrote Walsingham to the Archbishop of Armagh, "which your Lordship thinks must be punished with severity, the matter hath been considered here, and in respect of their rawness in religion, making the oath a matter of conscience, it is thought not convenient they should be brought into it by compulsion, against their conscience, but won with time, by instruction, and labour of those to whose charge it doth belong."[3]

Indirectly war was continued upon idolatry. Perrot, in a progress through Ulster, got possession of "Holy Columbkill's cross," a relic of miraculous power. He sent it over as a present for Lady Sidney or Lady Walsingham to wear at court.[4] The Queen, either for this or some similar offence to the prejudices of the people, "rebuked him for lack of discretion;" but her own application of the methods by which Irish Popery was to be encountered was at least equally unpromising. According to the theory, Protestant ministers ought to have been placed in the Church benefices, to teach and preach; but in 1587, between Dublin and Valentia, "there was not a single church standing, except in the Haven towns;[5] and the incumbents, where incumbents

1 Wallop to Walsingham, April, 1585: *MSS. Ireland.*
2 The Archbishop of Armagh to Walsingham, July 8–18: *MS.* Ibid.
3 Walsingham to the Archbishop of Armagh, December, 1585: *MS.* Ibid.
4 Perrot to Walsingham, October 20–30, 1584: *MS.* Ibid.
5 Considerations touching the state of Munster, 1587: *MS.* Ibid.

had been appointed, could not teach what they did not themselves believe or understand. The livings were for the most part "farmed" out to laymen, who either provided an Irish rogue to read the service, or obtain dispensations for themselves or their children, without pretence of orders, "to hold benefices with cure." [1]

The bishops, where their authority extended, emulated the rascality of the Crown farmers.

"The ordinaries and patrons," wrote Andrew Trollope, whose accounts of Ireland have been already quoted, "have so ordered the matter as most ministers are stipendiary men. Few have five pounds a year to live on, the most not above four marks. In truth, they are such as deserve not livings or to live." [2]

From such seeds as this no golden harvest was likely to spring. "The interval of quietness which now smileth on the state," said Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, "is even as a summer's sun on a winter's day, flattering and altogether unstable." [3]

The single element which promised better things lay in the English settlements that were beginning to take root in Munster. The first commencement of colonisation, ten years before, had called the entire South into rebellion; but the chiefs who rose in defence of their

[1] "There are here in that part of the country that should be best reformed (the neighbourhood of Dublin) so many churches fallen down, so many children dispensed withal to enjoy the livings of the Church, so many laymen, as they are commonly termed, suffered to hold benefices with cure, so many clergymen tolerated to have the profits of three or four more pastoral dignities, who being themselves unlearned are not meet men, though they are willing, to teach and instruct others, as whoso beholdeth this miserable confusion and disorder, and hath any zeal of God in his heart, must not choose but make the same known." — W. Johnes to Walsingham, July 14–24, 1584: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Andrew Trollope to Walsingham, October 26–November 5, 1587: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Bingham to Burghley, March 7–17, 1585: *MS.* Ibid.

land were dead ; their children were in exile, or were hiding in the cabins among the mountains. The Geraldines were gone ; the properties of three-quarters of the clans had been confiscated ; and with some pretence of justice, where insurrection had been tried and failed, the conquerors entered into possession. Cork, Kerry, and Limerick were mapped out and divided on paper into blocks of twelve thousand acres each, to be held on quit-rents under the Crown. Beautiful pictures were drawn, which remain among the curiosities of the Record Office, of model Irish properties : great squares with a church in the centre of each ; at one angle the Lord's demesne, a thousand acres of park, with a handsome Elizabethan manor house ; over against it, "her Majesty's portion," four hundred acres, set apart to maintain a police station. In a third angle stands the school, and the rest is divided into smiling farms, with solid barns and cattle-sheds.

So excellent, so inviting was the conception, that, desolate as the country was now represented to be, many an English adventurer was found willing to try his hand to convert it into reality. Walter Raleigh took a grant, and Chidley and Champernowne, and cadets of half the families in Somerset and Devon, Stowells, Chichesters, Pophams, Coles, Carews, Bullers, Harringtons, Warres, Hippisleys, and scores besides them. The names of those who accepted lands on speculation, to hold at second-hand by agents, have perished out of Irish memory ; but others who went in person, and cast their fortunes in their new home, with the chances of it for better or for worse, took root and slowly grew, and became the means, they and those like them in Ulster afterwards, of giving Ireland some kind of stable order.

But many a storm had to pass first over their heads,

and many a rude lesson to be learnt: one especially, the most essential and the hardest to accept, that the Irish were not wolves to be hunted down and destroyed, but a race of human beings, who had souls and rights like themselves.

Meanwhile, though Munster could not resist, and Perrot promised that there should be no confiscation elsewhere, the old alarm revived. The Jesuits' agents were busy in Ireland or elsewhere, fanning the sparks of discontent. Chronic agitation in Ireland was an essential part of the general Catholic scheme, that when the invasion came off at last the attention of England might be distracted; and neither the religious indifferentism of the Government nor the political amnesty allayed the suspicion of the Western and Northern tribes, who felt their existence threatened by the settlement.

The Scots, too, were a perpetual blister. The Highlanders of Argyleshire and the Western Isles were all Catholics, and at once devoted to Mary Stuart, and bent upon the appropriation of Antrim and Donegal, of which for a century they had been endeavouring to get possession. They had their own wrongs at Rathlin and elsewhere to revenge; and whenever the Queen of Scots' faction wanted to give trouble to England, a hint had but to be given to the MacConnells, and a thousand or two of redlegged Gaels crossed the narrow strip of water to the Giant's Causeway, to lend their swords to the Ulster chiefs, or to maraud and plunder on their own account. The interference of Elizabeth in the Low Countries had created a universal expectation of war. Irish and Irish Scots were alike set fermenting by the reports which were circulating that the invasion of England was to be attempted in earnest at last. The

small English force in the island was reduced by the demand of men for Flanders; and in the summer of 1586 the Connaught Burkes rose in arms, shut themselves up in their castles and in the islands on their lakes, and declared themselves in rebellion once more. August.

Perrot had found the common fortune of Irish Deputies: with the best intentions he had displeased every one. The Irish Council was split into factions. Perrot was a straightforward soldier, vain, passionate, not very wise, but anxious to do what was right; and he had to act with men who were either, like Archbishop Loftus, self-seeking scoundrels or were linked in a hundred ways with Irish interests. When he would not lend himself to dishonest manœuvres, the Council had crossed and thwarted him. In return he had sworn at them and insulted them, and quarrelled with them all, good and bad.[1]

A Deputy so conditioned was in an ill situation to deal with a rebellion; more particularly as he had fallen out with the President of Connaught, Bingham, on whom the immediate duty of repressing it was thrown. He did not believe, perhaps, that there was danger. He took no steps to send assistance, and as the public service had been pared to the bone, as even the supplies of ammunition had been cut short, and Athlone Castle was without powder, Bingham was looking anxiously about him, when news came that three thousand Scots had landed at Lough Foyle, and

1 "If anybody petition that his cause may be heard before the Council, the Deputy answers in a fury, What tellest thou me of the Council? What care I for the Council? They are all of them but a sort of beggars and squibbes, puppies, dogs, dunghill churles. Yea, even the proudest of them came hither with their hose patched on their heels." — Loftus to Burghley December 4–14, 1586: *MSS. Ireland.*

were on their way down to join the insurgents. Bingham hurried at once to Galway. With his own money (for wages and allowances were as usual behindhand) he bought up all the powder in the town; and then, with such scanty force as he could scrape together, he went off at full speed to Sligo to intercept the Highlanders before they could reach Connaught. He found them on Lough Gill near Hazlewood. They were so numerous that he did not venture to attack them except at advantage. He fell back to Colloony, to the bridge over the Arrow, and laying wait there till they came on, he fell upon them at midnight as they were crossing the river, and drove them through the darkness into the black reedy meadows towards Ballisadare. But they passed the Arrow at a ford near the sea; it was fine September weather, and the Scots being light of foot, and the ground being dry and firm, they slipped past Bingham into Mayo. They had reached Ballina before he knew what had become of them. The Burkes were but twenty miles distant, and if the two parties united the whole province would probably be in a flame.

September.

Spreading a report that he was falling back to Athlone to wait for reinforcements, Bingham followed them by forced marches, and came up with them again when they were least looking for him, in a straggling camp on the bank of the Moy, with the broad deep river rolling in front of them.

It was the same misty morning of the 22nd of September when Sir Philip Sidney was receiving his death-wound at Zutphen. The Scots were five to one; but they were caught unarmed, unprepared, or sleeping. The loose-ordered clansmen, however formidable when they went deliberately into action with the pibroch

blowing and the war-cry ringing, could not rally from a surprise, and were like a flock of frightened sheep. Hewn down under the English swords, run through with English lances, the horsemen wheeling round them, they were forced back in helpless masses upon the sedgy bank, where they were either killed as they stood, or, flinging away their arms, plunged into the water to be shot or drowned. Curiously, very few could swim. About a hundred reached the Tyrawley shore, and of those the greater number found the not uncommon fate of Irish sympathisers and were murdered by the peasants. Eight or nine hundred were killed in the meadow, and the rocks on the river's side above and below, as the tide went back, were fringed with the stranded bodies of the rest.

By this tremendous overthrow the long trouble with the Scots in Ireland was brought to an end. The Connaught insurrection collapsed like a pricked air-ball; and so deep and enduring was the impression left upon the Irish mind, that for three years at least, and those the years when Spain was to make its long threatened effort, Ireland was in profound peace.[1]

[1] Bingham to Loftus, September 23–October 3; to Fenton, September 25–October 4. Compare the long and minute account in Stowe.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Among the causes which had made Elizabeth so unwilling to convert her interposition in the Netherlands into a serious war, had been the belief which she had held from the beginning of her reign, that the religious quarrels of Europe would be ultimately settled by a compromise. That the King of Spain should be willing to treat at all with an excommunicated sovereign was a proof in itself that he did not hold the extreme theory of the Papal prerogative; and that he should have borne in patience to see an English nobleman placed at the head of his revolted Provinces, his colonies plundered, and even Vigo, a town on the sacred soil of the Peninsula itself, sacked and spoiled, showed that he must be extremely unwilling to go to war. In France, between the League and the Huguenots there was a middle party of conciliation larger than either, who were ashamed of the stain of St. Bartholomew, and were honestly anxious to save their country from the envenomed conflict which threatened it. Even the Pope himself, in his dread of Spanish ascendancy, was said to be inclining to moderation.

There were still two futures apparently open to Europe, and one of them not more likely than the other. The Jesuits' theory was that no terms should be made or observed with heresy or schism. Those who had abandoned the creed of Rome, and those who had fallen off from its communion, were to be coerced into

submission at the point of the sword. If these counsels were to prevail, there was nothing left but a Protestant alliance to oppose them. The Low Countries were the outworks of England, and the Scheldt was as much an English river as the Thames. But if these counsels were not to prevail; if the Catholic laity were growing weary of the struggle; if the misery of Christendom was producing in any considerable measure an inclination for a more tempered policy, then for England to throw its sword into the scale might determine the balance to immediate evil. Could Spain, vulnerable as she had been proved to be throughout her empire, be brought to consent to some imperfect toleration, even but for a few years, to give time for passion to cool, the peace at which Elizabeth was aiming might be pushed to a universal settlement; a General Council might meet under happier auspices, to undo the work of Trent; and European Christianity be re-established on a broader basis.

And there were many reasons for supposing that Philip would not prove implacable. Notwithstanding his gold fleets, he was financially ruined. The succession question lay in the way of the invasion of England, and in some form or other it was almost certain to involve him in war with France. Many of the English Catholics were unfavorable to the personal pretensions on which, if he moved, he was determined to insist; and the Pope, while equally cold towards Philip's claims on the reversion of the Crown, was indisposed also to part with money. Walsingham and Burghley still believed that the probabilities were for war. They believed also, perhaps, that a compromise, if it came, would be no less fatal than persecution to everything which they individually most valued. Yet in the face of their mis-

tress's objections it was hardly possible to carry through a determined course of action; she was incapable, as they perceived, of conducting "any matter of weight," and she refused to allow herself to be guided. They had both concluded, therefore, that, dangerous as it was, peace might be the wisest choice for her — peace, however, in reality, not in word and pretence — peace, which at least for a time would give the Provinces a respite from violence, and England security from invasion; not a peace which, after a few years of dishonourable quiet to England, while her natural allies were destroyed on the Continent, would be followed by a fresh rupture and a Catholic revolution.

The difficulty was to know the state of feeling of the Catholics generally — of the Catholic courts and the Catholic laity throughout Europe. Politicians and conspirators had become so skilful in the arts of falsehood, that the real intentions of any one had become all but inscrutable. No statesman living was better served by spies than Walsingham. He had correspondents in the College of Cardinals itself;[1] the Jesuit fathers in the French and Roman seminaries were made the dupes of their too successfully trained pupils, and pretended English converts, after saying mass in the chapel at Rheims, would cipher to Elizabeth's cabinet the secrets, so far as they could learn them, of their spiritual prison-house. Cherelles, the secretary of the French Ambassador, was bought to watch his master; priests who were travelling disguised in English counties, with credentials from Allen and Parsons, were Walsingham's instruments, and communicated to him all that they

[1] "J'entends à mon grand regret des mauvays bruitz d'aucuns près de vostre Sanctité, que l'on dit recevoir gasge de cest estat pour trahir la cause de Dieu; et il y a des Cardinaulx y entaschez" — Mary Stuart to the Pope, November 23, 1586: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

could learn under the seal of confession.[1] Every Catholic family in England was thus under surveillance; the whereabouts of every seminary priest was known; the means by which they entered England; the friends who received them; the converts whom they recovered to the Church. The refugees on the Continent were watched with equal care, their letters copied, their whispered conversations caught and reported. Yet the accounts were contradictory, and no certain conclusions could be drawn from them. The protection which Elizabeth had so long received from the jealousies between France and Spain was enhanced by analogous differences among her own Catholic subjects. Philip, with all his care, had not been able to keep his views upon the succession a secret. The Catholic English aristocracy had always been the advocates of the Scotch title. The union of the crowns had been the weightiest of their political arguments. They now found themselves called on to sacrifice their country to an extreme construction of their religious obligations, and they were distracted and confused. The Jesuits were universally for Spain. Allen and Parsons knew no nation but the Church. They argued with Philip, that even if James consented to be reconciled, no dependence could be placed upon an interested conversion. The most Catholic King, claiming descent from John of Gaunt, had already once been their titular Sovereign, and at his coming to England as husband to Queen Mary had brought with him their first reconciliation.

1 "Il n'y a College de Jesuites ni à Rome ni en France où ils n'en trouvent qui disent tous les jours la messe pour se couvrir et mieulx servir à ceste princesse. Mesme il y a beaucoup de prêtres en Angleterre tolerés par elle pour pouvoir par le moyen des confessions auriculaires descouvrir les menées des Catholiques." — Mémoire de M. de Chasteauneuf: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

They relied on him for a second and final one. They wished to see the proud English rebellious spirit crushed. "They desired the Spaniards to be conquerors, and to live under their subjection."[1]

Those, on the other hand, who could not forget in their creed their loyalty to the country which gave them birth, so dreaded a foreign conqueror, that they began also to dread his assistance. English voices were heard saying in Rome, that the Queen would be tolerant if she were unprovoked, that the whole policy of the Jesuits was a blunder, and that English gentlemen, whatever their creed, would never willingly become subject to a stranger, or, if they could help it, allow his presence among them.[2] The English Catholics, as a body, had given Elizabeth no reason to complain of them. Though three-quarters of the nation they had endured the proscription of their creed. They had submitted to make professions which they disapproved, or they had paid for nonconformity by severe fines and by exclusion from the public service. They had seen their spiritual knights-errant from the seminaries imprisoned, racked, and dying traitors' deaths, and they had not rebelled. They had refused, with a few passionate exceptions, to sacrifice their country to their religion; and they had proved at once that they were not the dupes of a wild fanaticism, and that they could not and ought not to be permanently disabled from a voice in the administration of the country. On the other hand, there were many desperate and dangerous

[1] Factions among the Englishmen in the King of Spain's service, or resident in Rome or France, August, 1587. Endorsed Secret Intelligence: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] "Et qu'ils ne tient soing d'user d'armes d'aultres, qu'ilz ne veulent et ne permettront que l'estranger entre en Angleterre." — Père la Rue to the Queen of Scots, November 24, 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

men among them — how many it was impossible to say. The Percys and the Howards were deeply committed. Half-a-dozen noblemen at least had concerted a rising in connection with the Duke of Guise, and others were supposed to be within the reach of temptation to declare on the same side. If peace there was to be, a real reconciliation between Elizabeth and the Queen of Scots must form a necessary part of it. To a person of Elizabeth's temperament, to whom the Protestant creed was as little true as the Catholic, who had a latitudinarian contempt for theological dogmatism, who believed in material prosperity, and order and law and common sense, a moderate settlement of her own and Europe's difficulties must have been infinitely tempting. Mary Stuart promised in words everything that even Walsingham could ask, but the possibility of concluding with her depended on the inner purpose of herself, of her friends, of her son, of Philip, and of the Pope. If the Queen of Scots was still treacherous, if the English Catholics were yielding after all to Jesuit influence, if the League was to become dominant in France, and if Philip's present willingness for peace was only a mask to throw Elizabeth off her guard, then to release her prisoner, to force the Low Countries into a treaty, to make any concession, even the lightest, was to disarm in the presence of the enemy.

The evidence on the two sides was so nearly equal, that it was hard to decide. If one secret letter spoke of the Catholics as divided, others reported them as heartily unanimous. The Queen's own Council was split like the country, and she herself at variance with herself. So subtle was European diplomacy, that the most trusted agents might be secret traitors, the most seemingly exact information contrived only to deceive.

No one was more conscious of this than Walsingham, and he felt it imperatively necessary to obtain a clue to the Catholic secrets on which he knew that he could depend. Scotland was the open gate for the invader to enter into England. The Protestant lords had been restored. The King spoke fair. He professed to be sound in religion. He said that he was divided from his mother. But there was no Earl of Murray in Scotland now who had been never known to lie. No Murray, not even a Morton. The Scotch statesmen were of the school of Maitland of Lethington, and James himself was the aptest of his pupils. There were those who said that he was a Catholic at heart, and that when the time of action came he would be at the disposition still of his cousin of Guise. What was James at heart? What was Mary Stuart? What were the English Catholics? What was the Valois King at Paris, on whose aid in the day of peril Elizabeth so utterly relied? What were the real intentions of her brother-in-law of Spain? Broadly, if she made peace in the Netherlands, was there or was there not to be liberty of conscience in Europe — liberty of conscience, if not of worship? or was England to be invaded after all in the interest of the Queen of Scots and the Pope?

There was one way, and perhaps only one, by which all these questions could be answered. The Queen of Scots must be again enabled to open a correspondence which she and her friends could believe to be perfectly safe, and her letters and theirs must be passed through the hands of Walsingham. Round her so long as she lived, conspiracy whether European or English necessarily gathered. Nothing had been done in the past, and nothing had been projected, on which

her advice had not been first asked and taken. She had agents at every Court, who took pains that at least to her every fibre of the truth should be known. Political correspondence throughout her residence in England had been the occupation of her life. So long as she resided with Lord Shrewsbury her servants had been under loose surveillance. They walked and rode where they pleased. They visited their neighbours and received visits in return. Both they and their mistress required their wardrobes to be replenished, their libraries to be supplied with fresh volumes from London and Paris. Luxuries and necessaries came continually to Sheffield, and sometimes letters were inclosed in the frames of the boxes, or concealed beneath the linings or between the planks. Sometimes a small roll of paper was sewn into the hollowed heel of a new shoe or boot. Sometimes a set of handkerchiefs from the milliner would be written over with invisible ink, or again, ciphers intelligible to herself or her secretary were noted on the margins of new books.

On her removal to Tutbury and the change of guardians all this was at an end. Paulet himself, a rigid Puritan, filled his household with servants whose faith was proof against corruption. Not one of her people was allowed to leave the castle without a soldier in close attendance. The coachman who exercised her horses, the almoner who distributed her charities among the poor, in vain attempted to evade Paulet's scrutiny. Nothing of any kind reached his prisoner's hands which had not been searched with an ingenuity which left no chance of concealment. She was permitted to send letters openly through the French Ambassador, but they were liable always to be examined; and except through this unsatisfactory channel she was cut off from all communication with the outer world.

It was certain that she would chafe under the restraint, that anxiety and the want of her usual occupation would render her confinement unendurable to her, and that if any avenue could be opened for her to which she thought she could trust, both she and her correspondents would instantly and eagerly avail themselves of it. Delicate contrivance was necessary. It would be unsafe to admit the castle officers into the secret, and the usual inspection therefore would have to continue, and be in some way evaded. Her own suspicions, also, would be excited if access to her was suddenly made easy. One letter or one packet would not be enough. What Walsingham wanted was a sustained, varied correspondence with many persons, protracted for an indefinite time — with the Pope, with Philip, with her son, with the Archbishop of Glasgow, with Guise, Mendoza, and the English refugees. In possession of this, he could either convince his mistress of her own unwisdom, or satisfy himself that she was right, and that the treaty might safely go forward. But the problem was an extremely difficult one. He must find some one who could obtain the confidence of all these persons, and induce them to trust him with their letters. He must in some way or other enable this person to convey the letters to the Queen of the Scots and convey back her answers. He dared not venture the experiment without Elizabeth's permission. She gave it, and she kept the secret to herself. It was impossible to say what strange revelations might lie before her. For all she could tell, for all Walsingham could tell, half her Cabinet might be found privately in the Queen of Scots' interest. Mary Stuart was the next immediate heir to the crown; Elizabeth had refused to allow her to be disinherited; and Eng-

lish public men were but mortal, and might have thought it but common prudence to make their peace in time.

The chief instrument had first to be found. Walsingham has not left on record more of the transaction than was necessary. It is possible that the plot which he set on foot was suggested by the person who undertook to execute it.

There was in Staffordshire a family of some standing named Gifford. They were related to the Throgmortons and other of the great country houses. They were uncompromising Catholics; and the father, John Gifford, for continued recusancy had been sent for to London and imprisoned.[1] Of his three sons, one was in the Queen's guard on service in the Palace, the two others were Jesuits in the seminary at Rheims. The elder of these, George, called Doctor Gifford, was "a priest and reader of divinity there." Being a man after Allen's heart, and saturated with the genius of the place, he represented the spirit of his order in its most detestable shape. He was among those who, without the courage to attempt the deed themselves, were anxious that some one else should murder the

[1] The word prison as applied to recusants must not be understood to imply a dungeon, or any very unbearable restraint. Francis Mills, one of Walsingham's secretaries, thus incidentally describes the condition of a priest confined in the Marshalsea: —

"C. was with me last night, and tells me he was yesterday invited for his farewell to a banquet in the chamber of Lister, the priest in the Marshalsea, where among other guests were three gentlewomen very brave in their attire, two of them daughters to Sir John Arundel, the third the daughter or wife of one Mr. Becket. There were also one Brown, a citizen, and one Mr. Moore, with others. It was Magdalen day, and the priest catechised the company with the doctrine of popish repentance, taking for his theme the story of Magdalen, absurdly applying the same to his purpose. You see how these kind of prisoners be by their keepers looked unto." — F. Mills to Walsingham, July 23, 1586: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

Queen, and the Prince of Parma, in the expectation probably that he would induce his brother to act in it, gave him money to get the assassination accomplished.[1]

In Gilbert, the youngest of the family, the Jesuit training produced a character of a different type. He was taken from England when he was eleven years old, and the order therefore had him entirely to themselves, to shape for good or evil. In age he was by this time about twenty-five, and looking younger, with a smooth beardless face. He had been ordained deacon and had been reader of philosophy at the seminary; but being a good linguist he had travelled on the business of the order, and at Paris he had made acquaintance with Morgan in the Bastile, with Charles Paget, his cousin Throgmorton, and the Archbishop of Glasgow. Having been at a later period of his life discovered in a brothel, he perhaps formed other connexions also there of a yet less reputable kind, and either as an effect of looseness of life, or from inherent scoundreldom of temperament, he offered his services and the opportunities at his command to the English Government. In the spring of 1585 he was communicating in a tentative manner with Sir Edward Stafford, the English Ambassador.[2] A little after we find him engaged with Walsingham.

[1] "Mr. George Gifford was practised by Parma to kill her Majesty, and had received to that attempt eight or nine hundred pounds." — Confession of Poley, August 8, 1586: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

"Doctor Gifford, priest and reader of divinity in the English seminary at Rheims, did solicit me to have slain the Queen's Majesty, or the Earl of Leicester, which act he affirms to be of great merit, and the only means to reform the State, and a thing approved by Doctor Allen as he gave me to understand." — Confession of John Savage, August 11, 1586: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Stafford to Walsingham, April 13, 1585: *MSS. France.*

So far as possessing the confidence of the ultra-Catholics he was everything that was to be desired. His father was a confessor. One of his brothers was the confidant of Parma and aspiring to regicide. Another was in a position, if he could be prevailed on, to assist in striking the blow. He himself was dexterous, subtle, many-tongued, and a thoroughly and completely trained pupil of the Jesuit school. He had already gained the regard of Morgan. To be trusted by Morgan was to be trusted by the Queen of Scots. On all sides he was exactly suited to Walsingham's purpose.

And he had one more qualification. Nothing could be done while the Queen of Scots was at Tutbury. The approaches to the castle were too difficult, the guard too effective to be evaded. The Queen of Scots was clamorous to be removed, in the hope, poor creature, that she might find communication elsewhere less impossible. Walsingham for the same reason was equally anxious to humour her. Between the recall of Mauvissière and the appointment of M. de Chasteauneuf, there was a short interval during which there was no French Minister in London. The moment was taken to close the last avenue which she possessed. She was informed that her packets must for the future be sent through Walsingham.[1] She lost little that was substantial by the change. The letters which she wrote to Mauvissière were always subject to be read, nor under any circumstances could she have trusted him with her political secrets. But she had been accustomed to pour out her private complaints to him. Through him she had in-

1585. September.

[1] Heads of a letter to Sir Amyas Paulet, September 13–23 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

dependent access to Elizabeth's ear. It was felt, and Walsingham meant it to be felt, as rendering her isolation more complete, and irritating her eagerness to welcome a new opportunity without too curious a scrutiny.

The last letter which she had received from Mauvissière had wrought further upon her humour in the same direction. It had told her that James was becoming every day a more confirmed Protestant, and that he was on the most cordial relations with Elizabeth, to whom he had transferred the name of "mother."

"I found her," wrote Paulet, "marvellously incensed, renouncing all her former proffers, and protesting that fair words shall never persuade her to make the like again; that she is spoiled of her son by violence; and to entertain him in his course, she cannot be suffered to have intelligence with him. She could not satisfy herself with complaining, and in very sharp and bitter terms, having lost all patience, and crying vengeance against her enemies." [1]

Elizabeth made a favour of consenting to her change of residence and accompanied it with a lecture on irritability. The Queen of Scots' passionate and unthankful dealing, she said, deserved little favour. She had never entered into any treaty with her but there was discovered some notable treason against her practised by herself or her dependents. She was not so weak and inexperienced as to be carried by anybody from what was agreeable to reason and honour. The Queen of Scots should leave those quarrels and temper her patience. If any prince but herself had received the wrong which she had received at the Queen of

[1] Paulet to Walsingham, September 8–18: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

Scots' hands, "she should not have been in case to have complained." Since, however, she disliked Tutbury, and the cold air might disagree with her in the coming winter, she should be removed to some more convenient place. Chartley Manor, the house of the young Lord Essex, was large, roomy, and well defended. Sir Amyas Paulet might look at it and report on its capabilities.[1]

Now, Chartley had not only the advantages which Elizabeth described, but the Chartley estate adjoined the property of the father of Gilbert Gifford. Gilbert was familiar with house and grounds as boys only are or can be. He knew where the walls could be scaled for birds'-nests, and where there were hiding-places which would baffle Paulet's sentinels. The household would have to depend for its supplies on the neighbouring town and farm-houses; and a Gifford, dear for his own sake, and dearer for his father's persecution, would find sworn friends in every peasant's cottage. John Gifford's own house would have been still more convenient. Walsingham mentioned it incidentally to Paulet as for some reasons preferable, and desired him to examine it, but without venturing to explain his motive.

Paulet, never guessing that he was traversing Walsingham's plans, objected strongly. The neighbourhood was ill-affected, he said, and the house itself without moat or wall, the windows opening into the garden, and difficult if not impossible to guard. Sooner than take his prisoner to such a place as that, he preferred to keep her at Tutbury.

Walsingham said no more. Chartley would do very well. It was large, warm, and well furnished. It was

1 Elizabeth to Paulet, September 13–23: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

surrounded by water, and (no unimportant consideration) it was but twelve miles distant. "You would hardly believe," said Paulet, "the baggage that this Queen and her company have of books, apparel, and other like trash; Nau and Curle (the two secretaries) praying me to make provision of eighty carts at least, and affirming that a hundred carts will not serve the turn; and yet they have no bedding nor other household stuff save the Queen's wardrobe, a matter of nothing."[1]

December. Mary Stuart was delighted with the change, and utterly unsuspicious. Elizabeth's homily had worked her into a frenzy,[2] which Paulet had studiously aggravated, "making her disclose her passions in writing which were far more violent in her speech."[3] He had affected to persuade her to remain at Tutbury, though Elizabeth had consented to her removal. He had made her only, as he probably intended, the more eager to go. She said if she was kept at Tutbury, "she would die in her bad lodging, with other bitter words wherein she was no niggard when she was moved with passion."[4] She went Walsingham's way, believing it to be her own, and before Christmas she was comfortably established in her new home.

At once there dropped upon her, as if from an invisible hand, a ciphered letter from her faithful Morgan. Paulet had been taken into confidence, with Phillipps, Walsingham's secretary, an accomplished master of the art of cipher, and one other person whose assistance Phillipps had secured — a brewer at Burton

[1] Paulet to Walsingham, December 12–22: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots*
[2] Same to the same, September 23–October 3: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Same to the same, December 12–22: *MS.* Ibid.
[4] Same to the same, October 10–20: *MS.* Ibid.

who supplied Chartley with ale. A separate cask was furnished for the Queen of Scots' ladies and secretaries; a hint was in some way conveyed to Nau to examine it closely, and when the ale was drawn off there was found at the bottom a small watertight box of wood,[1] in which was Morgan's packet. It contained an introduction of Gilbert Gifford, as "a Catholic gentleman, well brought up in learning," on whom the Queen of Scots might thoroughly depend, and with whose assistance she might correspond with himself and with her other friends in England and elsewhere.[2] The cask came in weekly. The box reinclosed in the empty barrel would carry out her answers, and the chain of communication was at once complete.

The brewer had been purchased by high and complicated bribes. He was first paid by Walsingham; next he was assured of lavish rewards from the Queen of Scots, which to secure her confidence it was necessary to permit him to receive. Lastly, like a true English scoundrel, he used the possession of a State secret to exact a higher price for his beer.[3] Phillipps came to reside at Chartley under the pretence of assisting Paulet in the management of the household.

[1] "Gifford s'adressa à celuy qui fournissoit la bière pour la provision de la Reyne, la quelle à la mode d'Angleterre se porte toutes les semaines, et ayant faict faire un petit étui de bois creux, il mettoit ses paquets dans le dit étui bien fermé et les jectoit dans un vaisseau de bière, le quel le sommelier retiroit et le bailloit à Nau." — Mémoire de M. de Chasteauneuf: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

[2] Morgan to the Queen of Scots, October 5–15, 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.* Deciphered by Phillipps.

[3] Paulet's solid morality was scandalised at this last feature. "The honest man," he wrote, "plays the harlot. He is so persuaded that I cannot spare his service that he has required an increased price for his beer in unreasonable sort; and that so peremptorily as I must yield to his asking or lose his service. I think his new mistress and her liberal rewards do make him weary of other service." — Paulet to Walsingham, May 25 June 4, 1586: *MS.* Ibid.

Every letter conveyed to the Queen of Scots and every letter which she sent in return was examined and copied by him before it was forwarded to its destination, and Morgan's introduction of Gifford, which betrayed her into Walsingham's hands, was the first on which he had to exercise his skill.

Gifford himself, too young and innocent-looking as he appeared to Paulet for so involved a transaction, had organized his own share of it with a skill which Sir Amyas's blunter mind failed at first to comprehend. Sir Amyas thought that his remuneration from Walsingham ought to have contented him. Gifford, wiser than he, knew that gratuitous services were suspicious. He wrote to the Queen of Scots saying that he was honoured in being of use to her, but reminding her that he was risking his life, and capitulating for a pension.[1] At points between Burton and London, he had found Catholic gentlemen with whose assistance the packets were transmitted. They were told no more than that they contained letters of supreme importance to the cause. One of them who resided nearest to Burton, received a bag weekly from the brewer, and carried it on to the next, by whom it was again forwarded. So it was passed from hand to hand to the Jesuit agency in London. The treachery was at Chartley only. From the time that the letters left the brewer's house, they were tampered with no more. The London Jesuits receiving them by their confidential channel, and little

January.

[1] "Surely I do not mistrust the fidelity of your friend, but I fear lest his young years and want of experience have not been answerable to his will, and that for want of judgment he hath played the wanton in writing to this Queen. He hath capitulated with her for pensions, and I cannot tell what." — Paulet to Walsingham: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.* Undated.

dreaming that they were transcribed already, distributed them to their ciphered addresses, and returned answers in the same way, which again, after inspection by Phillipps, were deposited in the cask. Gifford was at first upon the spot and active in person, but when the road was once established, he was needed no more. He went abroad again to see Morgan, and gather information wherever he was trusted. In his absence his cousin took his place, as an unconscious instrument of the ruin of the lady whom he worshipped as his Queen. All parties in the correspondence had special designations. In the letters of Mary Stuart, Gilbert passed by the name of Pietro; the cousin, of Emilio. Between Paulet and Walsingham the brewer was christened in irony "the honest man;" Gilbert was Walsingham's "friend;" and the cousin, the "substitute."

Six persons only were in possession of the full secret. Elizabeth and Walsingham, by whom the plot had been contrived; Gifford and the brewer, who were its instruments; Phillipps, by whom the ciphers were transcribed and read; and Paulet, whom it had been found necessary to trust. All the rest were puppets who played their part at the young Jesuit's will. The ciphers threatened at first to be a difficulty. Phillipps was a practiced expert, and with time could perhaps have mastered all of them. But time was an element of which there was none to spare, where a correspondence was to be watched but not detained, and where a delay in the transmission might lead to discovery. The over-confidence of Morgan, however, in Gifford's probity, deprived the unlucky Mary of this last protection. Fearing that his old ciphers might have been discovered, he drew fresh

December.

tables, not for his own use only but for the whole party of the Paris conspirators, for Guise, for Mendoza, for the Archbishop of Glasgow, for Paget, and for Arundel; and he forwarded duplicates to the Queen of Scots. The key of his own, which unlocked the rest, he gave to Gifford to carry to her, and the very first letter which she availed herself of her recovered opportunity to write, was in this identical cipher. It was to "Pietro's father," old Gifford, who was in the Tower, full of tender consolation, and of promises that if ever she became his sovereign, his own and his son's services should not be forgotten.[1]

The very inmost secrets of the Catholic confederacy were now open to Walsingham's inspection. The papers which he was about to see were from the men at whose instigation, if England was really to be invaded, the enterprise would be set on foot. Here there would be no blinds, no purposely falsified intelligence, no hasty rumours suggested by fear or hope or fond imagination. The exact truth would be told to the Queen of Scots, and she herself in time would reveal her most inward purpose. It would be ascertained now whether he or Elizabeth had been right. If Spain was still deaf to Jesuit entreaty, the Queen might pursue safely her own policy of peace, and no objection could be reasonably made.

January.

The first prize was an accumulation of ciphers from Morgan, Paget, Père la Rue, and the Archbishop of Glasgow, which had been lying at the French Embassy unforwarded for want of opportunity. Some of them, those especially from La Rue, have been already quoted, and were, on the whole, calculated to justify

[1] The Queen of Scots to Pietro's father, December, 1585: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

Elizabeth's view. They shewed the Catholic Powers uncertain and divided, Spain still afraid to move for fear of France, Mary Stuart herself distrusted, the Pope undecided, Philip embarrassed by the succession question, and the persistence of James in heresy made the most of as an obstacle to interference.

Leicester was by this time gone to the Low Countries. It was too late to recall him. It was not too late to prevent him from exasperating Philip by mischievous activity; and thus had grown the vacillations and perplexing movements of the winter and spring. What would be the effect of Leicester's acceptance of the government? what of Drake's exploits in the West Indies? If in the face of such affronts and injuries, the Catholic King remained impassive, there must be either conscious weakness which it would be needless to fear, or there must be a sincere desire for peace, which it would be unjust and foolish to refuse to reciprocate.

A letter from Morgan of the 18th of January, written as soon as he knew for certain that Gifford had found the way to deliver it, must have been opened with the deepest anxiety. It was to the same purpose as those which had gone before. Spain had as yet made no sign. Morgan said that he had written to Lord Lumley desiring him to keep up the spirits of his party, but that he had received no answer. "There was decay in the Queen of Scots' service." "Men had drawn marvellously back, at home by the tyranny of the time, and by the hardness of princes abroad." The Pope wished well to her, but was powerless. The King of France would do nothing to offend England, and would allow nothing to be done. He had revoked the toleration edict, but his secret effort was

to break the neck of the League, and shake the credit of the Duke of Guise. He feared the Huguenots less than he distrusted the house of Lorraine, and therefore Morgan concluded, though it went to his heart to say so, that nothing could be done for her; he could but pray, as the sole refuge of conscious impotence, that God would mend all.[1]

The letters which followed were not more encouraging. Charles Paget informed the Queen of Scots, on the 14th of February, that he and the other English refugees were in great distress. The pensions promised them by Philip had not been paid, and they were quarrelling over the succession to the Crown. The Archbishop of Glasgow and Guise were in favour of James. The English exiles were suspected of inclining to Spain, and were looked on coldly at the French Court in consequence.[2]

March. The Archbishop of Glasgow, at the end of March, was still more despondent. The hopes formed of Scotland, he said, had been thwarted by the Master of Gray. Guise was too much occupied in France to attend to England. The French King had at one time seemed better disposed, but it was only a feint to discover the intentions of Guise, and when asked directly for assistance, had refused to give it. No resolution had been formed by any one,[3] and

[1] Morgan to the Queen of Scots, January 18–28: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.* Decipher. This letter contains a curious passage, which some one marked with a finger ☞. "William Cecil" (Burghley's grandson) "is become a Roman Catholic, and hath been at Rome, and hath done obedience to his Holiness, and was well respected there. But this is kept secret. He is the heir of Burghley's house."

[2] Charles Paget to the Queen of Scots, February 14–24: *MS.* Ibid. Decipher.

[3] "Le Roy refuse ce que luymesme avoit acheminé; sérieusement rien a esté faict ni resolu de la dicte entreprise." — The Archbishop of Glasgow to the Queen of Scots, March 21–31: *MS.* Ibid. Decipher.

"the enterprise" was in abeyance. Mendoza, the Archbishop said, laid the blame on the French Government. The King of Spain was unable to undertake anything, lest he should have France as well as England on his hands.

Again Morgan reported that "the French King had been at hand with the Pope, to provide that nothing be attempted against England;"[1] and Mendoza himself bore his personal testimony to the same purpose.

"The King of France and the Queen-mother," he wrote, "are not only not inclined to assist in the reduction of England and the punishment of the present occupant of the throne, but they are determined to defend her and stand by her. They have requested the Pope to discountenance all violence, and to cease to urge the invasion upon Spain, lest it provoke a heretic league, and lead thus to general confusion. I hope in God that he will soften the hearts of these people. They are now as hard as stones."[2] April.

[1] Morgan to the Queen of Scots, March 31: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.* In this letter for the first time there is an allusion to Leicester, which though it throws no light on the effect of his proceedings on Philip, must have edified Elizabeth.

"Leicester, like himself, hath taken the government of Holland and Zealand in his own name, contrary to his commission, whereupon she of England stormed not a little, terming him traitor and villain, *and there be instruments that help to push forward this subject to his ruin* (underlined in the original and marked ☞). He takes the matter upon him as though he were absolute King, and has many personages of good place out of England, the best number whereof desire nothing more than his confusion."

[2] "Solamente diré no esta la voluntad del Rey de Francia y su madre lo solo prompta para la reduccion de Inglaterra y castigo de la Reyna que la possee, pero paran tan de su parte para defendelle y oponerse que no haya execucion. Pues han hecho por medio del Cardinal d'Este decir á su Santidad no inste al Rey mi Señor que haga la impresa de Inglaterra, porque esto seria causa acordarse con los hereges de su Reyno y de otras provincias para el defendelle. Espero en Dios que ha de ser servido de ablandar el pecho deste Rey de Francia y su madre que tan empedernescidos se muestran en este particular." — Mendoza to the Queen of Scots, April 4. Decipher: *MS.* Ibid.

It was the old story. Not a single obstacle had been removed. France and Spain stood where they had always stood, warning each other off from interference; and, instead of preparing to revenge upon Elizabeth his own and the Church's wrongs, Philip had only aggravated the natural difficulties of the position. His manœuvres to secure the succession had divided the English, had alienated the Scots, and, if persevered in, threatened to unite the Guises with the French Crown in opposition to him. Elizabeth's insight had been so far justified, that the conditions really existed for a favourable settlement with her brother-in-law; and in her endeavours after peace, which were never more strenuous than at this moment, she at least had a real foundation to go upon.

But she had to do with a party who were not inclined to sit down under disappointment. Alva had told the English Catholics fifteen years before, that if they wanted Spain to help them, they must first help themselves; and he had indicated the way in which they should proceed. Again and again they had tried and failed; but there had been many failures with the Prince of Orange, and yet there had been success at last, and Gerard's successful shot was an enduring encouragement to persevere. Elizabeth's life was the only obstruction. When Elizabeth was dead, every Catholic gentleman in England would take arms for her lawful successor. Elizabeth dead, the enchantment which paralysed their combination would cease of itself, while infinite ducats in this world and paradise and canonisation in the next were waiting for the Ehud or the Judith who would rid the saints of their oppressor.

It was at this moment, subsequent to Mendoza's desponding letter, and before the end of the first week in

May, that the famous Babington conspiracy organised itself into shape. It has been represented as set on foot by Walsingham, to tempt the Queen of Scots to ruin herself. It was utterly unconnected in its origin either with him or with his instruments. The channel of communication which Gilbert Gifford had opened was made use of by the conspirators, but the purpose had no existence in Walsingham's original design, nor does it appear that Gifford himself was even trusted with the secret, or was more than partially, accidentally, and externally connected with either Babington or his accomplices. May.

The reader will remember a knot of devout young gentlemen who entertained Campian at his coming to London, and formed themselves into a society for the protection and support of the Jesuits. One of these, Anthony Babington, of Dethick, in Derbyshire, a young man of considerable fortune, had been a page at Sheffield, when the Queen of Scots was first in charge of Lord Shrewsbury, and like so many others who came within the spell of her influence, he became passionately devoted to her and her cause. Experience had not taught Elizabeth the imprudence of filling her household with Catholics. Their handiwork can be for ever traced behind the scenes, betraying the secrets or thwarting the policy of her ministers. She had seen once already in Doctor Parry, that her generous confidence was no security against treason. She was about to be rewarded with a concluding illustration that human obligations are but as straws before the fascinations of theology; that there is no villany which religious temptation will not sometimes elevate into the counterfeit of virtue.

Young Catholics of good family were always certain

of a warm welcome at court; and it was among these and in the household itself that Babington sought and found the friends who were to unite with him in his country's liberation. The original instigator appears to have been John Ballard, one of the two Jesuits who had sought and obtained the sanction of Gregory XIII. to the Queen's murder, and who had since clung to his purpose with the tenacity of a sleuth-hound. In the preceding September, when the interference in the Low Countries was first resolved on, taking advantage of the irritation which was certain to be felt in the Catholic and semi-Catholic families, Ballard had travelled through England under the name of Captain Fortescue, disguised as an officer with blue velvet jerkin and cap and feather. He had penetrated every county, and conversed with every gentleman who could be trusted. In all he had found the same feeling — regret, perplexity, and exasperation — an ardent desire in Catholic and schismatic[1] to see England reunited to the Church, and a readiness still to rise in insurrection if they saw their way to success. The impression of Ballard was the very opposite to Morgan's. The nobles and the leading gentry, so far as Ballard could gather, had never been more earnest. Lord Henry Howard, Lord Arundel, and his brother, appeared still eager to revenge the execution of the Duke of Norfolk. Arundel, though a prisoner, let him know that he had means to make himself master of the Tower; while his uncle Lord Henry undertook to raise the eastern counties. A young Percy,

[1] Philip asking for an explanation of the word *schismaticos*, as applied to a party in England, Mendoza answered, "Ellos conocen la verdadera religion y profesan en sus coraçones, pero el amor de la hacienda, por no perdella, les hace, obedeciendo las leyes de la Reyna, ir á las perversas platicas y á algunos recibir la abominable communion." — Mendoza al Rey, 27 Setiembre: Teulet, Vol. V.

calling himself Earl of Northumberland, Lord Strange, the heir of the house of Stanley, Lord Stourton, Lord Darcy, Lord Compton, Lord Windsor, Sir John Constable, and others besides, had bound themselves by some kind of oath to stand by each other and the Church. Sir William Courtenay had promised to seize Plymouth. Lord Montague, Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresham, Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, Sir William Catesby, Sir William Southwill, were ready to join in a revolt, when once it had broken out; and Claude Hamilton and Lord Maxwell might be depended on with an army of Scots.

It was the same confederacy which had been many times formed and dissolved as often. Ballard spoke of promises.[1] He represented all these persons as having pledged themselves to take arms if they could depend positively on assistance from Spain. There was, however, this peculiarity in the present combination — in the opinion of Mendoza, that which made it so peculiarly promising — that the first step was to be the killing of the Queen. An insurrection against Elizabeth living was found impossible to bring about. With Elizabeth dead, every Catholic would feel not permitted only, but bound in honour and duty, to take arms for her lawful heir. And this time the deed was to be actually done. Ballard, after having completed his tour, and sketched a plan for the assassination, went to Paris, and consulted Mendoza; and Mendoza, with apparently no consciousness that he was relating anything particularly atrocious, told Philip that no scheme so likely to be successful had ever been formed for the recovery of England; that there was no longer any occasion to watch for opportunities; six of the Queen's own attend-

[1] Mendoza to Philip, August 13: Teulet, Vol. V.

ants had undertaken to kill her, who had access to her presence at all hours and places.[1] They were ready to stab her if necessary under the cloth of state itself. They waited only till means had been provided for the escape or rescue of the Queen of Scots at Chartley, and till either the Prince of Parma, or a fleet from Lisbon, was ready to strike in at the moment of the confusion.

As Ballard told his story to the Spanish Ambassador, it seemed as if all Catholic England was a party more or less directly to the intended villany. No suspicion, however, could be more unjust. A few, a very few persons only beyond the principals, were aware that Elizabeth's life was aimed at; and the promise of insurrection was probably no more than a declaration of the party in favour of the Queen of Scots' claims on the succession, and an engagement to support those claims by arms if disputed by the Protestants.

The other part of the account, however, even to the basest details of it, was perfectly correct. It was shamefully true, that a body of gentlemen, some of them sworn servants of the Queen, others connected directly or indirectly with the Court, had bound themselves to abuse the peculiar confidence which the Queen had placed in them and kill her. Babington, instigated by Ballard, had found accomplices in Charles Tilney one of her gentlemen pensioners; in Edward Abington the son of her under treasurer; in Jones the son of the master of the wardrobe; in Dunn who was in the First Fruits Office; in Robert Barnwell an Irishman who was on a visit to the Court; and in other young men of family whom she had encouraged

[1] "A' que se han ofrecido y acordado seys gentilhombres criados de la Reyna y que andan de las puertas adentro." — Mendoza al Rey, 3-13 Agosto: Teulet, Vol. V.

to come about her — Chidiock Tichbourne, Edward Charnock, Edward Windsor, Lord Windsor's brother, Sir Thomas Gerrard, and Thomas Salisbury who at one time had been a follower of Leicester. One only of the six spoken of by Mendoza, John Savage, was free from this exceptional and peculiar baseness. Savage had been a soldier under Parma. He had passed through Rheims on his return to England, where Gilbert Gifford's brother, George, had set his mind running upon regicide; and finding what was going on, he volunteered to join the conspiracy.

The plan was to dispatch the Queen first, and afterwards Cecil, Walsingham, Hunsdon, and Sir F. Knollys; and this being done, and the strength of the Protestant party being in the Low Countries, the sanguine Mendoza imagined that the revolution would be accomplished on the spot. He made light of difficulties in his eagerness to be revenged for his expulsion. He wrote enthusiastically to Philip, entreating him to give the conspirators his support; and through Ballard, and by a letter, he sent them his own warmest encouragement to persevere in an enterprise so Catholic and so worthy of the ancient English valour.[1]

Having done his work in Paris, Ballard returned to England to report Mendoza's answer. Before he went, however, he saw Charles Paget and let him know generally that an insurrection was about to break out. He saw Morgan in the Bastile, to whom he told everything; and Morgan introduced him to Gilbert Gifford, as a person through whom communication was possible with the Queen of Scots.

1 "He hecho el acogimiento al gentilhombre que merecia semejante propuesta, y por ser tan Christiana, justa, y aumento de nuestra santa fe Catolica y servicio de V. Mag^d, les he escrito dos cartas por diferentes vias, animandoles á la empresa como digna de animos tan Catolicos y del antiguo valor Ingles." — Mendoza al Rey, 13 Agosto: Teulet, Vol. V

If there was a person from whom the conspiracy ought most carefully to have been concealed, that person was Mary Stuart. She could herself do nothing, and to acquaint her beforehand with so dark a purpose was to expose her to gratuitous danger, and was to ask her for a direct sanction which she could not honourably give. Paget wrote to tell her that a rebellion was not unlikely, that the Prince of Parma might be looked for at Newcastle or Scarborough, and that means would be taken to ensure her own safety.[1] If he knew more he was prudently silent. Morgan, who was aware of her rashness and who must have or ought to have guessed that she would be untroubled with weak scruples, had the singular imprudence to introduce Babington to her, to mention him to her as a person whom she had once known who was about to do her service, and to send her a cipher of which he had given the duplicate to Babington himself.[2] He did not at first enter into details, but he gave mysterious hints that there was something in progress, besides and beyond a mere insurrection. He mentioned Ballard's name as concerned in it. In momentary caution he said that he had advised Ballard not to write to her about it; and he advised her in turn, whatever she might hear, to hold no intelligence with Ballard, "for fear if he or his partners were discovered, they might by pains discover her Majesty to have had dealings with them;" but he had the inconceivable imprudence to add in a postscript to Curle, which it was certain that the Queen of Scots would see: —

"There be many means in hand to remove the beast that troubles all the world."[3]

[1] Charles Paget to the Queen of Scots, May 19–29: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Morgan to the Queen of Scots, May 7–17: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Same to the same, June 14–24: *MS.* Ibid.

And even this was not enough. He was so delighted for Mary Stuart's sake, that he could not but make her the sharer herself of the happy secret. A few days later he told her plainly "that there were good members attending upon opportunity to do the Queen of England a piece of service which, if it pleased God to lend assistance, he trusted would quiet many things." [1] June.

These letters were forwarded to Chartley by the route which Walsingham had opened. Gifford, though he accompanied Ballard from Paris to England, was personally ignorant of what was going forward. It was not till afterwards that he learnt it in conversation from Ballard himself. Though he probably saw Walsingham in London, therefore, he had nothing of moment to make known to him. But the letters themselves, as they passed into Phillipps's hand, told their own story; and it must have been with profound curiosity that both Walsingham and Elizabeth must have watched for the effect upon the Queen of Scots.

She herself, happy in the removal to Chartley and the secret access which she possessed once more to the outer world, had recovered her health and spirits. She had been treated with unusual indulgence. Her legs had swollen in the winter, and on her first arrival she had been unable to walk; but as the spring came on she was driven out in a carriage or was wheeled in her chair through the garden. We catch a glimpse of her enjoying "a duck hunt" in one of the ponds; [2] and when summer came, her spirits lifting her body, she was able to mount her horse again and gallop with the hounds, or strike a deer with a crossbow.[3]

1 Morgan to the Queen of Scots, July 19–29: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

2 Paulet to Walsingham, June 3–13.

3 "God, I praise him continually, hath not set me so low but that I am

The general political news which reached her was less entirely discouraging. Claude Hamilton, whom Elizabeth had restored with Angus and Mar, was as active in her favour as when he charged up the hill at Langside, and was sanguine that if England was held in check, he could at any moment be master of Scotland and its King. James himself was in appearance hopelessly English. The long talked of League between him and Elizabeth was at last completed. There had been infinite haggling over the details. The Scots insisted on a quasi recognition of the King's title to the succession. The King himself stood upon the £5,000. a year which Elizabeth had once promised and had afterwards cut down. With a double compromise, Elizabeth at length subscribed a bond that she would "do nothing and allow nothing to be done to the diminishing, impairing, or derogating of any greatness that might be due to him unless provoked on his part by manifest ingratitude:" James consented to lose a thousand out of his five; and the treaty thus ordered was signed at Berwick by commissioners of the two countries on the 2nd of July.

July.

No clause had been inserted or demanded, not a word had been spoken on either side, implying the existence of such a person as Mary Stuart. She was prepared for it; she had known from the beginning of May that so it was to be; and before any of the letters could have reached her on the great business that was in hand, she had taken her own measures. She had written to Mendoza, that in consequence of her son's obstinate persistence in heresy, she had finally disin-

able to handle my crossbow for killing a deer, and to gallop after the hounds on horseback." — The Queen of Scots to Morgan, July 17–27: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

herited him. Mendoza, she said, must keep her secret; if known in France, it would cost her her dowry; if in England, it would be her destruction. But "regarding more the interests of the universal Church than of her own family," she had bequeathed her prospective rights to the King of Spain.[1] By the same post she bade Paget urge Philip once more "to set on England," not "to stay longer at flattering of biles by lenitives," but "to purge the spring of the malign humour that had engendered them." This and only this was the remedy for the ills of Europe. It ought to have been followed long before, but it was not yet too late. She did not inform Paget of her views for the future. She spoke as if she had still hopes of her son; she seemed rather to desire that he should be seized and sent to Spain or Italy, and that Claude Hamilton should govern Scotland as Regent, which would then be at Philip's service for the invasion.[2]

These and similar letters to other friends must have convinced Elizabeth as she read them, that her cousin was not yet so subdued, that an amicable arrangement could be ventured with her. The assassination plot came opportunely to test her disposition to the bottom. There were powerful grounds for believing that the Queen of Scots had been acquainted with the attempts of Somerville and Parry. She had denied all knowledge of either of them, with expressions of the utmost abhorrence. Morgan was now telling her in unmistakable language that there was to be another attempt of the same kind. Would she approve or would she disapprove? It was an anxious question. Elizabeth did not yet know the particulars. She had Ballard's

[1] The Queen of Scots to Mendoza, May 20–30: Labanoff, Vol. VI.
[2] Mary Stuart to Charles Paget, May 20–30: Ibid.

name, and she had Babington's name; she had learnt that "the beast was to be removed that troubled the world;" and for her own safety's sake she might have ordered, at any rate, the arrest of these two men; but she chose to endure the danger, that she might unravel the mystery, and test her kinswoman to the bottom.

Mary Stuart was in the humour to be worked upon. She was excited by new hopes; she was exasperated by disappointment and her sufferings at Tutbury. Elizabeth's life lay between her and the throne of England, and alone prevented the Catholics everywhere from declaring in her favour. Whatever became of James afterwards, there was no question but that she herself was the immediate heir; and could the conspirators have been contented to act and to trust to her approbation afterwards, there could be little doubt that she would have looked leniently on the crime by which she profited. Elizabeth, had the situation been reversed, would have executed the assassins to prove that she had not been connected with them; but Mary Stuart, among her many crimes, was never false to her friends, and stood through good and evil by those who risked their lives to serve her.

The "gentlemen," however, who had undertaken the business, did not feel this confidence. Regicide, which appeared so glorious and easy when the execution was distant, became more agitating as the moment approached for action; and Ballard who, without mentioning names, had now communicated the secret to Gilbert Gifford, told him that before anything could be done "he must obtain the Queen of Scots' hand and seal to allow of all that must be practised for her." Without this his labour was vain, and nothing could be

done.[1] He had himself promised that he would not write to her; but Babington was about to make use of Morgan's introduction to send her a few words, and Gifford must convey his letter by the secret channel.

Gifford carried what Ballard had told him to Walsingham. Warrants were drawn out and hung suspended over Ballard and Babington in case they made a dangerous move or were frightened and attempted to fly, and the plot continued to develop itself.[2] The Queen of Scots, in acknowledgment of Morgan's letter had herself written a few lines of gracious recognition to Babington. In reply and in the name of his companions, he laid the details of the scheme before her as "his most dear sovereign," and requested her commands.

He said that on her being separated from Lord Shrewsbury and transferred to the charge of a wicked Puritan, a mere Leicestrian, a mortal enemy to her Majesty and the States Catholic, he had despaired of his country and had intended to leave it. He had been on the point of departure, when Father Ballard held out hopes to him that better things were possible. He had therefore determined to remain and with the hazard of his life do her Majesty one good day's service. He had conferred with his friends, and, with the assistance of the Lord Jesus, he had found assurance that something could be achieved. There were three points to be attended to: a harbour would have to be chosen and secured where her allies from abroad could land; she herself was to be rescued from Sir Amyas Paulet; and the usurping competitor was to be

[1] Gilbert Gifford to Walsingham, July 11–21: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Phillipps to Walsingham, July 7–17: *MS.* Ibid.

dispatched. For the performance of each and all of these, the intending actors had made a solemn vow, and upon "assurance by her Majesty's letters to himself," were ready "to take the sacrament together," "either to prevail in the Church's behalf or die in so honourable an attempt." Delay being dangerous, they requested her to let them know her pleasure. The northern counties were already prepared, and the Prince of Parma was assured of a welcome reception at any landing-place upon the east coast. He himself, with her approbation, proposed to make a dash, with a hundred followers, on Chartley. "For the dispatch of the usurper from the obedience of whom they were by the excommunication of his Holiness made free, there were six noble gentlemen his private friends, who for the zeal they bore to the cause and her Majesty's service, were ready to undertake that tragical execution."[1]

The interest grew deeper. Babington's letter was given immediately to Gifford; it was examined by Walsingham before it left London, and was forwarded by the usual road; and Phillipps, who had been in London and had there deciphered it, returned to Paulet at Chartley to watch the effects. Mary Stuart knew Phillipps by sight; a spare, pockmarked, impassive, red-haired man, something over thirty. She had been already struck by his appearance. Morgan had suggested that he might not be proof against a bribe. She had tried him gently and without success, but she

[1] Anthony Babington to the Queen of Scots, July 12–22: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.* The decipher was afterwards submitted to Babington himself, and he wrote upon it, "This is a true copy of the letter which I sent to the Queen of Scots." It is impossible to pretend therefore that the Queen of Scots was informed only of an intended rebellion, and that the plot for assassination was concealed from her.

had no particular suspicion of him. He knew the moment when the letter reached her. He knew that she had read it. When she drove out in her carriage afterwards she passed him and he bowed respectfully.

"I had a smiling countenance," he said, "but I thought of the verse —

'Cum tibi dicit Ave. Sicut ab hoste cave,'"

Some remorse he could not choose but feel. She was in his toils, and he was too certain that she would be meshed in them. Another letter from her and the work would be done.

"We attend," he wrote, "her very heart at the next."[1]

Paulet had less self-command. He probably liked ill the work that he was about when he found the turn which it had taken; there had been a consciousness in his manner which she had observed, and she had felt vague uneasiness about him. She had made advances to him, to which he had not responded. She had feared that if the Queen was killed it might go hard with her if she was still in his hands, and before Babington's letter came, she had written to the Archbishop of Glasgow, bidding him ask Sir Edward Stafford to intercede with Burghley to provide her with another guardian, better inclined to her and her rights after the death of his mistress.[2] Stafford she knew to be her friend. Burghley she thought, and justly thought, wished well to her. "You see," wrote Phillipps, com-

[1] Phillipps to Walsingham, July 14–24: *Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] "Se rende au reste fort insolent en tous ses departements vers moy. Donnez advis de cecy au grand Tresorier par l'Ambassadeur Stafford, et faictes luy remonstrer tant de ma part que de tous mes parens et amies ma vie ne pouvoir estre seure en la garde et mains de mon dit gardien, mesmement si ceste Royne venoit à faillir." — The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, July 12–22: *MSS. MS.* Ibid.

menting on her words to Walsingham, "how she is weary of her keeper. She is very bold to make way to the great personage, and I fear he will be too forward in satisfying her for her change till he see Babington's treasons."[1] These words are unexceptionable evidence in Burghley's favour that he at least was no party to an unfair conspiracy against her, and was in no humour to tolerate foul play.

Walsingham was still in great uncertainty. Ballard, supposing Gifford to know more than he did, talked to him with considerable unreserve. Gifford had gathered that his and Babington's accomplices were persons near about the Queen. They were followed at night if they went abroad, and their houses watched to discover by whom they were visited. The group of traitors was tolerably well ascertained, but nothing definite could be proved as yet against any individual.[2] Babington presently disappeared; a spy, perhaps Gifford himself, ascertained that he had gone for a week to his house in Derbyshire, and that he expected to receive the Queen of Scots' answer to his letter at Lichfield.

It came at last. She was five days composing her reply, with the many other letters which she dispatched by the same post.

The confessions of her secretaries describe the mode in which she worked. Not a paper of any consequence was ever written by them, except in her cabinet and in her presence. She sat at a table with Nau and Curle opposite to her. She either wrote herself or dictated in French to Nau the substance of what she desired to say. Nau took down her words, and she looked them over, and approved or altered as the case might be. He

[1] Phillipps to Walsingham, July 19–29: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*
[2] Secret Intelligence, July, 1586: *MSS. Domestic.*

then cast them into form ; she read his draft, and then if the letter was to remain in French, it was ciphered and sealed by herself. If it was to be in English, it was translated by Curle, and again read to her and ciphered. Not a dispatch of any kind was ever sent out which had not been composed, ciphered, read twice or thrice, and then sealed either with her own hands or before her eyes.[1]

For five days she was thus at work, before the packet was in Phillipps's hands which contained the letter that he was looking for. It was thick and the ciphers were many and voluminous. She had written to Charles Paget, observing the same caution as himself about names, but telling him that a distinguished Catholic had consulted her on a movement that was to be made in her favour. She said that she had answered him point by point. She had instructed him how he was to proceed in England, and what he was to look for from abroad. Now if ever, she said, was the time for the Pope and the King of Spain to strike a blow in earnest and cease to beat the air with vain negotiations.

To Lord Paget and to Sir Francis Englefield, who were at Madrid, she had written — to the first generally, to Englefield more particularly, in a strain which shewed that she still doubted Philip's resolution. Protesting against the peace which she half believed him seriously to meditate, and the mere report of which had chilled the hearts of true Catholics to stone, she said that arrangements had now been made for a revolt which, if he consented, could not but succeed. Her own escape, which had hitherto made the chief difficulty, she believed to have been safely provided for.

To Mendoza, acquainted as he was with every detail

1 Confessions of Nau and Curle, September: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

of the conspiracy, she contented herself with sending a cordial approval. To Morgan and the Archbishop of Glasgow she poured out her exulting hopes that the hour of her deliverance was at hand. To the French Ambassador Chasteauneuf — the wisest friend, could she but have known it, that she possessed, and the one therefore whom she trusted least — she addressed also, under the affected disguise of cipher, a complaint of Elizabeth's treaty with Scotland, lest he should suspect her of deeper designs, which he might dissuade, or thwart, or betray.[1]

Besides these, and probably composed before any of them, was the answer to "the distinguished Catholic," Anthony Babington himself,[2] containing "her very heart," as Phillipps expected that it would. Babington

[1] Letters from the Queen of Scots, July 17–27, 1586: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

[2] The authenticity of this, as of the Casket letters, has been vehemently challenged by the Queen of Scots' historical defenders: it is necessary therefore to premise that it was sworn to by the two secretaries in the deciphered form in which it was produced by Walsingham, as having been written by Nau, from minutes in the Queen's hand, translated into English by Curle, and read over to herself and approved by her in the usual way before it was ciphered. She challenged the production of her autograph. It had, of course, never gone beyond her own room, and it could not be found. But Nau's minutes of it were found. The letter itself was acknowledged by Babington, as the same which he received in cipher. Phillipps's copy of the cipher was examined by the Privy Council, and the decipher verified. It still bears upon it the signatures of the noblemen by whom it was examined. The original cipher having been passed on to Babington was never recovered; and Prince Labanoff, whose chivalry in behalf of Mary Stuart sees truth in every word she spoke herself and fraud and forgery in every charge alleged against her, considers that the compromising sentences were interpolated by Phillipps before it left Chartley. The forgery was gratuitous if forgery there was, for the genuineness of Babington's own letter informing her that the assassination was intended is neither questionable nor questioned, and such parts of her reply as Prince Labanoff admits to be her own, contain a full general approbation of his intended proceedings; and no prohibition of, and therefore a tacit consent to, the murder. The arguments on which Prince Labanoff relies are three.

First. That the original ciphered letter was not sent to its destination

had written to her as his Sovereign. She addressed him in turn as "trusty and well beloved." She applauded his zeal in the cause of herself and the

at once like the rest, but was taken by Phillipps to London to Walsingham.

Secondly. That it was detained eleven days before it was in Babington's hands, presumably with a dishonest intention.

Thirdly. That the interpolation can be proved from a confused postscript on a separate piece of paper, discovered by Mr. Tytler in the State Paper Office. The Prince conceives that Phillipps intended first to make a mere addition, that he changed his mind, and recomposed afterwards the entire letter, that it was detained for that purpose, and that although one of the most dexterous manipulators of cipher in Europe, he did his work so clumsily that it can be seen through with ease by a critic of the nineteenth century.

Neither fact nor inference are correct.

First the original letter was not detained, but was forwarded in the usual way the day after it came into Phillipps's hand. Walsingham indeed told him to bring it to London, but too late to prevent its departure. Phillipps had it on the evening of the 18th–28th of July. On the 19th–29th he wrote to Walsingham "that if Babington was in the country the original would be conveyed into his hands." It had been given to "Emilio" to take to him at Lichfield, and was evidently already gone; for Phillipps recommended Walsingham to have Babington's house carefully searched, being sure that the letter would be kept, and "wishing it to be found for an evidence against her." — Phillipps to Walsingham, July 19–29: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

It is true that Babington did not receive it for eleven days, but in a second letter to the Queen of Scots he himself explained the reason. "Your letter," he says, "I received not till the 29th of July [August 8]. The cause was my absence from Lichfield, contrary to promise." — Babington to the Queen of Scots, August 3–13: *MS.* Ibid.

The argument from the postscript it is unbecoming to call preposterous, yet it is hard to say what other name to give it, for it implies that Phillipps preserved, endorsed, and placed among the papers to be examined by the Privy Council his own first draft of a forgery, which he rejected as unsuited to his purpose. A note from Curle to "Emilio" explains the mystery. Some "addition" to the letter had been sent by mistake. It had perplexed Emilio, who had written to know what it was and what he was to do with it. Curle answered, "I doubt by your former, which I found some difficulty in deciphering, that myself have erred in setting down *the addition* which I sent you through some haste I had then in dispatching thereof. I pray you forbear using the said addition until that against the next I put the whole at more leisure in better order for your greater ease and mine." — Curle to Emilio, July 28–August 7: *MS.* Ibid.

Curle was by that time aware that Babington had not been at Lichfield,

Church. She bade him weigh well his resources, calculate the numbers that he could bring into the field, the towns that he could gain possession of, the succours on which he could rely from abroad. She advised that the Catholics should be told everywhere to collect arms privately, as if to defend themselves against some intended violence, and she bade Babington learn from Mendoza when help might be looked for, and time his movements accordingly.

"When all is ready," she then continued, "the six gentlemen must be set to work, and you will provide that on their design being accomplished, I may be myself rescued from this place, and be in safe keeping till our friends arrive. It will be hard to fix a day for the execution; you must have a party therefore in readiness to carry me off. And you will keep four men with horses saddled, to bring word when the deed is done, that they may be here before my guardian learns of it. To prevent accident, let the horsemen choose different routes, that if one is intercepted another may get through. It will be well also to have the common posts and couriers stopped. Give the gentlemen all the assurances which they require on my part. You will consider and consult together whether if, as is possible, they cannot execute their particular purpose, it will then be expedient to proceed with the rest of the enterprise. If the difficulty be only with myself, if you cannot manage my own rescue because I am in the Tower, or in some other place too strong for you, do not hesitate on that account. Go on for the honour of God. I

and therefore supposed rightly that the letter was still in Emilio's keeping. His description applies exactly to the "postscript," which forms Prince Labanoff's text. It is among the other documents of the conspiracy, and is endorsed by Phillipps himself, "P. S. of the S. Queen's letter to Babington."

would gladly die at any time could I but know that the Catholics were out of bondage. I will do what I can to raise Scotland and Ireland. Beware of traitors. There are even priests in the service of the enemy. Keep no compromising papers about you, and reveal as little of your intentions as you can to the French Ambassador. He is a good man; but his master is too nearly allied with this Queen and may cross our purpose.

"There are three ways in which my escape may be managed. I ride sometimes in the open ground between this and Stafford. It is usually an entire solitude, and my guardian who attends me takes but eighteen or twenty horses with him, only armed with pistols. We could arrange a day, and fifty or sixty well mounted men could carry me off with ease.

"Or you might fire the stables and farm-buildings here some midnight, and your people might surprise the house in the confusion. They might wear a badge to recognise each other.

"Or again, carts come in here every morning with stores. You might personate a driver, and upset one of the carts in the gateway; and the rest of you lying concealed among the bushes might rush in. The guard's lodgings are half a mile off.

"Burn this immediately." [1]

A postscript [2] adds: "I would be glad to know the names and qualities of the six gentlemen which are to accomplish the designment, for that it may be I shall

[1] The Queen of Scots to Anthony Babington, July 17–27. Condensed: Printed by Labanoff, Vol. VI. The letter is in French, and was apparently in two parts. Curle writing to Emilio, tells him to deliver the two letters. Babington acknowledging the correctness of Phillipps's transcript, says, "C'est la copie des lettres de la Reyne d'Escosse dernièrement à moy envoyés."

[2] This is the document on which Prince Labanoff argues.

be able upon knowledge of the parties to give you some further advice necessary to be followed therein; *and even so do I wish to be made acquainted with the names of all such principal persons, as also who be already as also who be*[1] — as also from time to time particularly how you proceed, and as soon as you may, for the same purpose, who be already, and how far every one is privy hereunto."

If this letter was the genuine work of Mary Stuart, if any part of it was hers — supposing her to have received and read the letter of Babington to which it was an answer — Phillipps, on sending the decipher to Walsingham, was right in saying that he had now material sufficient, that there was no need to run further risk, and that it would be well to secure the principal conspirators at once. His only anxiety was that the original letter should be recovered. Babington, he thought, "for all her commandment," would not destroy it, and he wished it "to be found as an evidence against the Queen of Scots, if it pleased God to inspire her Majesty with that heroical courage that was meet for avenge of God's cause and the security of herself and the State."[2]

The Queen of Scots was the victim of treachery — so it has been often said, and so it will be said again — and if by treachery it is meant that she was deceived the charge is just. But it is false, absolutely and utterly, that the plot was set on foot by agents of Walsingham to tempt her to join it in her desperation and then to destroy her. Walsingham had contrived an ingenious scheme to gain political information. He obtained what he sought, and he obtained also by acci-

[1] The words in italics are struck through with a pen.

[2] Phillipps to Walsingham, July 19–29: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

dent the knowledge of a conspiracy to which she was a party. But he was a looker on and nothing besides. Elizabeth's murder was the favourite project of the Jesuits. At the particular moment when the correspondence of the Queen of Scots was passing under his eyes, it happened to ripen towards action.

The treatment which Mary Stuart had received at Elizabeth's hands is said to excuse if not to justify her. As she told her story herself it did excuse her. Coming into England of her own accord, having been promised welcome and help there, she had been deprived of her liberty for eighteen years, and her name had been blackened with calumny. She had been tantalised with hopes of release, only when the cup was at her lips, to see it snatched away as if in purposed mockery. She had been treated as a criminal and threatened with death. She had been separated from her child. His affection had been stolen from her, and the name of mother bestowed upon her oppressor. And if the refinements of cruelty betrayed at last a maddened woman into desperate courses, she is held to have a claim for acquittal from the moral instincts of mankind.

Elizabeth had certainly contrived to make such a representation of the case possible. In the dread of seeming to sanction the rebellion of subjects against their sovereign, she had disregarded the advice of her ministers, and had used language on the faith of which the Queen of Scots came to England, and was not permitted again to leave it. In the crooked ways in which she so much delighted she had more than once played her off against her son, and for her own purposes, had held the succession to the crown undetermined, and had amused Mary Stuart with the prospect of it.

But if it be taken as a whole, and looked at from first to last, the fault of Elizabeth's conduct to her unlucky kinswoman was weakness — weakness persevered in despite of remonstrance, out of an exaggerated fear of being reproached for dealing more hardly with her rival and heir than she had herself been dealt with by her own sister.

Elizabeth coming to the throne herself with a stain upon her birth, had found the leopards of England quartered with the "lilies of France," and a French army making Scotland a stepping-stone towards forcibly dispossessing her of her own crown. She had successfully asserted her rights. The French plenipotentiaries at the capitulation of Leith surrendered in Mary Stuart's name the claims which she had advanced. Mary Stuart had first delayed and then refused to ratify the treaty save on new conditions, which she had no right to demand. She had remained after her return to Scotland a quasi-competitor for Elizabeth's throne. She had intrigued with the disaffected Catholics in England, and with the Spanish Ambassadors in London. She had chosen for her husband a Catholic subject of Elizabeth, a Prince of the blood royal, to strengthen her position with the English nobility as a preparation for a revolution which was to unseat Elizabeth in her favour. Had she fallen into Elizabeth's power at the time of the Darnley marriage, the usage of the age would have justified her execution. She had done more to deserve it than Lady Jane Grey, whose death had been approved by the Catholic opinion of Europe.

Her story took another turn. She forgot her ambition for a time in a personal passion, and she became the heroine of an adulterous melodrame. Her hus-

band was murdered, and she married the murderer. Her subjects took arms, dethroned, imprisoned, and intended to send her to the scaffold, and the world would have been no more troubled with her and her misfortunes, but for Elizabeth's gratuitous interference. Elizabeth saved her life. Elizabeth, in the exaggeration of pity, undertook that if she could escape from Lochleven she would give her an asylum in England, and after the lost battle at Langside, Mary Stuart took her at her word, crossed into Cumberland, and claimed to be replaced upon her throne by English arms.

Setting aside the immediate pretensions which she had put forward to Elizabeth's place, she was her heir presumptive in blood. And what had been hitherto the condition of persons so unfortunately situated? Mary Tudor had been restrained to her house under Edward VI. Elizabeth had been the prisoner of Mary. Lady Catherine Grey, who was given precedence in the will of Henry VIII., had been separated from her husband, had been sent to the Tower, and had pined away and died.

In dealing with Mary Stuart Elizabeth was embarrassed by a rash engagement, which would have sate lightly on any previous English sovereign. She had promised more than she could perform immediately with fairness or decency; but she gave the Queen of Scots an opportunity of clearing her reputation, and had she succeeded would undoubtedly have restored her.

When the Casket letters demonstrated her guilt — when the mere authoritative publication of them would have silenced her friends for ever, would have made her succession in England impossible, and have left her the unpitied victim of her own crimes — Elizabeth closed the inquiry, forbade a verdict, and purposely

left it open to the world to believe that she was possibly innocent.

As the immediate consequence, Mary Stuart caused first an open insurrection in England, and then wove a second great conspiracy of which a Spanish invasion and the Queen's murder were intended features. The English Parliament like the Scots would then have had her put to death — but again Elizabeth interposed. It was not wholly in generosity. She thought her throne would be more secure if the Great Powers could look forward to the peaceful accession of a Catholic Sovereign, while she held her probable successor in her own hands as a pledge for quiet in her own lifetime. Mary Stuart was not allowed to leave England, but she remained in charge of Lord Shrewsbury neither more nor less a prisoner than Elizabeth had herself been under her sister. She lived with the insignia of Queen at the house of an English nobleman, who was notoriously a friend of her title. She was maintained in luxury at Elizabeth's cost, with all the enjoyments which an English country house could afford. Residing in the heart of England, she became the centre of the hopes of the great Catholic party, and so far was she from being an unwilling prisoner that she might have escaped had she pleased, but would not. In her own opinion, and in the opinion of Philip of Spain, she was in the situation most favourable to her prospects. She had but to remain quiet, and if she outlived Elizabeth her accession was absolutely certain.

But neither she nor the English Jesuits would consent to wait. Both wished to anticipate the natural action of time. The Jesuit mission of 1580 was the commencement of a new series of conspiracies. Ire-

land was set on fire. Scotland was shaken with revolution. England was threatened with fresh rebellion, and the Queen with assassination.

The Jesuits had been worsted. Some scores of them had been hanged. The Queen of Scots had exchanged a luxurious residence with a semi-Catholic English Earl to sharp confinement under a Puritan keeper. The Protestant government was more firmly established in Scotland, and her son, supplanting herself, now aspired to the second place after Elizabeth.

She had professed to be worn out with the struggle: to be willing to relinquish her ambition, and to desire only to be allowed to retire from the world and its vanities, and to spend what remained to her of life in religious meditation.

Elizabeth put her sincerity to an unexpected test. Had she been in the mood in which she pretended to be, the "treachery" of Walsingham would have been the truest kindness, for it would have dispelled effectively and for ever the remains of Elizabeth's mistrust.

Unfortunately for herself her professions were but air. She was the old Mary Stuart still, the same bold, restless, unscrupulous, ambitious woman, and burning with the same passions, among which revenge stood out predominant. Hers was the panther's nature — graceful, beautiful, malignant, and untamable. What was to be done with her?

In the conspiracy itself there was every circumstance to aggravate its atrocity. The gentlemen who had undertaken to kill the Queen were persons to whom her generosity alone had given the opportunity of which they were prepared to avail themselves. She had allowed them familiar access to her presence, though known to be Catholics, as an answer to the

calumny that Catholics were necessarily disloyal; and they had let the Jesuits persuade them that to repay her confidence with murder was an act which would be regarded as meritorious in heaven.

Walsingham was in no haste. Gifford told him that he had been directed by Ballard to go to Spain, to learn when a fleet might be looked for on the coast, and that till his return no active attempt would be made. He wanted more precise information. He now knew that there were six persons who were to act against the Queen, and that Babington was not one of them, for Babington was to rescue the Queen of Scots. He had discovered that twelve or fourteen young gentlemen were in the habit of supping together, or meeting at each other's houses, and that among these the six would be found. He was unable as yet to individualise them. The details, however, were rapidly filling in. The vain fools, anticipating their coming glories, had their pictures taken in a group, as the deliverers of their country, with Babington in the midst of them. Some one, probably Gifford, contrived to show it to the Queen. She recognised Barnwell, the Irishman, and when she next saw him at the Court she looked at him with a steadiness which would have alarmed a wiser man.

Babington came from Derbyshire to London at the end of July. Emilio, whom he found there, gave him the Queen of Scots' letter. He prepared to go as she directed to Paris, to talk with Mendoza. Mendoza, in one of his letters, had mentioned a certain Mr. Pooley as a reliable Catholic. Pooley had been connected at one time with Leicester; he was attached afterwards to Sir Philip Sidney; and was now in the service of Sidney's widow, and residing in Walsing-

ham's house. A passport being necessary, and Walsingham being the person through whom to obtain it, Babington applied to Pooley for an introduction to him, and the secretary, when he was admitted, must have looked with some curiosity on the man whose letters he had been watching. Babington told him that he had business on the Continent, and by way of recommending himself offered, if Walsingham would allow him, to use his leisure as a spy upon the refugees.

Walsingham gave him an encouraging answer, saw him again and again, detaining him under various pretexts, and gave him hopes of introducing him to Elizabeth. Supposing Pooley to be trustworthy, and bursting with self-importance, Babington fell on one of these visits into a long conversation with him, shewed him Mary Stuart's letters, and told him that he would soon see the realm invaded, and the Queen killed.[1]

Never were men engaged in so desperate a service more infatuated idiots, and never had Mary Stuart's genius failed her more egregiously than in trusting them. Unsuspicious of the eyes that were upon them, and full of careless confidence, while Babington was waiting for his passport, he and his companions were entertaining each other in glorious tavern dinners, or feasting in the summer nights in the suburban gardens. On the 3rd–13th of August they had a sudden alarm. A servant of Ballard's, who knew more than was good for them, was discovered to have been in the pay of the Government.[2] The base material of which Babington was made instantly revealed itself. Caitiff at heart in the midst of his bra- August.

[1] Confession of Pooley, August, 1586: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*
[2] Babington to the Queen of Scots, August 3–13: *MS.* Ibid.

vado, he wrote the same day to Pooley, bidding him tell Walsingham that there was a conspiracy in hand, and that he was prepared to reveal it.[1]

Walsingham, to Pooley's surprise, received the news with great composure. He sent no answer, and Babington was still more terrified. The next morning (August 4–14), the police came into a tavern in which a number of them were assembled, with a warrant for the arrest of Captain Fortescue, alias Ballard, who was taken and carried off in his plumed cap and blue velvet. Still, however, the object was to persuade them that they were not discovered. None of the rest were touched; to blind them the warrant against Ballard was signed only by the Lord Admiral, and the charge against him was merely of being a disguised seminary priest.

Further evidence was wanted, and it had become desirable to betray or force one of the party whose guilt was known to confess. The Queen suggested that a ciphered letter might be conveyed to Ballard as if from one of the confederates, to which he might be tempted to write an answer. But Phillipps had no keys to any of Ballard's ciphers, and this contrivance, ingenious as it was, had to be abandoned.[2] It was next proposed to arrest Gilbert Gifford, and confine him in the same cell. But Ballard was beginning to mistrust Gifford. There was no one else with whom he was likely to be open, on whom Walsingham could himself depend, and the unhappy creature was consigned therefore to the Tower and the torture chamber.

[1] Pooley's confession.

[2] "Touching the use of a cipher, there is none between him and any other come to my hands, so as nothing can be wrought that way as your Majesty politicly adviseth." — Walsingham to Elizabeth, August 5–15: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

His companions, meanwhile, who were left behind in the tavern, the second fright coming so close upon the first, looked blankly in each other's faces. It was easy to talk finely about martyrdom in a glorious cause; but the Tyburn quartering knife had its terrors for the strongest nerves, and the men who do desperate actions are not those who talk about them.

Babington, already distracted, went to Savage, the boldest of the set, who had not been present, told him that Ballard was taken, and that all would be discovered. If that was so, Savage said, one of them had better go at once to the Court, and kill the Queen without delay. Babington bade Savage go. Savage said that he had no dress, and that the ushers would not admit him.[1] Babington flung a handful of money into his lap, bidding him go buy a dress, and be quick about it, and without waiting to learn the result, he rushed off to Pooley, and sent him with a second more urgent message to Walsingham.

Pooley returned with the strange answer that Babington might come again in a day or two. Babington supped that night with two of Walsingham's servants. During the meal a note was brought in for one of them, which he contrived to glance at, and saw that it contained directions that an eye should be kept upon himself. He slipped away in the dark, leaving his cloak and sword behind him, flew to such of his friends as he could find, and told them that all was lost. They scattered instantly, self-condemned, completing by their flight the evidence of their guilt. Babington, with four others, plunged into St. John's Wood, then a forest interspersed with farms, and after vainly trying to obtain horses, they disguised themselves as labourers,

[1] Proceedings against John Savage: *State Trials*, Vol. I.

stained their faces with walnut juice, and lay concealed in a barn at Harrow. They were not long undiscovered. The morning after their flight an account of the conspiracy was published; the names of those who had fled or concealed themselves were proclaimed; and loyal England, in a frenzy of excitement, was in search of them. At the end of ten days Babington, Barnwell, Charnock, Gage, and Dunn were dragged from under the straw, and carried exultingly into London, while bells were rung and bonfires blazed, and the eager throngs poured out their emotions in thanksgiving psalms. The rest had been already taken, or their capture soon followed. Tichbourne, who had a bad leg, and could not move, was arrested in London with Savage and Tilney. Salisbury was overtaken in Cheshire; Abington evaded discovery till the end of August, but was found in a hay-stack at Worcestershire. Other persons were seized as accessories, or charged with assisting the principals to escape. Lord Windsor's brother and Sir Thomas Gerrard alone of the whole set made their way to the Continent.

Divided and separately examined, they had neither spirit or faculty for concealment. Little could be wrung from Ballard, but Savage, who next to Ballard had most to tell, confessed freely all that he knew. He told how he had been solicited to regicide by the converts at Rheims; how Ballard and Babington had selected six of them afterwards to do the deed, and how the six were himself, Thomas Salisbury, Chidiock Tichbourne, Barnwell, Abington, and Tilney. He described, so far as he had been himself admitted to the secret, the plan of the intended invasion, and the names of those who were expected to rise in rebellion.

The fate of the conspirators was certain, and the pro-

ceedings with them simple and straightforward. It was more difficult to determine how to act towards the person in whose interests the plot had been conceived. It was easy to arrest and accuse her, but the object was to separate her from her papers, to charge her suddenly, cut her off from communication with her secretaries and servants, and preclude the possibility of her secreting or destroying anything.

The Queen consulted Paulet, who suggested that he might take her out hunting; she could be met in the field, charged then and there with the conspiracy, and carried under a guard to some neighbouring house; while he himself, at the instant of the challenge, would ride back to Chartley, seize and separate Nau and Curle, and take possession of her closets and cabinets.

This, it was thought, would do. Not a hint of what had passed in London could penetrate the house without Paulet's knowledge, and there was no occasion for haste; but the evidence of the secretaries was wanted in the investigation in London, and he was ordered to execute his plan without delay.

Mary Stuart, flushed with the excitement of her new hopes, was in high spirits, and when Paulet, one bright August morning, suggested that they should kill a buck at Sir Walter Aston's park, she caught at it with delight. Tixall, the place to which they were going, was nine miles off. It was a long ride, and the more welcome from the rarity. Most of her own people were of the party, the two secretaries among the rest. The cavalcade had almost reached the gates of the park, when a company of horse were seen waiting in the road. Mary Stuart's first thought must have been that Babington was come. It can hardly have been otherwise. She had told him to be on the watch for her on an ex

pedition precisely of the kind. But if it was so she was swiftly undeceived. Sir Thomas Gorges, a gentleman of the Court, rode forward, and touching his cap with grave ceremony, presented an order from the Queen for the arrest of Nau and Curle, and her own immediate removal to Tixall.

She saw at once that all had been discovered. Desperate as when fate overtook her before on the slopes of Carberry, she raged and stormed, and showered invectives on Gorges and his mistress. She bade her servants draw their swords, if they were men, and fight for her.[1] But it could not be. They were but a handful, and submitted to be disarmed. The secretaries were carried to London, and she herself was led as a prisoner to Tixall.

Paulet, with Secretary Wade, who had accompanied Gorges down, galloped back to Chartley, where drawers, boxes, and cabinets were broken open and searched. Everything that was found was secured — correspondence, minutes, note-books; the keys and tables, among the rest, of sixty ciphers, which are now extant among the Queen of Scots Papers, and letters from many an English knight and nobleman, paying court to his future Sovereign. These last Elizabeth burnt, while the writers, so Camden says, "having some inkling thereof, began from that time to shew themselves the Queen of Scots' deadly adversaries, lest they might seem to have favoured her before." Everything was packed together, sealed, and taken to London, to be examined by the Council, who were now for the first time to learn the secret history of Mary Stuart's relations with the Catholic Powers since her arrival in England.

[1] "Que la mit en telle colère qu'elle l'outragea forte des parolles, et sa maistresse; mesmes voulust que les siens se missent en défence." — D'Esneval to Courcelles, October 7, 1586: *MSS. Scotland.*

So delicate a matter was it that every document of consequence was submitted to a committee, of which two peers were members who had been hitherto the keenest advocates of her claims: Shrewsbury, in whom she had herself the most perfect confidence, and Cobham, who had more than once been implicated in conspiracies in her favour. Every deciphered letter in the vast collection bears endorsed upon it the signatures of Shrewsbury and Cobham, besides those of Burghley and Walsingham, and Sir Francis Knollys. The cipher-keys themselves bears signs of no less scrupulous examination. The most exaggerated precautions were thought necessary against suspicion of unfair dealing.

The Queen of Scots was kept at Tixall for a fortnight. The house was small and inconvenient, and at the end of that time Paulet was allowed to take her back to Chartley. She was still in wild condition; dishevelled for want of attendance and change of clothes, and disfigured with suffering. A crowd of beggars were at the gate of Tixall as she passed through. "I have nothing for you," she cried in a loud voice to them; "I am a beggar as well as you; all is taken from me." "Good gentlemen," she said, weeping, to the escort which formed round her, "I am not witting or privy to anything intended against the Queen."

The first news that she heard on reaching Chartley was that Barbara Mowbray, her favourite attendant, who had married her secretary Curle, had been prematurely confined from the shock. Before returning to her own rifled room, she flew to her friend's bedside, and characteristically, as if it had been ordered by Providence that in every feature of her disposition she

should be the opposite of Elizabeth, she told her that any fault which could be charged against Curle she would take upon herself. The child, a girl, was living, but the priest having been removed, was unbaptised. She asked Paulet to let his chaplain christen it, but when she said it was to bear her own name, he refused. Instantly she laid the infant on her lap, took water herself from a basin, and sprinkled its face, saying, "Mary, I baptise thee in the Name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Then she went to her own apartments, to find drawers and boxes open and empty, and her most secret papers gone. "Some of you will be sorry for this," she said sternly to Paulet, who was attending on her. "Two things cannot be taken from me — my English blood and the Catholic religion, which I will keep till my death."

Elizabeth had no braver subject than Paulet, not one who would have broken lance with lighter heart in her behalf against the stoutest knight in Christendom; but there was something in this fiery woman that awed and frightened him. He dreaded a rising in the country. He urged her removal to some stronger place, as a matter of pressing necessity, wishing evidently that she was in the Tower, and that he was rid of his responsibilities with her.[1]

The Queen, though she did not give him the relief which he wished, yet appreciated his services. To each one of the Privy Council she expressed "her marvellous satisfaction" with his behaviour, and to himself she wrote a letter, in which her better nature struggles with her affectation with rather more success than usual.

[1] Paulet to Walsingham, August 27–September 6: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

"Amyas," she wrote, "my most faithful and careful servant, God reward thee treblefold in three double for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged. If you knew, my Amyas, how kindly, besides dutifully, my grateful heart accepteth and praiseth your spotless actions, your wise orders, and safe regards, performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would ease your travails and rejoice your heart. In which I charge you carry this most just thought, that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgement the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasure to countervail such a faith; and shall condemn myself in that fault, which yet I never committed, if I reward not such deserts. Yea, let me lack when I most need, if I acknowledge not such a merit with a reward. Non omnibus est datum. Let your wicked murderess know how with hearty sorrow her vile deserts compelleth these orders; and bid her from me ask God forgiveness for her treacherous dealing towards the saviour of her life many a year, to the intolerable peril of her own; and yet not contented with so many forgivenesses, must fall again so horribly, far passing a woman's thought, much less a prince's; and, instead of excusing, whereof not one can serve, it being so plainly confessed by the authors of my guiltless death, let repentance take place; and let [not] the fiend possess her, so as her better part be lost, which I pray, with hands lifted up to Him that may both save and spill.

"With my most loving adieu, and prayers for thy long life, your most assured and loving Sovereign, as thereto by good deserts induced, E. R." [1]

[1] Elizabeth to Sir Amyas Paulet, August, 1586: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

Panic meanwhile had spread through Protestant England. Rumours of assassination, invasion, a vacant throne, and a disputed succession had possession of the air; and, in the imagination of the people, the enemy was already at the door. The mission of Ballard among the Catholics, though itself unknown, was felt in the universal fever. Prophecies flew from lip to lip of coming change. The Inns of Court were still the strongholds of Romanism. The young barristers had been gathering to mass through the summer with unusual audacity. Extraordinary efforts had been made to proselytise; and broadsheets had been scattered, denouncing the Anglican Establishment "as a politic church, such as Machiavelli might have approved." The arrest of Babington and his confederates was like the rising of a stage curtain. A Paris massacre was looked for, and universal carnage. One hour came news that Parma had landed at Newcastle, the next that Guise was on the coast of Sussex. Walsingham himself, to whom the truth was exactly known, thought it not unlikely, that on hearing of the discovery, either Guise or Parma, or both, might really risk some effort, as a last chance, to save the life of the Queen of Scots. The League had an army in Normandy, ready, so intercepted letters said, to embark at a day's notice. Any moment the blazing beacons might bring word that they were on the English shores.

Though the Stanleys generally were Catholic, Lord Derby himself was loyal. Couriers rode post to Lancashire, with lists of recusants who were to be immediately secured; and in a few days three hundred of the principal gentlemen in the northern counties were on their way to London under a guard. Warnings

were dispatched to Scotland; strong garrisons were thrown into Portsmouth and Plymouth; the musters everywhere were called out, and nine thousand trained soldiers were held ready to cover the south coast. The fleets at Chatham and Portsmouth, thanks to the care of Sir John Hawkins in high order and condition, were manned, and sent to watch the French harbours.[1]

The terror among the Catholics was equally violent. After their last disappointment, they had resolved to have no more to do with conspiracies, and most of them had not guessed to what they were committing themselves when they had allowed Ballard to feel their disposition on the succession. They found themselves suddenly suspected of being accomplices in a plot for their sovereign's murder, their leaders arrested, themselves regarded as venomous beasts, and betrayers and enemies of their country. They cowered shivering in their houses, not daring to show themselves in street or village, and they looked for nothing better than the Queen of Scots' execution, and their own proscription and destruction.[2]

The discovery had burst upon the Council with as much suddenness as on the country; and Council and household were in dismay and agitation. Elizabeth herself, though on her the knowledge had broken gradually, was perhaps the most agitated of all. She saw the tremendous alternative which she would now be called upon to face. If the presence of the Queen of Scots in England had caused personal danger to her, it had been at the same time her highest political security. The Catholic Powers had let her alone;

[1] Notes of things to be put in execution, August, 1586. Walsingham's hand: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Secret advertisements to Walsingham, August, 1586: *MS.* Ibid.

her own Catholic subjects had for the most part been loyal, so long as the heir of the crown was a princess of their own faith, whose pretensions under a thousand provocations the reigning Queen had scrupulously respected; if they had attempted violence, they knew that she might be killed, and that the best to which they could then look forward was another war of the Roses embittered by religious animosity. They had preferred to wait for their legitimate rights, and the great body of country gentlemen remembered that if Catholics they were Englishmen, and had listened coldly and reluctantly to the exhortations of the Jesuits. To the Protestants, on the other hand, who had been Elizabeth's active supporters, the prospect of Mary Stuart's accession had throughout been an unmixed peril. Predominant above all religious differences, there was a fixed resolution in the nation to have no second war of succession if it could possibly be avoided. If Mary Stuart was alive at Elizabeth's death, every one felt that she would and must become Queen. James of Scotland would then of course become a Catholic. The English Protestants would be like the Huguenots in France, and the best for which they could hope would be a few years' precarious toleration, to be trampled out of existence in the end. Self-preservation, therefore, on their part, demanded that she should now pay the penalty of her crime. Then at least they would have a successor to look forward to, who was nominally a Protestant; if an armed struggle was to come, they would go into it with their sovereign on their side; and they had been too faithful to Elizabeth to enable her lightly to refuse their righteous demands. Her private interest was still to let Mary Stuart live. Her obligations as a Queen re-

quired that justice, long evaded, should claim its due at last.

A public trial of Babington and his accomplices could not be avoided, and Mary Stuart's correspondence with them must inevitably be exposed. The Council advised an immediate call of Parliament; and the experience of the last session shewed but too clearly what Parliament would recommend. It must have been at this time that, struggling with contending feelings, Elizabeth wrote secretly to Mary Stuart to tell her that if she would confess her guilt and ask for forgiveness in a private letter to herself, her crime should be again overlooked, and she should hear no more of it.[1] "It was not to entrap her," as Elizabeth could most honestly say. She knew as much as the Queen of Scots could tell her, and the evidence was overwhelmingly conclusive. It was to find an escape out of her own dilemma. She understood the person with whom she had to deal. If Mary Stuart could once be brought upon her knees, she felt that her spirit would be broken and that she would be dangerous no more. September.

But no answer came, and time pressed; and Paulet refused to be responsible for his prisoner if she was left at Chartley. Day after day the Council sate at Windsor, and the Queen was "variable as the weather."[2] She was impatient that something should be done, yet she objected to everything that was proposed.[3] She tried to avoid a meeting of Parliament, and yielded only when her ministers were unanimous on the necessity of it, "to make the burden better borne, and the

[1] Speech of Queen Elizabeth in Parliament: Camden, Book III. p 98.
[2] Burghley to Walsingham, September 10–20: *MSS. Domestic.*
[3] Same to the same, September 8–18: Ellis, 1st series, Vol. III.

world abroad better satisfied." She found herself obliged also to permit an enquiry into the conduct of the Queen of Scots, and a special commission was named of peers, judges, and Privy Councillors. But she could not decide when the commission should sit or whither the Queen of Scots should be removed. The Council proposed the Tower. It was "flatly refused." They suggested Hertford Castle. She consented for a day, and then said it was too near London. Fotheringay she thought was as much too far. "Many other places were named, as Grafton, Woodstock, Northampton, Coventry, and Huntingdon; but none of them were allowed, either for lack of strength for her keeping, or of a spacious place for the cause to be heard in, or for lack of lodging for the assembly."[1] "So with weariness of talk," said Burghley, "her Majesty left off all till a time I know not when." For some cause, perhaps because he had disappointed her in advocating severity, she was especially irritated with Burghley himself. He had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Hertfordshire. Without assigning any reason, she struck off his name. "I count it," he said, "in the number of many other disgraces though not diseases."[2]

Fotheringay was at last pitched upon, a strong roomy castle in Northamptonshire, belonging to the Crown. If remote from London it was the nearer to Chartley, and the removal thither could be effected with the less difficulty. Many members of the existing Parliament being in the Low Countries with Leicester, a dissolution was declared by letters patent, and writs were sent out for a new general election. October was named

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, September 10–20: *MSS. Domestic.*
[2] Ibid.

for the meeting of the commissioners at Fotheringay. The interval was occupied with the trial and punishment of the rest of the conspirators.

While these arrangements were being concluded at Windsor, Walsingham had been taking depositions and hearing confessions in London. The entire web had been unravelled; and the various schemes revealed in which it had been proposed to get the assassination accomplished. Ballard, after the fashion of his order, had advocated the corruption of the palace servants, and "the taking the Queen away by poison as most easy and less dangerous to the doer;"[1] the gentlemen "liking not this, but preferring to do it valorously in the garden or the park."[2]

The two secretaries, after long denials, were brought gradually to acknowledge the receipt of Babington's letter, and the composition of the answer in their own presence.[3] Nau's minute, overlooked at first in the search at Chartley, was found in a bundle of papers which he himself pointed out.[4]

On the 13th–23rd of September a special commission sate at Westminster, and Babington, Ballard, Savage, Tichbourne, and three others were brought to the bar. Savage, whose confession had been the most ample, was the first arraigned. He pleaded guilty. His account of himself, for its peculiar clearness, was read aloud by the Clerk of the Crown; and the crowd which thronged the hall listened with heightening fury, as they heard

[1] Confession of A. Tyrrell, August 30–September 9: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] Walsingham to Phillipps, September 3–13, 4–14; Confession of Curle, September 5–15; Confession of Nau, September 5–15; Matters where with Nau is to be charged, September 21–October 1: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Wade to Phillipps, September 7–17: *MS.* Ibid.

how the Jesuits at Rheims had taught the legitimacy and the merit of murder. The story was long; the day was almost over before it was finished. On a question from Hatton, who was one of the commissioners, Savage said that he had made his confession freely without threat of torture. The Court then adjourned, and the trial was resumed the following morning. With reservations imperfectly sustained, and equivocations attempted and withdrawn, the rest of the prisoners pleaded as Savage had done. They pretended conscience as their motive, and Babington charged Ballard with having seduced him from his allegiance. They were sentenced in the usual form. On the 15th followed the arraignment of their remaining companions. They had been divided into two groups, perhaps because the evidence was more complete against some than against others. The first seven knew that it would be useless to attempt a defence; the second seven said they were innocent, and demanded a trial. Abington had written out a confession in the Tower, but had torn it in pieces and required to be confronted with the witnesses against him, according to a late Act of Parliament. He was told that he was not indicted under that Act, but under the common law and the Statute of Edward III. which did not require the presence of witnesses. The forms, according to modern notions, were irregular; but there was no real doubt of the guilt of any of the party, except possibly of Jerome Bellamy, a Harrow farmer, whose crime was the having concealed Babington and supplied him with food. In the existing temper of Court and country to have knowingly countenanced the chief conspirators in the faintest degree, was to have shared their crime.

They were all sentenced together, and the usual five

days were given them to prepare. They deserve no pity. Fanatics like Jaureguy or Gerard, who brood in secret and alone over an idea till it has become a second nature and a destiny to them, are monomaniacs whose crimes inspire fear and detestation, but have nothing in them of the more revolting elements of baseness. Even the Hamilton who shot the Regent Murray was inspired by the clan hatred which ran so fiercely in the veins of Scotchmen. But if the Church of Rome attempts to palliate the acts of the Babington conspirators, it must set aside obligations which have been held sacred from the beginning of time. The Protestant advisers of the Queen had warned her of the disloyalty of her Catholic subjects. She was told that men who owed allegiance to Rome could not possibly be faithful to herself. She had refused to believe it. With the contempt of bodily danger which was the finest element in her character, she had selected her immediate attendants from the families of the recusants, and had trusted them with the guardianship of her person. Parry's treason had made no change. With an extravagant generosity she refused to hold his fellow religionists responsible for the crimes of a single villain. And the result of it was, in the words of Mendoza, the most promising conspiracy which had yet been set on foot to destroy her; the chief actors in it, the six who were to strike the blow, being persons in whose fidelity she had been foolish enough to place confidence, and who had access to her presence at all hours and places. They were not all her sworn servants. They had not all been even presented to her. But the elements of success on which Mendoza calculated, and on which Ballard had particularly dwelt, was their having secured assistance among the pensioners and among those

who were free of the palace ; and the treachery, therefore, in all alike is equally inexcusable.

The further and special infamy attached to Babington that he had not even the proverbial honour which belongs to thieves, and would have saved himself at the last moment if he could at the expense of his confederates. In horror at the fate which he saw before him, on the day before he was to suffer he wrote a despairing appeal to the Queen whom he would have murdered. He admitted that his crime was too great for human commiseration, but he prayed her " to work a miracle of mercy " upon him, and to make her glory shine as conspicuously as his own horrible practices had been detestable.[1]

No answer was vouchsafed him. Another fragment of his handwriting survives of a date yet later. Sir Francis Knollys and two of the judges visited him the following morning, and for the last time he authenticated in their presence the alphabet of the cipher which he had used with Mary Stuart.[2]

Immediately afterwards he was carried to Tyburn, with Ballard, Savage, Barnwell, Chidiock Tichbourne, Tilney, and Abington. The rest were retained for the morrow. The blood of the people was up on both sides. An agent of Walsingham's sent him word the night before that the Catholics were desperate ; knots of hot-blooded young men were taking vows that they would still do the work ; some swore that they would kill the Queen, some that they would rescue Mary Stuart if they died in hundreds for it.[3] The Government on their

[1] A. Babington to the Queen, September 19–29: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] " I do acknowledge the last of the within written alphabets to be the very same by which I writ unto the Queen of Scots. — Anthony Babington, September 20–30 ": *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Secret intelligence, September 19: *MS.* Ibid.

side were determined to shew to them, that if they played with treason, they should be made to suffer the very worst which the law would permit. To the Paradise promised them in the other life the Queen's power did not extend; but even with Paradise immediately beyond, death could still be so inflicted as to make the method of it moderately terrible.

They were permitted each in turn to speak to the crowd. Ballard said that in what he had done and meant to do, he had sought only the advancement of what he called true religion. Babington said that the murder of the Queen had been represented to him as "a deed lawful and meritorious." Savage used nearly the same words. Tichbourne, paying an involuntary compliment to Elizabeth's notorious clemency, did not pretend that he was innocent, but admitted that he had expected to be pardoned. All called themselves ardent Catholics, and assumed the character of soldiers of the faith. Those who expressed regret for their crimes qualified their sorrow with conditions. They asked forgiveness if they had done wrong, not choosing to compromise their orthodoxy by allowing the possible unlawfulness of what the Pope had sanctioned. They were all hanged but for a moment, according to the letter of the sentence, taken down while the susceptibility of agony was unimpaired, and cut in pieces afterwards with due precautions for the protraction of the pain. If it was to be taken as part of the Catholic creed that to kill a prince in the interests of Holy Church was an act of piety and merit, stern English common sense caught the readiest means of expressing its opinion on the character both of the creed and its professors.

Elizabeth forbade a repetition of the scene on the

following day. The remaining offenders were allowed to hang till they were dead.

But justice was still unsatisfied. The instruments of the conspiracy were gone. The person in whose interest it had been formed, the person in whose interest, so long as she lived, similar conspiracies would never cease to be formed, remained to be accounted with.

Never had lady of romance been more fatal than Mary Stuart to worshippers of her beauty or champions of her wrongs. From Châtelar to the last mournful list of gentlemen they formed now a long procession. Poet and musician, knight and noble, had fallen under the enchantment, yet the ranks continued to fill. New aspirants were for ever found to the post of glory and danger, and each fresh enthusiast who consecrated his life and his sword to her, was more determined and more unscrupulous than the last.

What was to be the end of all this? How long was England to endure it? The question was most perplexing on all its sides. There was no precedent in English or Scotch history for the trial of a prince. Princes had been brought to justice by easier and less conspicuous methods, which now were passing out of date. The Lochleven abdication had never been formally recognized, and Mary Stuart was still a Queen regnant in English law. Elizabeth dreaded the suspicion of being influenced by personal motives if she dealt hardly with her. Had she left her to her fate in Scotland, or punished her after the first rebellion, it would have passed as a matter of course; but her exceptional tenderness had created a prescriptive right to its continuance. Again, crowned heads might hold their order insulted by the trial of a sister sovereign before the subjects of another. The French Court might have no love for

Mary Stuart, but she was still Queen Dowager of France, and a sensitive people might feel their honour engaged in her defence. The King and the Queen-mother too, although they were content that she should continue a prisoner, yet were interested in keeping her alive, as a bar to the pretensions of Philip to the English Crown.[1]

About James of Scotland there was at first not much uneasiness. M. d'Esneval, the French Ambassador at Holyrood, thought that little opposition was to be expected from him. D'Esneval had gone to London to consult Chasteauneuf. He had left M. Courcelles in charge, and to him he wrote bidding him tell the King, that if he allowed his mother to be tried, he would be disgraced and dishonoured throughout Christendom, and that if she was condemned he would lose his chances of his English inheritance.[2] Dishonour, however, was but a word, and on the more substantial danger, the King's fears had already been set at rest. Among the papers at Chartley had been found his mother's will disinheriting him. A copy of it was immediately forwarded to him, with assurances that whatever happened his own prospects should not be compromised. An answer came back that the King would not interfere unless she was threatened with execution ; and even so, his anxiety was chiefly lest he should be considered himself a consenting party, while his most intimate advisers were seemingly in favour of extremities.

"The King," wrote the Master of Gray to Archibald

[1] "Este Rey y su madre huelgan que la de Escocia sea prisonera, y viva — para impedir con esto la succession de V. Magd á aquella corona — y los Ingleses hallan que quantos provechos les redundan de tenella captiva en su poder se les trocarian en daño si la acabaren." — Mendoza al Rey, 7 Deciembre: Teulet, Vol. V.

[2] D'Esneval to Courcelles, September 2, intercepted and deciphered: *MSS. Scotland.*

Douglas, at the Court in London, "is well willed in all things as ye left him, and very glad of the discovery of this matter. But his opinion is it cannot stand with his honour that he be a consenter to take his mother's life, but he is content how strictly she be kept, and all her auld knaivish servants hanged, chiefly they that be in hands. For this you must deal warily to eschew inconvenients, seeing necessity of all honest men's affairs requires she was taken away."[1]

Walsingham answered that the King's open consent would not be required. For a son to make himself a party against his mother would, he admitted, be contra bonos mores. It had been determined, however, to try her under the Act of the last Parliament, and in consideration "of the hard measure which his father received at her hands," the Queen trusted that he would not raise "objections."[2] At the worst, and if he was still restive, a Succession Act might be constructed as a sop.[3]

Chasteauneuf prayed Burghley to procure him an audience, and he tried to throw a shield over Nau as a French subject. But Chasteauneuf was nothing

1 The Master of Gray to Arch. Douglas, September 18–28: Murdin.

2 Walsingham to the Master of Gray, September 17–27: Ibid.

3 Chasteauneuf wrote to pray him to exert himself, "sans se laisser abuser d'une vaine declaration de successeur dont l'on commence déjà à parler icy pour l'endormir." — Chasteauneuf to Courcelles, September 25–October 5. Intercepted: *MSS. Scotland.*

Chasteauneuf, however, had little hope of success. Lord Hamilton had already spoken at the instigation of Courcelles. James had answered that he loved his mother, but did not love her actions. He had seen a letter from her, he said, in which she threatened that if he disobeyed her, he should be reduced to the Lordship of Darnley. More than once she had tried to depose him, and put a Regent in his place. For the future she would be made to conduct herself in another fashion, and he hoped the Queen would so bestow her that for the rest of her life she would have to confine herself to saying her prayers. — Courcelles to the King of France, October 4: *Egerton Papers.*

unless Henry and Catherine spoke behind him. He was suspected of being a Guisian. Burghley told him briefly that Nau was a villain, who had conspired to assassinate the Queen, intimating at the same time that intercession would be equally vain for his mistress.[1]

Throughout September the correspondence found at Chartley was carefully examined. It contained the Queen of Scots' inner history for many years, and formed a curious commentary on the professions with which she had besieged Elizabeth. Traces, not of her participation only but of her own originating hand, were visible in every trouble which had distracted Scotland, and in every movement which had seemed to threaten an English revolution, and proof was found in abundance had proof been needed that the worst suspicions formed about her had fallen short of the reality.

A preliminary meeting of the peers who had been placed on the commission was held at Windsor on the 28th (September 28th–October 8th), where the letters were read to them, and the ciphers were offered for their examination; the Queen of Scots meanwhile being carried to Fotheringay, apparently in no alarm for herself, and consenting readily to the removal as bringing her so much nearer the French Ambassador.[2]

When the first consultation was over, Chasteauneuf was admitted to the Queen's presence. He read aloud to her a letter from his master, congratulating her on her escape from the conspiracy, October.

[1] Chasteauneuf to the King of France, September 7–17, September 23–October 3: *Egerton Papers.*

[2] Paulet to Walsingham, September 15–25. The usual care was taken for her bodily comfort. The train of carts was sent before her with her enormous luggage.

and humbly, diffidently, and without touch of menace, deprecated severe proceedings with the principal offender. If this was to be the tone of France, there was nothing to fear. The Queen replied graciously, but firmly. The Queen of Scots' guilt, she said, was too palpable for doubt. She wished that she could so blind herself as to believe her innocence to be possible. She touched in outline the Queen of Scots' history. She said that for twenty years she had shielded her life and her reputation, and three times the Queen of Scots had conspired for her own destruction.[1] She had forgiven her. She had cautioned her to beware how she offended again. She had cautioned Nau when he was at the Court. She could now give no promises as to what she might or might not find it necessary to do.

Ten days later (October 8th–18th) as many peers as could be collected met the twelve judges at Westminster. The Chancellor related the particulars of the plot. He read Babington's letter to them, with the Queen of Scots' answer to it. He read the confessions of the secretaries, and the confession of Babington himself; and he required the opinion of every one present on the course which it would be right to pursue. Peers and judges answered one by one that the Queen of Scots must be brought to trial; and they were then required, with every other member of the House of Lords, who was in England and of age, and not engaged elsewhere on public duty, to repair without delay to Fotheringay and constitute a Court there.

[1] She mentioned one instance of which I have found no details in the State Papers — "une conspiration faicte à Paris il y a deux ans par deux Escossois que l'on suscita pour la venir tuer icy avec le sceu et consentement de ladicte Royne d'Escosse." — Chasteauneuf to the King of France, October 4–14: *Egerton Papers.*

Chasteauneuf expected that the Queen of Scots would be declared incapable of the succession, and would be sentenced to death. The Council and the people generally, he said, were earnest that she should be executed, but he did not think Elizabeth herself would consent to extremities if she could help it.[1]

Secretary Davison confirmed the opinion of the French Ambassador. No sooner were the lords gone upon their errand, than Elizabeth began to agitate herself about James. When the Queen of Scots was dead there would be no one between James and the succession. He was out of her power, and, although he now spoke fair, might play his mother's part over again with more advantage. Davison tried to reassure her, and "she seemed to rest somewhat satisfied." "But when you have done all," he wrote to Walsingham, who had gone with the rest to Fotheringay, "I fear she will keep the course she held with the Duke of Norfolk, which is not to take her life without extreme fear compel her."[2]

She had, however, consented that the Court which she had constituted should not only hear the cause but conclude it and pass sentence. Many of the Commissioners must have been among those whose letters of devotion to Mary Stuart had been found among her papers. The Earls of Rutland and Cumberland, Lord Montague, Lord Lumley, and St. John of Bletsoe, had been calculated on by Mendoza with certainty as leaders of the expected rising. Lord Morley, who had

1 "Qui est de la priver de tout le droict qui elle a en ce Royaulme et la condamner à mort. Je ne croy pas que elle voulsist que l'execution s'en ensuyvoist; mais si elle croit la pluspart de son conseil et la voix commune de tout le peuple, elle la fera mourir." — Chasteauneuf to the King of France, October 9–19.

2 Davison to Walsingham, October 10–20: *MSS. Domestic.*

sued for his pardon and had been restored, was sent with the rest to give proof of his loyalty, and with others of the same party to acknowledge publicly the worthlessness of the person for whom he had been half prepared to sacrifice his country. As the Marqu of Exeter and another Montague formed part of th Court which sentenced Sir Thomas More, and wante courage to pronounce him innocent, so these noblemen dared not refuse their ignominious service, and may have been among those who "shewed themselves the Queen of Scots' deadly enemies, lest they might seem to have favoured her before."

The castle of Fotheringay stood not far from the Nen, upon a slight eminence rising out of the level country. There was a small village below and nearer the river; and, the castle being already filled with Paulet's soldiers, and the train of the Queen of Scots, the Commissioners had to accommodate themselves as they could in the cottages and farms. Parties of doubtful looking people were reported to have been seen in the neighbourhood before their coming; perhaps if opportunity offered to do some stroke of business there. The peers' retinues, therefore, were in their full numbers, and armed to the teeth. Two thousand horse in all were crowded into the village and the neighbourhood. It was late autumn, the 21st of October, by modern reckoning, when most of them arrived. Mary Stuart having taken no notice of Elizabeth's invitation to her to confess, and being understood to persist in declaring herself innocent, the Queen wrote again to her regretting that she could be so void of conscience as to deny what was so clearly and evidently proved; by so doing she had made it necessary to bring her to trial, and she was required

to answer and give credit to the honourable personages sent down to her, as if in the presence of the Queen herself.[1]

One more chance was allowed her. "If she shewed a disposition to confess in private, before the commission opened, to one or more of the Privy Council, her request was not to be refused."[2] But she had experienced Elizabeth's weakness, and meant to presume upon it. The letters which committed her being in cipher, there were this time no damning writings in her own hand to be produced against her. She had resolved upon the high line of defiance and injured innocence, and in a letter to the Duke of Guise, which as she had no secret avenues of communication she must have intended to be opened and read, she spoke of herself as preparing to die in the cause of religion. She bade Guise have no fear for her constancy. She promised to do no dishonour to the House of Lorraine, and she desired only that her body might be laid beside her mother's, and her heart with that of the King her husband.[3]

She gave no hint of desiring a private interview. On the 12th–22nd of October, therefore, the morning after the Commissioners' arrival, Sir Walter Mildmay waited upon her with Paulet, and presented the Queen's letter. She read it over, and complained as usual of her general ill treatment, and of her enemies at the Court. She found it strange, she said, that her Majesty should write to her in form of commandment, and that she herself should be expected to answer as

[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, October 6–16: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Davison to Walsingham, October 8–18: *MSS. Domestic.*

[3] Mary Stuart to the Duke of Guise, September, 1586: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

a subject. She was born a Queen, she repeated, according to her stereotyped formula. She refused to prejudice her rank, or her royal blood, or the rights of her son who was to come after her, or to set so poor a precedent for other princes as she would do if she submitted to so great an indignity. She was ignorant of the laws of England, nor could she tell who could be her peers to try her. She was without counsel. Her papers had been taken from her, and her secretaries removed. She had never injured the Queen by thought or deed; neither word nor writing could be proved against her. She had come to England for succour, and she had been detained as a prisoner there. The laws of the country had been no protection to her, and she would not answer to them.[1]

Her refusal to appear had been anticipated. Sir Walter Mildmay withdrew. A few hours after Burghley came to her with the Chancellor. Neither her imprisonment nor her prerogative, they said, could exempt her, living as she was in England, from the obligations of a subject. The commission had come down with full powers to try her, and if she refused to appear she would be proceeded against in her absence.

Still she stood her ground. She was no subject, she said, and would die a thousand deaths before she acknowledged herself a subject. Before one tribunal only would she consent to stand. She would answer to the Parliament of England, before which she had always desired to defend herself.

The law books contained no precedent for the position in which she stood, and the law itself had not provided for so strange an anomaly. She was an independent sovereign, but her place in England was as

[1] Narrative of proceedings, October 12-22: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

heir to the crown. To detain her against her will, and to hold her answerable to the laws of a country which she was eager to leave, was to treat her worse than a prisoner of war; yet by her place in the succession she possessed rights in England, rights which she had been allowed to assert, and rights which Elizabeth had recognized in not allowing them to be impugned, and England in turn possessed corresponding rights over her. Her obligations none the less existed, that neither common law nor statute law had defined them. She had urged against the pretended disabilities of aliens, that Scots were not aliens. She could not have the advantages of naturalization, and at the same time disclaim its responsibilities. She was not an ordinary stranger, and prisoner or no prisoner, sovereign or subject, she could not be permitted to conspire the Queen's death that she might come the sooner by her inheritance. Had Elizabeth imprisoned her without provocation, stained her character with calumnies, and deprived her or tried to deprive her of her place in the succession — that is to say, had her own version of her story been true — there would have been a moral justification of her conduct: but Elizabeth had shewn a forbearance towards her without precedent in history, and the present difficulty of dealing with her arose from the exceptional tenderness with which, for the first time, a pretender to the crown had been treated by the possessor of it. Cecil said something of this kind to her, "which she seemed," however, "little to esteem."

Throughout this day and the next the point of law was argued. She was ready, she said, to appear before the Commissioners, provided it was understood and acknowledged that she did not appear as a criminal or as subject to English jurisdiction. Let Parliament declare

her next in the succession, or let the Queen declare her next of kin, and she was willing to acknowledge that England had claims upon her; she would then answer in Parliament, or answer before the Queen in person: but she declined to submit herself to the judgment of her adversaries, whom she knew to be determined to condemn her.

"We then," replied Cecil, when she announced her intention, "will proceed to-morrow in the cause, though you be absent and continue contumacious."

She appeared satisfied that it should be so.

"Search your conscience," she said. "Look to your honour. God reward you and yours for your judgment against me."

But Mary Stuart had a justly high opinion of the effect of her personal presence. Her most ardent desire had been to stand confronted with the English nobles. She had confidence in her presence of mind, in her intellect, in the majesty of her appearance and bearing. She had never yet in private encountered any man, except perhaps John Knox, who had resisted wholly the fascination of her presence. As she looked over the list of Commissioners, she must have seen the names of many whom she knew to have been her friends. She perhaps thought it might be prudent to use the opportunity of shewing herself to them. The first lawyers in England would be in the Court, but on that score she had neither diffidence nor alarm. She was not afraid to encounter the ablest of them with their special weapon of the tongue, and she had no fear that they would have the advantage of her.

She sent for Burghley in the morning, and told him that if the Court would allow a protest she was willing to attend. To allow it, Burghley said, was beyond the

Court's power, but it should be received and enrolled. She hesitated, and acquiesced.

The Chamber of Presence, a great saloon, sixty feet long, had been arranged for the trial. At the upper end there was a chair of state, with a canopy representing the throne. Benches were arranged on either side. On the right sate the Chancellor, Lord Burghley, nine Earls, and Viscount Montague; on the left were thirteen Barons.[1] Below these, right and left also, were the Privy Councillors Hatton, Walsingham, Crofts, Sadler, who had held Mary Stuart in his arms when she was a baby, Mildmay and Sir Amyas Paulet. In front of the Earls on one side, sate the two Chief Justices Wray and Anderson, with Manwood the Chief Baron; on the other four of the Judges. The Attorney and Solicitor-General, Popham and Egerton, sate at a small table immediately before and under the chair of state. In the centre of the room a chair was placed for the Queen of Scots.

She entered composedly in the plain grey dress which she usually wore, and after glancing round the room took her seat. The Chancellor rose, and said briefly, that the Queen having been advertised to her great sorrow that the Queen of Scots had conspired the destruction of herself and the State, had sent them to hear what was to be objected against her, and her defence, if she was willing to make one.

She replied, rising also, that she had come to England to seek assistance, which the Queen had promised her, and she had been held prisoner ever since. She was not an English subject. She was a Princess and

[1] Earls Oxford, Kent, Derby, Worcester, Rutland, Cumberland, Warwick, Pembroke, Lincoln. Barons Abergavenny, Zouch, Morley, Stafford, Grey, Lumley, Sturton, Sands, Wentworth, Mordaunt, St. John of Bletsoe, Compton, and Cheyney.

answerable as such to no earthly tribunal whatever. She did not appear as a criminal; but understanding that certain things were to be objected to her she was ready to hear and refute them.

Bromley rejoined that every person of what degree soever, who in England broke the laws of England, was answerable to those laws.

The protest and the answer were recorded, and the business proceeded.

Gawdy, one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, opened the case for the Crown, stated the circumstances of the Babington plot, and concluded that the Queen of Scots was privy to it, approved it, and abetted it.

She was in something the same position as she had been at the time of the enquiry at York. She knew that something had been discovered which touched her, but she did not know how much or with what distinctness.

She said boldly that she knew nothing of Babington, had never spoken to him, written to him, or received letter from him. She protested that she had never intended harm to the Queen, or knew that it had been intended by others. She enquired what evidence they had against her, and desired to see it.

Babington's letters to her were read over.

"It may be that Babington wrote these letters," she said, "but let it be proved that I received them. If Babington or others affirm it, I say they lie openly."

Babington's confession was produced, and Savage's and Ballard's. Every fresh feature must have taken her by surprise, but her self-possession did not fail her, and still she clung to her denial.

Last came her own letter, written in reply to Bab-

ington. She denied that it was hers. It might be in her cipher, but she had neither dictated nor written it. Cipher was easily counterfeited, and for all that she knew the letter might have been composed by Walsingham.

Few persons present knew how the conspiracy had been discovered, but rumours had perhaps gone abroad that there had been treachery, and that Walsingham had been concerned in it.

"I call God to record," he said rising, "that as a private person I have done nothing unbecoming an honest man, nor as I bear the place of a public person have I done anything unworthy my place. I confess that being very careful of the safety of the Queen and realm, I have curiously searched out the practices against it. If Ballard had offered me his help I should not have refused it."

It was a random shot. She must have seen that it told, and with great skill she pressed the point no further. She begged him not to be displeased with her. Reports had reached her, she said, but she did not believe them, and she could but wish that he in turn would give as little credit to calumnies against herself. "Do not believe," she exclaimed, "that I have consented to the Queen's destruction," and then with a burst of tears, "I would never make shipwreck of my soul by conspiring the destruction of my dearest sister."

They pressed her with the confessions of Nau and Curle. She asked why they had brought the confessions, why had they not brought the men themselves, and placed them face to face with her? Curle, she said, was a plaything in the hands of Nau; and for Nau, availing herself adroitly of English prejudice

though her uncle was the object of it, she said he had been secretary to the Cardinal of Lorraine, and could be bribed or frightened into swearing anything. She admitted freely, that considering herself to have been unjustly detained in England, she had sought help wherever she could hope to find it, and the frankness of her confession bespoke credibility to her denials. Then in the grand style of which she was so accomplished a mistress, though scarcely keeping her promise to Barbara Mowbray, she continued : —

" All majesty and all safety of all princes fall to the ground if they depend on the writings and testimony of secretaries. I delivered nothing to them but what nature delivered to me, that I might at length recover my liberty. I am not to be convicted but by my own word or writing. If they have written anything which may be hurtful to the Queen my sister, they have written it without my knowledge ; let them bear the punishment. Sure I am if they were here present they would clear me of blame."

Burghley reminded her of her correspondence with Morgan and Paget and Mendoza. She adhered to her point that she had done no more than she had always warned Elizabeth that she would do, — throw herself on the support of the Catholic Powers. She confined her denial to the conspiracy for the assassination, and no question could shake the constancy with which she clung to it ; no cross question could entangle her in contradiction. She still solemnly declared that she knew nothing either of Babington or Ballard.

So the first day closed. She had produced some effect, but probably less than she had expected. When the Court resumed the next morning, she was warmer and more passionate. She complained that her reputa-

tion was argued away by the wretched inferences of lawyers. "Princes anointed," she seemed to think, were not like common mortals, and the word of a prince, if solemnly given, was an evidence not to be challenged. The cause was so handled, she said, that she was made to descend from her proper dignity, and appear like a criminal before a court of justice. The object she well knew was to exclude her from the succession, but she was more like Esther than Judith, more willing to pray for the people than to injure the meanest of them; and she used words which, if they meant anything, implied that she was still open to conversion to Protestantism if the real objection to her was her creed.[1] With an assumption which, considering the presence in which she spoke, was extremely ingenious, that the charge against her had been invented by the Puritans for a political purpose, she intimated that they might fail after all; "the Princes her kinsmen" might prove too strong for the Reformation, and their whole cause might be overthrown. She renewed her own protests; she declined to submit to the judgment of a court which she accused of being prejudiced against her, and again she required her denial to be believed, as made on the word of a Princess.

Burghley, feeling himself especially challenged, undertook to reply.

"The Queen of the castle," he said, in a letter to Davison, "was content to appear again before us in public to be heard. Her intention was to move pity by artificial speeches, and to lay the blame on the Queen and the Council that all past troubles did ensue. I so

[1] "Her enemies," said she, "had divulged abroad that she was irreligious." "The time was when I would have been instructed in the Protestant religion, but they would not suffer me to be so, as if they cared not what became of my soul." — Camden.

encountered her with reasons out of her own experience, as she had not that advantage she looked for, the auditory finding her case not pitiable, her allegations untrue; whereby great debate fell yesternight very long, and this day renewed with great stomaching." [1]

He spoke with stern plainness, recapitulating the acknowledgments of Babington and the secretaries, and leaving the Commissioners to decide whether the Queen of Scots or they were to be believed. He rebuked the insinuation of unfair purposes, and he was able to do so with the more confidence because he had been so notoriously favourable to her before the discovery of the plot, that he had not been trusted with the secret by which it had been detected. Mary Stuart charged him with being "her adversary." "I am adversary," he said, "to Queen Elizabeth's adversaries," and with successive illustrations out of her other letters he exposed more and more distinctly her sustained and elaborate artifices. He charged her with having attempted to make over her rights in England to the King of Spain. He proved that Allen and Parsons were at the very moment engaged at Rome in persuading the Pope to consent. He questioned her out of her letters to Mendoza. He quoted her own words, that if her purpose was known, her friends in England would be lost to her for ever. But England, he told her, was not to be conveyed like an estate by the will of its self-imagined owner; and in the ears of all but the wildest fanatics the name of a foreign sovereign was detestable as death.

She was not to be quelled. She listened in cold scorn. When Burghley ended she demanded again to be heard in Parliament or to speak in person with the Queen,

[1] Burghley to Davison, October 15–25: Ellis, 1st series.

and then rose with undisturbed self-possession and left the room.

At this moment she had not the slightest misgiving that she was really in personal danger. She had amused herself throughout the scene with watching the faces of her judges. She examined Paulet afterwards, "as to who this lord was and that was," and seemed "extremely curious." "She noted also who had spoken much and who little or nothing." She observed casually to him that English history was a bloody one; but "had no meaning in her speech," so far as Paulet could gather, "to reach to her own cause." "She was utterly void of all fear of harm." [1]

She perfectly comprehended Elizabeth's character. The Court had been commissioned to pass sentence. On the second day of the trial a courier arrived from Windsor with "a few hasty lines scribbled at midnight," [2] ordering them to stay further proceedings till they had returned with their report to London. The assembly was prorogued for ten days, and the place appointed for the next meeting was the Star Chamber.

There was no question of the magnitude of the danger to which the country had been exposed. The King of Spain had been so much taken by Mendoza's account of the plot, that he had overcome his hesitation, and he had been pricked in conscience at his past remissness. To kill Elizabeth he said was an enterprise so saintly,[3] and would be of so great service [4] to Almighty God, that God he was assured would prosper it, unless provoked by the backwardness of men. He had therefore given orders to equip a squadron with all speed at Lisbon, and

1 Paulet to Walsingham, October 24–November 3: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

2 Davison to Walsingham, October 14–24: *MSS. Domestic.*

3 "Tan santa empresa." 4 "De tanto Servicio."

had directed the Prince of Parma to cross the Channel immediately that the deed should be done.[1] The evidence that had convinced Burghley that the Queen of Scots was a party to the conspiracy, had convinced Mendoza also. He told the King that she had implicitly acknowledged it in a letter to himself.[2]

Her bold denials, however, had shaken some of her hearers, and when they next came together "the matter," as Walsingham informed Stafford, "was more advisedly considered." "The two secretaries were brought before the lords, and openly affirmed as much vivâ voce as they had before deposed in writing, which brought a great satisfaction to the Commissioners, inasmuch that albeit some of them stood well affected to her, yet considering the plainness and evidence of the proofs, every one of them after this gave their sentence against her, finding her not only accessory and privy to the conspiracy, but also an imaginer and compasser of her Majesty's destruction." [3]

Found guilty, she became thus incapable, ipso facto, under the Act of 1584, of succeeding to the Crown. The Queen and the approaching Parliament were left to decide what should be done further; the commission only, before it dissolved, relieving the anxieties of James of Scotland by a declaration "that the sentence derogated nothing from him in title or honour, but that he was in the same place, degree, and right, as if it had never been pronounced." [4]

There was an expectation that Spain might still

[1] Philip to Mendoza, September 5: Teulet, Vol. V.

[2] "La Reyna de Escocia me parece que debia de saber bien el negocio por lo que se vee por una carta que me ha escrito." — Mendoza al Rey, 10 Setiembre: Teulet, Vol. V

[3] Walsingham to Sir Edward Stafford: Ellis, 1st series, Vol. III.

[4] Camden.

move notwithstanding the discovery. Huntley and Claude Hamilton had sent an express to Philip, imploring him not to be discouraged. They promised if Parma would lend them six thousand men to coerce James, and force him to interpose in his mother's behalf. But Philip, disheartened because God had done less than he expected, and considering perhaps that Mary Stuart was an obstacle to his ambition that it might be convenient if Elizabeth removed, turned a deaf ear, and determined to work the problem his own way.

Chasteauneuf's misgivings grew darker. He knew that Elizabeth was unwilling to consent to execution; but if sentence of death followed upon the verdict of the commission, as it was likely that it would, he thought Mary Stuart's enemies might some day find the Queen in a yielding humour, and persuade her into signing the warrant. Mary Stuart might then be put out of the way privately, and it would be given out that she had died of a cough.[1]

For the present, however, everything rested with Parliament. It had been summoned for the 15th of October. It was prorogued till the 27th, and again till the 29th (New Style November 8th), when it was opened by commission, Elizabeth herself not appearing. The Lords were bound by the judgment which they had already given. The Commons had twice before petitioned that the Queen of Scots should be put to death; and every knight and burgess had come from his home with a mind made up, that the peace and prospects of the nation should no longer be troubled with this eternal trouble. After an explanatory speech from the Chancellor, a resolution

November.

[1] Chasteauneuf to Brulart, November 6: *Egerton Papers.*

was passed for an immediate address to the Queen. A joint committee of the two Houses was appointed to draw up a form. The conspiracy was gone over once more in all its particulars. The depositions were heard and reheard. The successive paragraphs as they were sketched were referred back and debated in the Houses themselves. Finally, after eight days' consideration, a form was agreed on, and was presented by a joint deputation.

"The Queen of Scots," said the Lords and Commons, "regarded the crown of England as belonging to herself, and would never cease to seek what she conceived that she had been unlawfully deprived of. She was hardened in malice, and so bent upon the destruction of her Majesty, that if she could compass it, she cared not what might happen to herself. She was a fierce, hard, and desperate woman, and as long as she lived her Majesty would never be in safety. She was poisoned with Popery, and was burning to destroy the Gospel in England and everywhere. The King of Spain was preparing to invade the country as soon as her Majesty should be killed, and the nation would then become the slave of strangers, the Commonwealth would be destroyed, and the rights of the Crown would be sold to an Italian priest. From the day that the Queen of Scots came to England she had been a canker at its heart corrupting the minds of the people. Popery was thriving through her presence, and mercy, if mercy was shown her, would be cruelty to all loyal subjects. Further weakness on the part of her Majesty would decide those who were wavering to go over to the enemy, and the association formed for her protection would be broken up, for the members of it would be forced by herself into a violation of their

oaths. The Queen of Scots, in joining that association, had passed her own sentence; and for the cause of God, of the Church, the realm, and her own person, they demanded that a just condemnation might be followed by as just an execution." [1]

Those to whom it has been given to have a perfect insight into the motives of human actions, are assured that Elizabeth throughout her dealings with the Queen of Scots, was animated by a mean, malicious personal jealousy, and they interpret and comment upon her answer to the prayer of her Parliament on the same theory. Intuitive certainty is beyond the reach of argument. More humble enquirers, however, who are contented to study Elizabeth's character in its outward manifestations, can understand what she said without suspecting her of hypocrisy; nay, may consider the present as one of the few instances in which she expressed in public her exact meaning with entire sincerity.

She spoke with feeling of the Divine protection which had shielded her from so many dangers. She acknowledged simply and gratefully the loyal affection which throughout her reign she had met with from her subjects. "Her life," she said, "had now been dangerously shot at, and nothing had grieved her more than that a person of her own sex, of the same rank and degree, and nearly allied to her in blood, had fallen into so great a crime. So far was she from bearing the Queen of Scots ill will, that she had written secretly to her that if she would confess her fault, her practices should be wrapped in silence. Even now, if the Queen of Scots would repent, and if there were no other interests in the matter but her own, she

[1] Petition of Parliament, November, 1586: D'Ewes' *Journals.* Abridged.

would still willingly pardon her. Nay, if England might by her own death attain a more flourishing estate and a better prince, she would gladly lay down her life. She cared to keep it only for her people's sake. For herself, she saw no great cause why she should be fond to live or fear to die. She was in a cruel position. She was called on to order the death of a kinswoman, whose practices had caused her deep distress. Her situation was so unprecedented, and the matter itself of so great moment, that she trusted an immediate resolution would not be demanded of her. In concerns less important than the present she was accustomed to deliberate long upon that which was once to be resolved. She promised to pray God to illuminate her mind to foresee what would be for the good of the Church and Commonwealth, and admitting that there would be danger in delay, she undertook to give her answer with due conveniency."[1]

Opinion which has credited Elizabeth with a statesmanship which she did not possess, has condemned her no less unreasonably for qualities which in a private person are blameless and interesting. She was a person of clear intellectual perception, but without intellectual passions; singularly careless of herself and therefore of undecided temperament. On great questions, where arguments are equally balanced, the loves and hates of men, their beliefs and sympathetic convictions, rather than conclusions of reasoning, give them resolution to plant their steps firmly. Elizabeth had none of these, and was in consequence uncertain, unstable and vacillating.

She was, literally and truly, extremely embarrassed. She could not tell what to do, and she said so. The

[1] Speech of the Queen, November 12–22: Camden. Abridged.

responsibility lay wholly with herself, while the interest was less hers than the realm's. To Protestant England the Queen of Scots was a menace of civil war and ruin. To Elizabeth, if individually dangerous, the Queen of Scots was also a political security. To put her to death would be at once dreadfully distressing to herself, and would be construed by the charity of the world into private revenge. The execution would involve an entire change of policy. The shifts which had served her so long would serve her no longer. For the remainder of the reign she was almost certain to be involved in war, while she would risk offending France and Scotland, whose friendship was of vital consequence to her.

After three days' consideration, she sent a message to the Houses asking them to find "some other way." There was a distinct alternative, in which the moderate part of Europe was entirely prepared to acquiesce. The crown might be settled by Act of Parliament upon James, and the Queen of Scots be kept in solitary confinement for the rest of her life, where no eye but a single attendant's should ever look upon her again.

It was a compliment to Mary Stuart's character and ability, that death was believed to be the only prison that would hold her. So the Scots thought when she was at Lochleven. So the English Parliament thought now. Lords and Commons, after another week's discussion, voted unanimously that there was "no other way" but execution. The original petition was enrolled. The Chancellor and the Speaker were sent down to Richmond to say that the clemency so long shewn the Queen of Scots had encouraged her dangerous boldness, that to hesitate longer would be sinful, "and would be likely to provoke the anger of Almighty God."

As perplexed as ever, Elizabeth could neither consent nor refuse. She spoke at length, repeating much of what she had said before, and she gave at last what she called "an answer answerless." The continuance of the pressure was painful to her, and Parliament was adjourned till February. Burghley wished her to promise that "she would prefer no other men's advice, being strangers, before that of her own people," and though she could resolve no further, to allow at least the sentence of the commission to be published. "It was more than a month old." "It was still dumb, it was time that it should speak." This if nothing else would give the nation some satisfaction.[1] She agreed at last to take this one small step, but reluctantly and not till after many days.

Meanwhile the French Government, sincerely anxious to save Mary Stuart's life, had roused James into unwilling activity. M. de Belièvre, the Minister of Finance at Paris, was coming over on a special embassy. James was required to send some one to unite in a joint intercession, and could not refuse. William Keith was chosen to go to London, and was instructed to act with Belièvre. The Master of Gray, however, intimated to Walsingham that the King, though very earnest that his mother should not be executed, yet might be reconciled to much by an increase of pension, and by a Parliamentary recognition of his title.[2]

The Queen, as usual, "was not disposed to redeem perils at so dear a price,"[3] and James hinted significantly that if she refused he might be driven to interpose in earnest. "The King," wrote Gray to Archi-

[1] Burghley to Davison, November 24–December 1: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] The Master of Gray to Walsingham, October 11–21, October 23–November 2, November 6–16.

[3] Walsingham to Davison, October 13–23: *MSS. Scotland.*

bald Douglas, who was again at the English Court, "begins to think that he has done more for the Queen than he has received appearance of good meaning, and wills you and me to make it manifest that he may be compelled to follow some other course;" "and by God," continued Gray, who had done his best to keep James quiet, and was uneasy for the consequences to himself if Mary Stuart was spared, "by God, I am of opinion if franker meaning and dealing be not used towards him he shall do this in effect; in conscience as yet he is right fast and will be loath to take evil impressions; but you know what time works; all men drive at him, first for his mother, next for his title."[1]

In plain language, James was willing to sell his interest in his mother, but he required to be paid for it. His terms seeming likely to be refused, he was disposed to make himself disagreeable. He affected to listen more seriously to the remonstrances of Courcelles, the French Ambassador. He undertook to send a second representative to London of higher rank than Keith, with a more emphatic message. But he was still thinking more of himself than of his mother. He chose Gray as the person who should carry it, and Gray, though not liking the work on which he was to be sent, dared not decline.

"Refuse I," he wrote again to Douglas, "the King will think I know already what shall come, and if she die will quarrel with me. Live she, I shall have double harm. Refuse I not, if she die, men will think I have lent her a hand. Live she by my travail, I bring a staff to my own head, yet if I cannot eschew I mean to accept the commission."[2]

[1] Gray to Douglas, November 10: Murdin.
[2] Same to the same, November 27: *MS.* Ibid.

Elizabeth's resolution was not likely to be affected either way very deeply by such limping dealings as these. The attitude of France was more dangerous. Before the trial at Fotheringay, Dr. Wotton carried copies of the compromising letters to Paris, with the confessions of the secretaries, and was directed in shewing them to the King to say that "the Queen of Scots' malice had grown to a point that it could no longer be borne with." Elizabeth had twice saved her life, had saved her honour "by suppressing the infamous letters between her and Bothwell," and now in self-protection must look to herself.[1] The King had replied by bidding Chasteauneuf protest against the trial of a sovereign Princess who was exempt from human judgment,[2] and when Chasteauneuf reported the sentence of the commission and the petition of Parliament for the execution, M. de Belièvre came over in haste to entreat, and if entreaty failed to threaten.

When contemporary statesmen, with the fullest opportunities for forming a judgment, come to opposite conclusions, the historian is bound to speak with diffidence. Mendoza at Paris believed that Henry was in earnest, that for political reasons he desired the Queen of Scots' life to be spared, that Elizabeth herself was equally determined not to put her to death, and that she affected uncertainty only to sell her at a higher price to France.[3] The Pope was of the same opinion as regarded the King's disposition. The Nuncio at Paris, at Mendoza's instigation, had reminded Henry that if the Queen of Scots was out of the way the

[1] Instructions to Dr. Wotton, September 29–October 9.

[2] The King of France to Chasteauneuf, November 1–11: *MSS. France.*

[3] "Por vendelle mas cara á Francia." — Mendoza al Rey, Novembre 9: Teulet, Vol. V.

crowns of England and Ireland, both by her own will and by right of succession, would fall to the King of Spain; that France was, therefore, in the first degree interested in keeping her alive. The Nuncio's report had probably satisfied Sextus, who persuaded himself therefore that she was in no danger. Olivarez, on the other hand, was unable to believe that Elizabeth would have gone so far if she had not intended extremities, or that considering the extreme importance of the French alliance to her, she would have dared to bring the Queen of Scots to trial unless assured of Henry's connivance.[1]

Sir Edward Stafford tried to discover whether Belièvre carried secret instructions, but he ascertained only that if there was an unavowed purpose in his mission, no one at all, not even Secretary Villeroy himself, was acquainted with it; and he gathered that the jealousy of Spain was undiminished, and that if there was an alarm from Parma, the King could still be depended on.[2] Mendoza adhered to the view which he had all along expressed, that English politics required that the Queen of Scots should be kept alive, and he argued with appearance of reason that if Elizabeth had a private understanding with the King and really meant to destroy her, she would have done it at once without waiting to pass the appearance of an affront upon France by rejecting its intercession.

Amidst these uncertainties Belièvre left Paris on the 6th–16th of November. He loitered on his way, and

[1] "Le dixe que si la Reyna muriese fuese cierto Su Santd que era con su intelligencia y consentimiento del Rey, pues no era verisimil que teniendo en él toda su esperanza para librarse de Su Santd y de V. Magd, le quisiese offender en una cosa de tanta importancia." — Olivarez al Rey, 17–27 de Enero: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Stafford to Burghley, November 17–27: *MSS. France.*

was eleven days in reaching Calais, where he found letters from Chasteauneuf, bidding him haste or he would come too late. There was a heavy wind from the south-west, but he crossed in spite of the weather; he found a carriage waiting for him at Dover, and was in London on Monday, the 21st (December 1). He was received by the people with strong demonstrations of displeasure. The political constancy of Henry had not removed the memories of Saint Bartholomew, and the Ambassador was suspected of having brought assassins in his train to do the work which Babington had failed to do. The Queen refused to see him till she had given her answer to the Parliament. On the 27th (December 7), the day of the adjournment, she gave him and Chasteauneuf an audience at Richmond.

The reception was formal and cold. The Queen was in her chair of state. Leicester, who had returned from the Low Countries, with Hatton, Burghley, and others of the Council, stood behind her, while Belièvre spoke.

The King of France, he said, regretted as deeply as any one the wicked designs of her Majesty's enemies. How far the Queen of Scots had shared their guilt the King could not pretend to say, but he had failed to understand who in such a matter could be her accusers or who could be her judge. Public prosecutors might charge a subject, but the Queen of Scotland, the Queen Dowager of France, and sister-in-law of its King, was no subject, and to pass sentence upon her was to violate the prerogatives of princes. Complimenting the Queen on the majesty of her appearance and on the reputation which she had earned throughout the world for virtue and wisdom, he declared him-

self unable to believe that the far-famed Elizabeth of England could forget the words of Plato, that common mortals were lead and iron, but that the material of kings was gold.

In the same vein of rhetoric he proceeded to the matter of his argument. Her ministers, he said, pretended that while the Queen of Scots survived, her life would never be safe. The truth was rather that the Queen of Scots' death would aggravate her danger. The Catholic Powers were threatening England in the interests of religion, rather than in the interests of the Queen of Scots. The execution would but furnish them with a fresh and more specious pretext for their enterprise.

"I tell you, Madam," he said, "that instead of arresting the invasion with which this realm is menaced, you will only precipitate it. Hitherto the Queen of Scots has been the target which has caught the arrows that have been aimed at your person. She is a stone that you hold in your hand. Fling it at your enemy, and it is gone; you can threaten with it no more. Kill her as some advise you, and her death will arm your adversaries with despair, and will give them a more plausible ground on which to assail you. Your Majesty is a wise and prudent princess; we in France have observed you closely for these nineteen years; you have used the pretensions of the Queen of Scots to succeed you on the throne of these realms, as your strongest protection, and it is a maxim among us that those who change the base of their policy are on the way towards a fall. The Spanish Minister in Paris says openly that it will be to his master's advantage if the Queen of Scots is destroyed, being assured that the English Catholics will then give him their undivided

allegiance.[1] Your Majesty has reigned long and happily, because so far you have preferred moderation to violence. Honour points clearly towards clemency. Interest is at least equally balanced. Think of the judgment of posterity and of the name which you will leave behind you. Spare this lady and you will lay my master under an eternal obligation, and you will earn immortal renown for yourself."[2]

Elizabeth must have many times repeated the same arguments to herself; but either Belièvre's oratory sounded hollow, or the King had sent her some private message that he was only moving for form's sake, or else, which is also probable, she may not have trusted him. He had outwardly submitted to the League. She had made another application for Morgan, and Morgan was still withheld from her; even in the Bastile he had been enabled to plot another murder, and as it seemed with impunity.

In a loud voice, and her features working with passion, she replied that she was sorry M. Belièvre should have come to England on so bad an errand. She appealed to God to judge between her and the Queen of Scots. "The Queen of Scots," she said, "had sought shelter in her realm, had received nothing but kindness there, and in recompense had three times sought her life. No misfortune which had ever overtaken her had cost her so many tears as this last conspiracy." "She had read as many books," she said, "as any

[1] "Je vous diray, Madame, ce qui m'a esté assuré pour véritable par ung personnage d'honneur qu'ung certain ministre d'ung Prince qui vous peut estre suspecte dit ouvertement qu'il seroit bon pour la grandeur de son maistre que la Royne d'Escosse fust desjà perdue, pour ce qu'il est bien assuré que le party des Catholiques Angloys se rangeroit entièrement du costé de sondit maistre."

[2] Speech of M. Belièvre, November 27–December 7. Abridged: Teulet, Vol. IV.

prince or princess in Christendom, and had never met with anything so strange and painful. Her life was naturally valuable to her, and she could not be safe in her own realm. She was a poor lone woman surrounded by secret enemies who were perpetually seeking to kill her."[1]

The tone was unfavourable, but the answer was not final. The Ambassadors left her, and afterward Burghley and Walsingham endeavoured privately to convince them that the execution was absolutely necessary. A week later, the Queen sent for them again, and enquired why Morgan was not sent over after this fresh crime. She pointed to Hunsdon, who was standing near, and declared that if her own cousin had conspired against the life of the King of France, she would not have protected him; and she said she wanted Morgan's evidence.

"The Queen of Scots," Belièvre answered, "had so many witnesses against her already in England that there was no occasion to fetch another from France. The King could not be so inhuman as to send over a knife to cut the throat of his sister-in-law." "His master was waiting anxiously for the Queen's resolution. If he was to understand that the request was refused, he must ask permission to return to Paris."

She said she would give him an answer in three days, and so once more dismissed him.

Elizabeth was perhaps no more certain than the world generally, what France really wished, and Scotland had become equally perplexing. Undoubtedly James was willing to drive a bargain for acquiescing in his mother's death; but Elizabeth would not give him his price, and it was perfectly possible that in his disap-

[1] Reply of the Queen of England: Teulet, Vol. IV.

pointment he might revenge himself as he had done before. Claude Hamilton was still pressing for Spanish assistance in Scotland, and Mendoza was working hard to overcome Philip's indisposition. Spanish honour, Mendoza said, was concerned in making an effort for the Queen of Scots. The Irish enterprise had failed because it was managed "por bonetes" — by priests' caps. The plans for invading England had failed through the weakness of the English Catholics. But with Scotland they would be on solid ground. The lords there wanted but a handful of money and five or six thousand of Parma's soldiers. With the help of these, they had undertaken to kill the lords of the other faction, and the Kirk ministers, to take possession of the fortresses, and to dispose of the King and the realm. James himself was secretly on their side; he had consented to their using any means they could find to extricate him from the English party, and was shewing a better disposition in religion than at any previous time.[1]

Had Philip come forward effectually, James's conversion would probably have prospered. But Parma was unwilling to spare troops, and was otherwise unfavourable; and Philip, intent on the succession for himself, was unwilling to embarrass himself with a youth of whom on every ground, private, and public he thought as ill as possible. Neither Parma's objection, however, nor Philip's politics were fully understood in Scotland; a pressure continued to be laid upon James to accept Spanish help, and James as usual shuffled between the two parties, and held out for a substantial

[1] The Catholic lords of Scotland, Mendoza says, had sent him word that they had "consentimiento secreto del Rey para ponelle en libertad por cualquier medio que fuese, y que ya el Rey á los Catholicos no solo les favorecia en secreto, pero holgaba que le hablasen en materia de religion," &c. — Mendoza al Rey, 14-24 Deciembre: Teulet, Vol. V.

consideration before he would promise Elizabeth to sit still. He concealed his hand carefully, so carefully that Courcelles says the citizens of Edinburgh hooted him in the street as he passed. He maintained at a public table, that the ties of friendship were more binding than the ties of blood.[1] Many a proud Scot would have had him threaten Elizabeth with war. He said positively that he would do nothing of the kind so long as his personal prospects were respected,[2] even if his mother were executed. "The King," wrote Courcelles, "desires evidently to reign alone. His own wish for his mother is that she be confined henceforward in one room, never more to speak with man or woman. He would have her declared formally subject to the laws of England, to be tried and put to death if she conspire again, not as Queen but as a private person, and as vassal to the Queen of England."[3] Yet, all the while, he had his intelligence with Claude Hamilton to fall back upon, with what purpose, whether honest, half honest, or wholly dishonest, it is profitless to enquire further.

Gray, meanwhile, was sent with Robert Melville after Keith, in appearance to support Belièvre, in reality to demand conditions to which Gray was now aware that Elizabeth would refuse consent; and of the effect of the refusal upon Scotland and upon the King, he could conjecture as imperfectly as any one. He wrote to Walsingham to apologise for his coming. If he was not true to the Queen of England, he said, "he was content to have his head cut off on a scaffold." To have refused

1 "Que le sang de parentage ou d'affinité ne nous oblige tant que l'amytié que nous avons envers ceulx qui ne sont de notre sang." — Courcelles to D'Esneval, December 20–30: *Egerton Papers.*

2 He would not go to war, he said, "mesmes advenant la mort de sa mère, sinon en cas qu'on le voulust frustrer de son tiltre a la succession d'Angleterre."

3 Courcelles to D'Esneval, December 20–30: *Egerton Papers.*

the mission would have ruined him, but the meaning of it, he declared, "was modest and not menacing." If the Queen of Scots' life was not to be spared, he recommended that he and his companion "should be stayed by the way or commanded to retire."[1]

The King, it seems, was not contented with the declaration of the commission, and desired to obtain a legal engagement, "that no decree nor procedure in law against his mother should prejudge any title that he might pretend to the crown when it should please God to call her Majesty."[2]

December

The sentence had by this time been published. It was received by the people with an outburst of wild delight. From tower and steeple the bells crashed out, unceasing for a whole day and night. Church answered church till the news had been borne to the furthest glen in Cumberland. London was illuminated. Faggots blazed in town and village; and a shout of exultation rose out of every loyal throat. Protestant England for the first time felt itself secure. The phantom of civil war disappeared which had hung like a nightmare over the country; and tradesman, and yeoman, and peasant, at last drew their breath freely.

For twenty-four hours the London bells rang on, pealing in Belièvre's ears the death-knell of Mary Stuart. The Queen had promised him an answer in three days. He accepted the publication of the sentence as a conclusive expression of her determination, and, without troubling her to throw it into words or seeking another interview, he wrote to say that as his master would have taken her consent to his entreaty as

[1] The Master of Gray to Walsingham, December 13–23, December 20–30: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] The Scottish Ambassador's memorial, December, 1586: *MS.* Ibid.

the highest of favours, so he would regard his sister-in-law's execution as a mortal offence; and he desired her at least to grant sufficient respite to enable him to communicate with Paris. A deputation of French gentlemen carried the letter to Richmond. The Queen would not see them, but replied through Walsingham that she would consider the request, and soon after sent a verbal [1] answer that she would allow twelve days. The hardest rider in the embassy was instantly on his way to Paris. He returned two days before the time was out, with an answer from the King to Chasteauneuf as sincere apparently as the most single purpose could dictate. Henry undertook, and he said that he was speaking for the House of Guise as well as for himself, that if the Queen of Scots' life was spared she should relinquish her claims on the succession for ever, and never trouble England more. He bade Chasteauneuf lavish money among the Council, if money would do good. If nothing availed and if the Queen persisted, he said that France could not pass it over.[2]

It was now the week before Christmas. The Queen had gone to Greenwich for the usual holy-day, and Belièvre's final interview was post-poned till the 27th (January 6). He had little hope. The people with whom he spoke were all in favour of severity. He conceived Elizabeth to have resolved on the execution, and the Court to be acquiescing in it to please her.[3] When admitted into her presence, he addressed her formally with an elaborate argument. He

January.

[1] "Car les Angloys," says one of the party, "ont ceste coustume ordinaire de ne negocier rien par escript, mais seulement donner paroles, lesquelles ils revocquent deux heures après." — Advis pour M. de Villeroy Janvier, 1587: Teulet, Vol. IV.

[2] The King of France to Chasteauneuf and Belièvre, December 14–24: *Egerton Papers.*

[3] Belièvre to Brulart, December 26–January 5: Teulet, Vol. IV.

said, as before, that the death of the Queen of Scots would be more dangerous to Elizabeth than her life; that if she was spared, not his own master only, but every sovereign in Christendom would become bound for Elizabeth's security; while bloody remedies were more often the beginning of fresh calamities than the end of those which they were meant to cure. To abstain from bloodshed the Ambassador said was the first condition of a prosperous reign, and his master could not believe that she would contradict the maxims which had hitherto guided her conduct. If she was determined to persevere, however, he was obliged to tell her that the King could not regard the Queen of Scots as fairly amenable to English laws, and not only would he resent the execution, on the common ground which he shared with his brother princes, but would have to look on it as a special affront to himself.[1]

"M. Belièvre," said the Queen, when he had ended, "does the King your master bid you use these words to me?"

"Yes, Madam," he answered; "it is his express command."

Two hours' conversation followed, with no positive result. She said she would send some one to Paris to speak to the King. She shewed signs of great irresolution, and was unwilling to let Belièvre leave her. She detained him on various pretexts, and only after a week allowed him at last to go, taking with him a letter of complaint and remonstrance to the King, in which she said she would not be frightened with menaces, and that to threaten her was the readiest way to make the execution certain.[2]

[1] Address of M. Belièvre, December 27–January 6: Teulet, Vol. IV.

[2] Elizabeth to the King of France. Holograph. January 10, 1587: *MSS. France.*

The second day after Belièvre's departure Gray and Melville were admitted also, Gray's advice to stop them on the road not having been acted upon. Melville had grown old in Mary Stuart's service. He at any rate was true to her, and had come to London with a purpose as honest as Gray's was false and treacherous. They said like Belièvre, that they had come to intercede for the Queen of Scots' life. Elizabeth asked what security they could give her for the Queen of Scots' future behaviour. They answered that the King and the Scotch nobility would be securities for her, and that if she was placed in her son's hands, he would undertake for her safe keeping.

"That," said Elizabeth abruptly, "would be to arm my enemy with double power, and make him the stronger to do me hurt."

The Ambassadors starting at the word enemy, she coloured, and said she did not mean that the King of Scotland was her enemy. It was a mode of speech. If they could suggest any means by which her own life could be made secure without the execution, she would be very well pleased.

Melville spoke at length, but vaguely; and knowing that James was at heart only anxious for his own interests, Elizabeth suggested maliciously, that if she pardoned his mother, he should renounce his own pretensions in the event of any future conspiracy. If he would do this the Lords and Commons might perhaps be satisfied, and might allow her to live.[1]

Neither Scotland nor James were prepared to sacri-

1 "Si le Roy d'Escosse luymesme vouloit renoncer à tout le droict que il pretend à la couronne d'Angleterre en cas que il advint cy-après que l'on conjurast contre la vie de la Royne d'Angleterre, cela pourroit servir à contenter les Seigneurs de ce Royaulme." — Advis pour M. de Villeroy: Teulet, Vol. IV.

fice what they had set their hearts on with so much passion. The Queen told the Ambassadors that their request could not otherwise be granted. They made a formal protest and withdrew.

The Queen had promised that she would not allow herself to be moved by the remonstrances of strangers, and she had so far kept her word; but neither the dismissal of Belièvre and the Scots, nor the attitude of Parliament, nor the feeling which had been displayed so signally in every part of England, had persuaded those who believed that they were behind the scenes that the Queen of Scots was in real danger. The opinion in Scotland was that her pardon was to be part of the conditions of a peace with Spain. In the French embassy there was an expectation that she would be spared at least till the next offence. M. Brulart's secretary, who had been in London with Belièvre and returned to Paris before him, brought word that the King's intercession had really prevailed. The Queen of Scots was to be brought to the Tower, where she was to be kept as a Carmelite nun, waited on by two women, and never seen but through a grating. Cecil himself, according to Mendoza, wrote something of the same kind to Sir Edward Stafford. "It will be as I have always told your Majesty," said Mendoza, in reporting the words to Philip. "The Queen of England wishes to keep her alive, and the French King and his mother wish her to be held a close prisoner."[1]

1586. November. To Mary Stuart herself the door of escape was still held open. Before the publication of the sentence Lord Buckhurst and Secretary Beale were sent to Fotheringay with a copy of it. They were directed to tell her that the Court had re-

[1] Mendoza to Philip, January 14–24: Teulet, Vol. V.

examined her sentence, and had convinced themselves, that notwithstanding her denial, she was still really guilty. Their verdict had been confirmed by Parliament, the Queen was urged "by many strong and invincible arguments to proceed to her execution, as the seed-plot, chief motive, and author of all the late conspiracies;" and was told that if she did not yield "she would be guilty both before God and the whole world of all the miseries and calamities that might come on her refusal." "Albeit," therefore, "she knew not yet how it should please God to incline her heart in that behalf; yet she thought it meet in conscience that the Queen of Scots should be forewarned, that she might bethink herself of her sins and offences, both to God and towards herself, and pray for grace to be truly penitent for the same." "Had the fault reached no further than her own person," Elizabeth "protested before God that she would have freely pardoned it."[1]

When a sentence of death is communicated, to hold out a hope that it will not be executed is usually equivalent to a promise, and no message could have conveyed more plainly that Mary Stuart had but to confess and express regret, and that her last fault, like the long catalogue which had preceded it, would be forgotten. Mary Stuart, however, shared probably in the general belief[2] that Elizabeth dared not execute her, and saw only in her evident hesitation a cowardice on which she might safely presume; while the sentence was a feature in itself, which she could make use of to stir the world in her behalf. She was entreated not to deceive herself. She was told that if she refused

[1] Instructions to Lord Buckhurst and Mr. Beale sent to the Queen of Scots, November 17–27: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] Secret intelligence, October 31–November 10: *MS.* Ibid.

to beg pardon her life would be really in danger. Fiercely and sternly she dared the Government to do their worst upon her. Having condemned her to death, they might complete their wicked work, she said, and God would recompense her in Paradise.

In the war of words which followed her keen tongue served her well. Lord Buckhurst said that she had taught the Catholics to regard her as their sovereign, and that neither religion nor her Majesty herself could be safe while she survived. She thanked God for the importance which was attached to her. She was happy, she said, to sacrifice her life in the cause of God and the Church. They told her she was not to die for religion, but for having compassed the deposition and destruction of the reigning Queen. She replied that she was not so presumptuous as to have aspired to two such high distinctions. So far from having intended the Queen's death, she would not have had her suffer the fillip of a finger. She was persecuted as David was, she said, with an implied comparison of Elizabeth to Saul. Her misfortune was only that she could not like David fly by the window.[1]

She was allowed an interval to reflect; and then Paulet came to her and said that since she had shewn no penitence, she must hereafter be regarded as a private person. She had forfeited her place as a sovereign, and he must remove the cloth of state in her chamber.

She answered that she was an anointed Queen. Man could not take her rank from her, and she would die a Queen in spite of them. They had no more right over her, she said, than a highwayman over an honest

[1] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, November 24–December 4: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

magistrate whom he might meet at the corner of a wood. God would avenge her. English kings had been often murdered, and being of the same blood, it was like enough she would fare no better. They had killed King Richard, and now they might kill her.

Resolute, yet keeping still within the bounds of courtesy, Paulet desired her women to remove the hangings. They refused to touch them, shrieking vengeance on him and all belonging to him. Impatiently he called in his own servants, who tore them violently down. He bade them take away her billiard table, saying sternly that she had now no leisure for amusements, and for the first time he covered his head and seated himself in her presence.[1]

Her ingenuity was never at fault. Paulet had told her she was a traitress. Where the arms of Scotland had hung she suspended a crucifix for answer, and pointed to it when next he entered. Though she thought her execution unlikely, she must have felt that it was not impossible, and she was determined that if die she must, she would give her death the character of a martyrdom. It was true that it was on account of her creed that the English Protestants insisted so fiercely on her punishment. She claimed the benefit of their animosity, partly it may be to improve her prospects in the other world, partly also that in seeming to die for religion, she might inflict a mortal wound on the reputation of Elizabeth, and force the Catholic Powers at last for very shame to revenge her. She had hinted to the Commissioners that she might be converted. From this moment all her efforts were directed to making her Romanism as conspicuous as

[1] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, November 24–December 4: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

possible, and to enforcing upon every one that she was to die in the cause of the faith. There was no glory in being executed for an attempt to murder. Dying thus, the world could but say that it was a severe expiation of a real crime. As a martyr she might, like Samson, involve her enemies in her ruin, and purchase pardon for her last falsehood by giving victory to the Church.

December. Her almoner had been separated from her since her arrest at Chartley. Paulet offered her the assistance of an Anglican divine, which of course she disdainfully declined. Afraid of being made away with secretly, she wrote to Elizabeth, thanking God that her tedious pilgrimage was now to end, requesting that her execution might be public, that her servants and the other spectators might testify that she died a Catholic, and begging further, that since in England those Catholic rites with which their common ancestors had been buried were no longer attainable, her body might be carried to France where she might lie beside the Queen her mother.[1] To her friends abroad she addressed letters of farewell, worded with the delicate pathos of which she was as great a mistress as of sarcasm, trusting that her servants would find means when she was gone to convey them to their destination. To Mendoza she wrote, bidding him tell Philip she was dying in the good cause; to Guise, that the House of Lorraine had always been ready with its blood in the Church's quarrel, that she was now called on to shed hers, and that it should not be said of her that she was degenerate. She was the first of her race, she said, to die by the hand of an

[1] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, November 23–December 3: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

executioner, but to be judged and condemned by heretics was to be accepted in heaven, and she desired him to remember her servants, and to see prayers said for the repose of the soul of his poor cousin.[1]

To the Pope — who, as she knew from La Rue, had doubted her sincerity — she wrote elaborately and solemnly, declaring herself a true child of Holy Church. She had refused, she told him, the ministrations of heretics; she intended, if her almoner was restored to her, to prepare for death in the usual way by confession, penance, and communion; but, as it was possible that he might be forbidden to have access to her, she humbly besought his Holiness that her general penitence might be accepted, and that he would himself grant her his own absolution. She was coming, like the prodigal, to Christ, and offering her blood at the foot of the cross. She commended her son to his care, to be recovered if possible from perdition. If her son continued obdurate, she bequeathed her right and interest in the English Crown to the King of Spain.[2]

In point of form and grace Mary Stuart had the advantage of her rival everywhere. Elizabeth, with a general desire to do right, could condescend to poor and mean manœuvres. Mary Stuart carried herself in the midst of her crimes with a majesty which would have become the noblest of sovereigns.

The difficulty in making up her mind which Elizabeth experienced, even in trifles, became absolute impossibility in a matter of so tremendous importance, and it seems as if she was looking about for additional motives to assist her resolution; and to rid herself in

[1] Mary Stuart to the Duke of Guise, November 24–December 4: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

[2] Mary Stuart to the Pope, November 23–December 3: Ibid.

some way or other of the importunity of France. Walsingham was absent from the Court. In the curious contradictoriness of her temperament, she had perhaps resented upon him the completeness with which he had unravelled the conspiracy, and forced her into the dilemma in which she found herself. Walsingham, it has been already mentioned, had made himself security for the debts of Sir Philip Sidney. The power of attorney which Sidney had left for the sale of part of his estates was found, after his death, to be informal; and the will, which he had made on the faith of it for the payment of his creditors, could not be executed. The estates were tied up, and the creditors came upon Walsingham, who was consequently ruined.[1]

The debts themselves had been incurred in the service of the Queen. Walsingham had probably saved Elizabeth from assassination, and England from invasion. The estates of the conspirators, and of more than one unlicensed refugee, had fallen by attainder to the Crown. The Earl of Arundel had been fined thirty thousand pounds; the rents of the vast estates of the Dacres, the Nevilles, and the Percys were paid into the treasury. It might have been thought reasonable, that out of these resources, if in no other way, some assistance might have been given to a minister who had deserved so well of his sovereign and his country. Burghley undertook the advocacy of the cause. He represented to Elizabeth that she owed her life to Walsingham's care, and that "it would be a great dishonour to her if she allowed him to be crushed." "She listened, seemingly favourable but slow to resolve."

[1] Walsingham to Leicester, November 5, 1586: Wright's *Elizabeth*, Vol II. Same to the same, November 5· Ellis, Vol. III. 1st series.

Leicester, however, for some unknown reason, raised objections,[1] and her natural tendencies, reinforced so powerfully, carried the day. Either she put off the application with some evasion, or she returned a positive refusal. Babington's estates were given, as Burghley notices in his diary, to Sir Walter Raleigh; and Walsingham, in indignant disgust, retired to his house at Barnelms.

"I humbly beseech your Lordship to pardon me," he wrote to Burghley, "that I did not take my leave of you before my departure. Her Majesty's unkind dealing towards me has so wounded me, as I could take no comfort to stay there; and yet, if I saw any hope that my continuance there might either breed any goodness to the Church, or furtherance to the service of her Majesty or the realm, the regard of my particular should not cause me to withdraw myself. But seeing the declining state we are arriving into, and that men of best desert are least esteemed, I hold them happiest in this government that may be rather lookers on than actors. I humbly, therefore, do beseech your Lordship that, as I do acknowledge myself infinitely bound unto you for your most honourable and friendly furtherance yielded unto me in my suit, which I will never forget, so you will be pleased to increase my bond towards you by forbearing any further to press her Majesty in the same, which I am resolved fully to give over. I do assure your Lordship, whatsoever conceit her Majesty maketh of me, I would not spend so long time as I have done in that place, subject to so infinite toil and discomfort, not to be made Duke of Lancaster. My hope is, however I am dealt withal by an earthly Prince, I shall never lack the comfort of

[1] Davison to Walsingham, December 10–20: *MSS. Domestic.*

the Prince of Princes, to whose protection I commit your Lordship. Most humbly taking my leave,

"At Barnelms, the 16th of December, 1586.

"Your Lordship's to command,

"F. Walsingham."

Loyalty, and perhaps Burghley's entreaties, in a few weeks overcame Walsingham's just irritation. The Queen never came to his help. He was too pure to imitate other servants of the State, who multiplied indefinitely their nominal salaries by the abuse of their influence. He died two years after, so poor that his body was buried at night to save the cost of an expensive funeral. He returned to his work, however. He gave his ungracious mistress freely what remained to him of life, burdening her with no more petitions. But she was punished through his absence in being allowed to entangle herself in an absurd and discreditable artifice.

On the day that Belièvre left London (January 10–20), a young Stafford, brother to Sir Edward the Ambassador at Paris, came to Walsingham at Barnelms, and told him that there was a fresh conspiracy on foot, and that M. Chasteauneuf was at the bottom of it. He had been, he said, at Chasteauneuf's house on the 26th of December, when he had found him sitting over the fire with Belièvre. Chasteauneuf had taken him aside into a gallery, and had asked him whether he knew any one who, for a high reward, would kill the Queen. The Pope was ready to pension any one who could succeed in doing it with ten thousand crowns a year. Destrappes, Chasteauneuf's secretary, had spoken to him afterwards on the same subject; and Stafford wishing, according to his

January.

own story, to learn more, had replied that there was a man in Newgate, named Moody, under arrest for debt, who had been with his brother in France, that might perhaps undertake it. Destrappes desired to see the man. He and Stafford had gone together to the prison, where Moody had talked the matter over with them. The debt being a small one, there would be no difficulty in procuring his release; and he had proposed either to poison the Queen's saddle, or introduce a bag of powder under her bed, or something else equally chimerical. Destrappes had listened approvingly; and Stafford, thinking now that he had heard enough, came off with his information to Walsingham.

Stafford was a notorious reprobate. Walsingham, after a few questions, satisfied himself that he was lying. He supposed that it was some trick to extort money from the French Ambassador,[1] and sent him about his business. Stafford, rejected by one Secretary, carried his story to another; and in Davison he found a more attentive hearer. It is not likely that Davison was deceived, or any of the Council, or the Queen, whom it was necessary to consult before any step was taken; but the charge was thought convenient for the moment, perhaps to embarrass Chasteauneuf, and paralyse the remonstrances of Henry and Catharine, while the Mary Stuart crisis continued. The exact motive is obscure; but that there was a trick of some kind is beyond all doubt.

Walsingham, in a subsequent apology to Chasteauneuf, told him that if he had been himself at Court, no notice would have been taken of the story.[2] Elizabeth

1 "Voyant clèrement n'estre qu'une afronterie de Stafford pour tirer de l'argent de moy." — Chasteauneuf au Roy, Mars, 1587: Teulet, Vol. IV.

2 "Walsingham le rejecta fort loing, et si Davison eust faict de mesme, la chose n'eust pas passée si avant; ce qu'il me confessa, m'adjoustant que

jested afterwards with Destrappes, at the inconvenience to which he had been exposed. She said to the Ambassador that she had been the dupe of a pair of rogues;[1] and as the rogues were never punished, they must have been the instruments of a plot of which, if she was not herself the instigator, she could not have seriously disapproved.

However that might be, an express was sent after Destrappes, who had left London the same morning to overtake Belièvre. He was brought back and committed to the Tower, while Chasteauneuf was invited to attend a Council at Burghley's house, and was informed that another conspiracy had been discovered for the murder of the Queen, in which he or some of his people were supposed to be implicated. Stafford's deposition was read to him. He was informed further that Destrappes had been examined on his reaching the Tower, and had not denied that he had seen Moody at Newgate, while Moody again supported Stafford by swearing that Destrappes had said he "wished such a man could be found in England as he who did the execution upon the Prince of Orange."

Chasteauneuf listened in the most profound astonishment. Truth and falsehood had been so ingeniously interlaced that he knew not what to say or not to say. The real fact, as he explained it afterwards, had been this: — Stafford had informed Destrappes that there was a man in Newgate called Moody who had something to tell him of importance to the Queen of Scots. Chasteauneuf recognised the name as that of a person who had once carried a letter for him to Chartley, and

s'il eust esté à la cour, Destrappes n'eust pas esté pris." — Chasteauneuf au Roy, Mars, 1587: Teulet, Vol. IV.

[1] "Qu'elle avoit cogneu la verité que ce n'estoit qu'une afronterie de deux coquins." — Chasteauneuf au Roy, Mars 13: Ibid.

supposing it might be a matter of consequence, sent his secretary to speak with him. The mystery was merely that, if M. Chasteauneuf would pay the debt for which Moody was imprisoned, Moody said he was ready to kill the Queen. Destrappes instantly left him and informed his master. Chasteauneuf, supposing a trap had been laid to tempt him, forbade Stafford his house, and threatened if he came near him again to send him handcuffed to the Council.

He was silent for some seconds, between surprise and indignation. Burghley asked if he wished to see Stafford. At first "he was so offended that he said he would "see no one: he was Ambassador to a King, and for the honour of his master would not submit to be accused." Then he changed his mind. He demanded that Stafford should be confronted with him, when Stafford, to his increased bewilderment, stood resolutely to his story, swore stoutly on pain of damnation that he was speaking truth, and charged Chasteauneuf to his face in voluble French with having personally tempted him to commit treason.[1]

The Council, "finding the Ambassador greatly disquieted, commanded Stafford to depart." Chasteauneuf, finding words at last, gave his own version of what had passed. He was gravely told that by his own shewing he had been guilty of a serious fault. He had been made privy to a wicked device, and the Queen had cause to complain that he had not revealed it.

Chasteauneuf defended himself as well as he could. He said that being an Ambassador he did not consider himself bound to report everything that he heard to

[1] MS. endorsed in Burghley's hand, "William Stafford's speech to the French Ambassador," January 12–22: *MSS. France.*

the Queen. His duty was to communicate not with her but with his own master. The Council argued gravely on the other side; Chasteauneuf, already angry, contradicted them;[1] and thus Elizabeth, instead of being on her defence against the French Court, had turned the tables, and appeared to have ground of heavy complaint against the French Minister. Secretary Wade was dispatched to Paris, not as Belièvre had hoped to tell the King that she had yielded about the Queen of Scots; but to demand in a high tone the recall of Chasteauneuf, and the instant surrender of Morgan and Charles Paget.

So audacious an attitude could not long be maintained. The mistake was acknowledged a few months after, and due regrets expressed: but, meanwhile, it answered its immediate end. The King was horror-struck at the bare suspicion that his Ambassador could have been concerned in a conspiracy,[2] and said no more about the Queen of Scots. Destrappes remained in the Tower after the groundlessness of the charge had been confessed, lest it should seem as if he had been arrested without cause. Elizabeth, when she released him at last, said, laughing, to Chasteauneuf, that she understood his secretary was a lawyer, and that if ever she had a cause to plead before the courts in Paris, he could revenge himself.[3]

Had the Council only been concerned in this strange invention, the purpose of it would be intelligible. They might have wished to overcome the Queen's irresolution by a fresh illustration of her insecurity. Her own evident share in the deception negatives this

[1] Narrative of what passed with the French Ambassador, January 12–22, 1587. In Burghley's hand: *MSS. France.*

[2] Wade to Walsingham, January 30–February 9: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Chasteauneuf to the King, May 13: Teulet, Vol. IV.

interpretation of it, while, be the purpose what it might, it formed a poor and undignified episode in the tragedy in which it was imbedded, and it tarnished a proceeding which so far had been moderate and just. The fury of the people, already suspicious of the French, became ungovernable, and the demand for the execution so violent as to be almost irresistible; yet again it can hardly be thought that Elizabeth had created the excitement as an excuse for yielding, since she did not profit by it, and was no more able to resolve than before. The warrant had been drawn after the publication of the sentence. She had refused to sign it, and the possibilities of the situation were again painfully reviewed.

Beyond the obvious objections to leniency, there were others lying in the constitution of Scotch and English parties, which it was extremely dangerous to overlook.

In the words of a remarkable document: —

"Such as were worldly affected that had been used as instruments as well in the late proceedings against the said Queen as at other times," if they saw her now spared, "would seek to make their own peace to her Majesty's danger; the best affected that had heretofore shewn themselves careful of her Majesty's safety, seeing their care frustrate, would give over, and provide for their own safety by retiring themselves out of the realm. The number of Papists, atheists, and malcontents, would marvellously increase in respect of the hope that they would conceive that the Scotch Queen should come to the Crown as a thing fatal. The Jesuits and seminaries and their confederates, that built only the hope of alteration of religion on her person, doubting in respect of the infirmity of her body

that a more straight keeping of her would hasten her death, would use the greater expedition for the prevention thereof in putting in execution such practices as might shorten her Majesty's days. The number of those in Scotland, evil affected to religion and the amity of the English Crown, would increase. Those now well affected for their own safety would change their course. The King, if he had no cause to fear any English party, would be brought by persuasion of the Catholic Princes to attempt something for the liberty of his mother, and the Catholics abroad would be provoked to attempt something by the ill affected in England."

Perils might arise from the Queen of Scots' execution, but the perils from the preservation of her life were infinitely greater. "She was already a Catholic, and so stablished in the opinions of the Catholics of the realm. She had already, by her practices and by long continuance in England, won a great party there, which numbers would increase when they saw her preserved fatally contrary to all reason; and the Catholic Princes would join with her son in seeking her liberty, and putting him in possession of the crown. The danger to herself would create no impediment, for she did herself encourage them, praying them to have no regard for her peril but to the advancement of the cause. And they would hope and not without cause, that when the wise men of England should see her party increased within the realm, and a general combination without the realm for her delivery, they would make dainty to advise any violence against her."[1]

On the back of the imagined conspiracy at the

[1] Discourse touching the Queen of Scots, January, 1587: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

French Ambassador's, came news from Holland that Sir William Stanley had consummated his meditated treachery. Deventer was betrayed to the Spaniards, and Rowland Yorke, who was Stanley's confederate, had given up the forts at Zutphen, the solitary prize of Leicester's autumn campaign. Already irritated to the last stretch of endurance, the people became everywhere desperate. From all parts of England came reports of a feverish expectation of change; at any moment the thin bonds which held society together might be dissolved, and collisions between Catholics and Protestants precipitate the long talked of civil war.

It was now the 1st of February (11th, New Style). The Queen was still at Greenwich. Lord Howard of Effingham, not at all the most extreme of her advisers, came to her to represent that the condition of the country could no longer be trifled with; that some positive course or other must be taken with the Queen of Scots. He himself, like every other intelligent statesman who was not a traitor at heart, had long decided that she ought to be executed. For the first time Elizabeth appeared really shaken. The long suspension of the sentence made it doubly difficult to enforce, but she desired Howard to tell Davison, who in Walsingham's absence was acting as sole secretary, to come to her, and to bring the warrant with him. Davison, who was walking in the park, came hastily in, and, after a few words with Lord Howard, fetched the warrant from his room, placed it purposely among some other papers, and took it to his mistress. She talked of indifferent matters, remarked on the brightness of the morning, and enquired what he had with him in his hand. He said he had documents for her signature, and among others one which

Wednesday, Feb. 1–11.

Lord Howard had told him that she had sent for. She glanced over his portfolio, subscribed the sheets one after another, the warrant among them, and threw it with the rest upon the floor. It seemed as if she had meant to let it pass as if by accident; but if this was her purpose, she changed her mind. She spoke particularly of it; she said she had delayed so long, in order to shew how unwillingly she had consented, and she asked Davison if he was not sorry to see such a paper signed. He replied that he was sorry the Queen of Scots had made it necessary, but it was better that the guilty should suffer than the innocent. She smiled, went through some other business, and then bade him take the warrant to the Chancellor, get it sealed as quietly as he could, say nothing to any one, and then send it to the persons to whom it was addressed, who were to see execution done. For herself she desired to be troubled no further on the subject till all was over. She specified the hall of the castle as a fitter place than the court-yard or the green, and then bade him call on Walsingham, who had returned to service, but was lying ill in his London house, and tell him what she had done, adding, ironically, that grief would kill him outright.

He was leaving the room when she called him back. When there was anything disagreeable to be done it had been her common practice to let others do it, and to seem to blame them afterwards, and there were more than the usual reasons on the present occasion for her thoughts to run in so tempting a channel. The members of the association had bound themselves as individuals above and beyond the ordinary action of the law to prosecute to the death conspirators against the Queen. Their oath had been sanctioned with

insignificant modifications by Parliament, and the case had arisen which was contemplated in the formation of the association. The Queen of Scots was the person against whom both the bond and the Act which was passed upon it were immediately directed. The nation demanded the execution for its own sake as much as for the Queen's. For herself she honestly preferred incurring personal risk to taking her kinswoman's life; and if a loyal subject relieved her of her embarrassment in reliance upon the Act by killing her himself, it might disarm the resentment of France and Scotland, and give James and Henry an excuse for refusing to quarrel with her.[1] Sir Amyas Paulet was a member of the association, as well as Sir Drew Drury, who had remained at Fotheringay to share his charge with him. Those two Elizabeth said might have made the warrant unnecessary, and she desired Davison to speak to Walsingham about it, and to write to feel Paulet's and Drury's disposition.

Davison said it would be lost labour. He was certain that they would refuse; the statute indeed would not protect them unless they acted with personal directions from herself.

Elizabeth, however, insisted, telling him the words which he was to use, and he promised to make the experiment.

[1] Some hint of this kind had probably been given to her by the Master of Gray. After the execution, when James affected resentment, Powrie Ogilvie, a correspondent of Walsingham's at the Scotch Court, wrote thus to Archibald Douglas: —

"If the Queen's Ambassador be refused audience as yet, if the Queen persist in making excuses, and in seeking the King by all means, all will frame as they will have it. For the King would be but insisted on in the matter, that his honour may be saved in one point, for there is no persuasion can induce him to embrace foreign amity, breaking with England, notwithstanding the most part of the nobility have dealt to the contrary." — P. O. to A. Douglas, March 2, 1587: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

He left her presence, feeling very uncomfortable, came up to London, and reported what had passed to Walsingham; and then he went on to the Court of Chancery, where the warrant was sealed without being read, the Chancellor having an impression that he was passing some unimportant commission for Ireland.[1] Walsingham meanwhile composed the letter to Paulet and Drury. The Queen, he said, noted in them a lack of that care and zeal for her service which she looked for, that they had not of themselves found means to shorten the Queen of Scots' life. They seemed to care neither for her, nor their country, nor their oath. They were casting the burden upon her, knowing her unwillingness to shed blood, and if regard for her subjects did not move her more than her own peril she would never consent.[2]

Thursday, Feb. 2–12.

On Davison's return from the Chancellor's, the letter was signed by the two secretaries, made up and sent off immediately. They were both uneasy. The next morning a messenger brought Davison a note from the Queen telling him if he had not been already with the Chancellor to forbear till she had spoken with him again. He hastened to her presence, and said that the warrant was already sealed. She seemed displeased, and he pleaded that he had but obeyed her own commands, and enquired if she had altered her mind.

She said that she had not, but she again complained of the burden being thrown upon herself.

He told her that "the honourable and just way

[1] "M. Davison avoit faict sceller la commission de l'execution de mort à M. le Chancellier soubz pretexte d'une commission pour Irlande, de sorte que ledict Chancellier l'avoit scellée sans l'avoir leue." — Chasteauneuf au Roy, Mars, 1587: Teulet, Vol. IV.

[2] Walsingham and Davison to Sir Amyas Paulet. Printed in Nicolas's *Life of Davison.*

was the safest and best, if she meant it to be done at all."

She walked up and down the room impatiently, and suddenly left him. He saw exactly what was passing in her thoughts. She had reluctantly perceived that the public interest required the execution, and she wished it done and wished to escape the responsibility. She wished to be able to say that it had not been done by her order, and she was not likely to be scrupulous in the means which she might use to convince the world of her innocence.

Feeling himself on slippery ground, Davison carried his perplexities to Hatton. The Queen, he said, had given him a positive order to send the warrant to the Commissioners, but he gathered from her manner that she meant to disavow it. He knew not whether to send it or not send it, and in either case he dared not act alone. Hatton hesitated to advise, but accompanied the secretary to Burghley, who was confined to his bed with the gout, and Burghley, perceiving the unfairness of leaving Davison with so tremendous a responsibility, dared the Queen's displeasure, and in spite of her injunctions of secresy, invited such of the Council as were in London to come to his room the following day. Leicester, Howard, Hunsdon, Cobham, Sir Francis Knollys, and Lord Derby attended. Walsingham came, and Hatton and Davison himself. On the will and resolution of these ten hung the life or death of Mary Stuart. Burghley and Walsingham, after the part which they had taken in the prosecution, might be said to have an interest in her execution; should she ever come to the throne it was likely to go hard with them. But Derby and Cobham and Howard had nothing to fear, either privately for themselves, for

Friday, Feb. 3–13.

they had been her friends, or on grounds of religion, for they were semi-Catholics. They at least brought to the meeting minds unbiassed by any conceivable consideration save that of public necessity.

Burghley laid before them the exact condition of the case. The Queen had signed the warrant, and had done all that was on her part essential. He did not conceal her desire that others should divide the burden with her, that she should be allowed to profess, for such a desire could mean no less, that the act had not been entirely her own. He said that for his own part he believed the execution to be absolutely necessary. He could not act alone, but if the Council would support him he was prepared to venture the risk, and he perhaps implied that if it was not done then it would never be done at all.

The situation was perfectly intelligible. Elizabeth's conduct was not noble, but it was natural and pardonable. The welfare of the country required an act of severity which she would herself have gladly dispensed with. The world, if she commanded it herself, would reproach her with personal vindictiveness, and she shrunk from encountering a charge which she knew to be unjust.

Every minister present agreed in the momentous resolution. The terms of it implied that the Queen should be troubled no further. She had herself used those very words to Davison. Lord Kent and Lord Shrewsbury were the Commissioners named to see the warrant executed. Shrewsbury was staying in the neighbourhood of Fotheringay. Kent was at his house at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, not many miles distant. The necessary letters were written to them, and with these and the warrant itself Secretary Beale left London

early on Saturday morning.[1] Elizabeth could hardly have failed to guess what had been done, but she chose to know nothing, and asked no questions. A few hours after Beale had gone she said to Davison that she had dreamt the night before that the Queen of Scots was executed, and that she was so angry on hearing of it that if she had had a sword she would have run him through the body. She laughed as she was speaking; Davison laughed also, and answered it was well he was not in her way while that humour lasted. He again asked her if she had changed her mind. "No, by God," she replied, "but she wished it could be done in some way that would not throw the blame on her." Feb. 4–14.

Sunday morning came, and with it Paulet's answer to Walsingham's letter. He, too, understood what Elizabeth wanted, but he was too shrewd to fall into the snare. As the Act of Parliament had interpreted the association bond, the Queen's command was required, and it was precisely this which she had not given. Sunday, Feb. 5–15.

"It was an unhappy day for him," he wrote, "when he was required by his sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbade. His goods and life were at her Majesty's disposal, but he would not make shipwreck of his conscience, or leave so great a blot to his posterity as shed blood without law or warrant."

She was very bitter. She said he was a precise fellow, who professed zeal for her safety, but when the time came would do nothing. Davison vainly endeavoured to soothe her. She stamped angrily about the room, and two days after, supposing perhaps that Davison had been too "precise" also, she said to him

[1] All these details are taken from Davison's narratives, printed in the appendix to his Life by Sir H. Nicolas.

that it was more than time the matter was dispatched, "swearing a great oath, it was shame for them all that it was not already done."[1]

Meanwhile as the weeks had passed on, Mary Stuart's confidence had returned. She had nerved herself for the worst and had dared it. Belièvre had written, entreating her to make her peace with the Queen before it was too late; her fate was still in her own hands. But she feared that she might be betrayed. A confession would disqualify her for the martyr's attitude which, if she was to die, she meant to assume; and though she interpreted a sound of hammers in the hall into the erection of a scaffold, she had remained defiant. Day had followed day, and she had heard no more. She understood Elizabeth as well as Elizabeth understood her. Her almoner had been permitted to resume his duties, and the unwelcome offer of an English minister had not been again obtruded upon her. She had written Elizabeth one of her most pathetic letters,[2] protesting and swearing her innocence, attributing the accusations against her to a conspiracy of the Puritans, hinting in her old way that she had secrets of the gravest moment to impart to her if she could but communicate with her in private, and addressing her in a tone in which affection and tender reproach were melted into resignation.

No answer had been sent, but she had counted justly on the effect it would produce. "There has been a letter," said Leicester, "which hath wrought tears."[3]

[1] Davison's narrative: *Life of Davison* by Sir H. Nicolas, Appendix.

[2] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, December 19–29.

[3] A letter, unsigned and unaddressed, but evidently written in January, and intercepted and deciphered by the English Government, contains these words:—

"Il est arrivé à Londres 8 des hommes de Sir Amyas Paulet pour querir Curle et deux de ses hommes pour luy aider à faire ses compts, lesquelz je

The blow when it came at last therefore came suddenly. Beale rode hard — for unless, which is unlikely, he trusted the letter to Kent to a second hand he called at Wrest on his way down — and he arrived at Fotheringay on Sunday evening. The purpose of his coming was not made known in the castle. Early on Monday he went in search of Lord Shrewsbury, while a message was dispatched to the Sheriff of Northamptonshire to be in attendance on Wednesday morning. On Monday evening the Earl of Kent came. Shrewsbury appeared on Tuesday before noon, and when the early castle dinner was over, they sent a servant to the Queen of Scots with a request to be admitted to her presence.

Monday, Feb. 6–16.

Shrewsbury had not seen her since she had passed from under his charge. He had not been on the Commission which tried her; illness had prevented him from attending the last Parliament, and he had taken no public part in the prosecution; and although he had signified privately as his personal opinion that her death was necessary, it could not have been without emotion that he was once more brought into a brief relation with her in so terrible a form. Kent was an austere Puritan, to whom she was merely a wicked woman overtaken at last by the punishment which she had too long deserved and escaped.

Tuesday, Feb. 7–17.

Briefly, solemnly, and sternly they delivered their awful message. They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning.

pense qu'ils en iront dans deux ou trois jours. J'ai parlé avec aulcuns d'eulx, et disent que la Royne est joyeuse et en bonne santé et non estonnée. Ils disent que son ordinaire est délivrée à ses cuisiniers, et nul aultre personne ne la touche, car le commandment de sa Ma^te^ est qu'elle soit bien et honorablement traictée sans aulcune parade." — *MSS. Scotland.*

She was dreadfully agitated.[1] For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon her, tossing her head in disdain and struggling to control herself, she called her physician and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne — all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the character of a calumniated suppliant accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of

[1] "La Reyne d'Escosse fut faschée et deplaisante de ces nouvelles." — Vraye Rapport de l'execution faicte sur la personne de la Reyne d'Escosse: Teulet, Vol. IV. As this report differs in many important respects from that of Camden, and gives details unmentioned elsewhere, it is as well to say that it is evidently written by an eyewitness, one of the Queen of Scots' own attendants, probably her surgeon.

her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy.

Her chaplain was lodged in a separate part of the castle. The Commissioners, who were as anxious that her execution should wear its real character as she was herself determined to convert it into a martyrdom, refused, perhaps unwisely, to allow him access to her, and offered her again the assistance of an Anglican Dean. They gave her an advantage over them which she did not fail to use. She would not let the Dean come near her. She sent a note to the chaplain telling him that she had meant to receive the sacrament, but as it might not be she must content herself with a general confession. She bade him watch through the night and pray for her. In the morning when she was brought out she might perhaps see him, and receive his blessing on her knees.[1] She supped cheerfully, giving her last meal with her attendants a character of sacred parting; afterwards she drew aside her apothecary, M. Gorion, and asked him if she might depend upon his fidelity: when he satisfied her that she might trust him, she said she had a letter and two diamonds which she wished to send to Mendoza. He undertook to melt some drug and conceal them in it where they would never be looked for, and promised to deliver them faithfully. One of the jewels was for Mendoza himself; the other and the largest was for Philip. It was to be a sign that she was dying for the truth, and was meant also to bespeak his care for her friends and servants. Every one of them so far as she was able, without forgetting a name, she commended to his liberality. Arundel, Paget, Morgan, the Archbishop of Glasgow, Westmoreland, Throgmorton, the Bishop of Ross, her

[1] Mary Stuart to Du Preau, February 7–17: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

two secretaries, the ladies who had shared the trials of her imprisonment, she remembered them all, and specified the sums which she desired Philip to bestow on them. And as Mary Stuart then and throughout her life never lacked gratitude to those who had been true to her, so then as always she remembered her enemies. There was no cant about her, no unreal talk of forgiveness of injuries. She bade Gorion tell Philip it was her last prayer that he should persevere, notwithstanding her death, in the invasion of England. It was God's quarrel, she said, and worthy of his greatness: and as soon as he had conquered it, she desired him not to forget how she had been treated by Cecil, and Leicester, and Walsingham; by Lord Huntingdon, who had ill-used her fifteen years before at Tutbury; by Sir Amyas Paulet, and Secretary Wade.[1]

Her last night was a busy one. As she said herself there was much to be done and the time was short. A few lines to the King of France were dated two hours after midnight. They were to insist for the last time that she was innocent of the conspiracy, that she was dying for religion, and for having asserted her right to the crown; and to beg that out of the sum which he owed her, her servants' wages might be paid, and masses provided for her soul.[2] After this she slept for three or four hours, and then rose and with the most elaborate care prepared to encounter the end.

At eight in the morning the Provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite

[1] "Teniendo su Magd el dia que fuere Señor de Inglaterra memoria del tratamiento que le habian hecho el Tesorero Cecil, Conde de Leicester, Secretario Walsingham, Amyas Paulet et Wade." — Relacion de lo que Gorion, boticario de la Reyna de Escocia, tenia orden de decir: Teulet, Vol. V.

[2] Mary Stuart to the King of France, February 7–8: Labanoff, Vol. VI.

of apartments. It was locked and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the Sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendour. The plain grey dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled Paternosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the Sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, were Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so good Melville, farewell. She kissed him, and turning asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrame which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated.

Wednesday, Feb. 8-18.

Missing them she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The Queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request;" and when Kent still hesitated, she added with tears, "You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland."

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptised.

"Allons donc," she then said — "Let us go," and passing out attended by the Earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fire-place, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the Sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other

chairs for the Earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots as she swept in seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sate down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed and took their places, the Sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death.

"Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury to her, when the reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do."

"You will do your duty," she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray.

The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached the rail. "Madam," he began, with a low obeisance, "the Queen's most excellent Majesty;" "Madam, the Queen's most excellent Majesty" — thrice he commenced his sentence, wanting words to pursue it. When he repeated the words a fourth time, she cut him short.

"Mr. Dean," she said, "I am a Catholic, and must die a Catholic. It is useless to attempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little."

"Change your opinion, Madam," he cried, his tongue being loosed at last; "repent of your sins, settle your faith in Christ, by him to be saved."

"Trouble not yourself further, Mr. Dean," she answered; "I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood."

"I am sorry, Madam," said Shrewsbury, "to see you so addicted to Popery."

"That image of Christ you hold there," said Kent, "will not profit you if he be not engraved in your heart."

She did not reply, and turning her back on Fletcher knelt for her own devotions.

He had been evidently instructed to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene, and the Queen of Scots was determined that he should not succeed. When she knelt he commenced an extempore prayer in which the assembly joined. As his voice sounded out in the hall she raised her own, reciting with powerful deep-chested tones the penitential Psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals, that the audience might know what she was saying, and praying with especial distinctness for her holy father the Pope.

From time to time, with conspicuous vehemence, she struck the crucifix against her bosom, and then, as the Dean gave up the struggle, leaving her Latin, she prayed in English wholly, still clear and loud. She prayed for the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son, whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavoured to murder. She prayed God to avert his wrath from England, that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade. She forgave her enemies, whom she had invited Philip not to forget, and then, praying to the saints to intercede for her with Christ, and kissing the crucifix and crossing her own breast, "Even as thy arms, O Jesus," she cried, "were spread upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgive my sins."

With these words she rose; the black mutes stepped

forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." They offered their help in arranging her dress. "Truly, my lords," she said with a smile to the Earls, "I never had such grooms waiting on me before." Her ladies were allowed to come up upon the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done was considerable, and had been prepared with no common thought.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.[1]

Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "Ne criez vous," she said, "j'ay promis pour vous." Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again,

[1] "Son cotillon estoit de velours rouge et le corps estoit de satin rouge; et estant despouillée jusques à ce cotillon, l'une de ses demoiselles luy ayant apporté une paire de manches de satin rouge laquelle elle mist en ses bras: et ainsy fut exécutée tout en rouge." — Vray Rapport de l exécution faicte sur la personne de la Royne d'Escosse: Teulet, Vol. IV.

she crossing them in turn and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief.[1] "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them, "Adieu, au revoir." They stepped back from off the scaffold and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the Psalm, In te, Domine, confido, "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the Earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand and looked enquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and laying down her head muttered: "In manus, Domine tuas, commendo animam meam." The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by

[1] One account, printed by Ellis, original letter, 2nd series, Vol. II. says with a Corpus Christi cloth. Another says "with a handkerchief of cambric, all wrought over with gold needlework." — True report of the death of that rare and Princely Martyr, executed for conscience at Fotheringay February 8, 1587: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots.*

wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to shew it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies."

Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relics should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. Sentinels stood at the doors who allowed no one to pass out without permission; and after the first pause, the Earls still keeping their places, the body was stripped. It then appeared that a favourite lapdog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes; when discovered it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing. It was carried away and carefully washed, and then beads, Paternoster, handkerchief — each particle of dress which the blood had touched, — with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall fire in the presence of the crowd. The scaffold itself was next removed; a brief account of the execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's son, was sent to London, and then every one was dismissed. Silence settled down on Fotheringay, and the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melodrama were so strangely intermingled, was over.

A spectator, who was one of her warmest admirers, describes her bearing as infinitely transcending the power of the most accomplished actor to represent.[1] The association of the stage was, perhaps, unconsciously suggested by what was in fact, notwithstanding the tremendous reality with which it closed, the most brilliant acting throughout. The plain grey dress would have sufficed, had she cared only to go through with simplicity the part which was assigned her. She intended to produce a dramatic sensation, and she succeeded. The self-possession was faultless, the courage splendid. Never did any human creature meet death more bravely; yet, in the midst of the admiration and pity which cannot be refused her, it is not to be forgotten that she was leaving the world with a lie upon her lips. She was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr, and, if in any sense at all she was suffering for her religion, it was because she had shewn herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it.

To assume and to carry through the character of a victim of religious intolerance, to exhibit herself as an example of saintliness, suffering for devotion to the truth, would be to win the victory over Elizabeth, even in defeat and death to fasten upon her the reputation of a persecutor which she had most endeavoured to avoid, to stamp her name with infamy, and possibly drag her down to destruction.

Nor can it be said that she failed. She could not, indeed, stay the progress of the Reformation, make

[1] "Si le plus parfait tragique qui fust jamais venoit à présent avec un désire et soing indicible de représenter sa contenance, parolles et gestes et façon de faire sur un théâtre, il pourroit mériter quelques louanges, mais on le trouveroit court." — Vray Rapport, &c.: Teulet, Vol. IV.

England a province of Spain, or arrest the dissolution of an exploded creed; but she became a fitting tutelary saint for the sentimental Romanism of the modern world. She has had her revenge, if not on Elizabeth living, yet on her memory in the annals of her country, and English history will continue, probably to the end of time, to represent the treatment of Mary Stuart, which, if it erred at all, erred from the beginning on the side of leniency and weakness, as the one indelible stain on the reputation of the great Queen.

"Who now doubts," writes an eloquent modern writer, "that it would have been wiser in Elizabeth to spare her life?" Rather, the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified. It cut away the only interest on which the Scotch and English Catholics could possibly have combined. It determined Philip upon the undisguised pursuit of the English throne, and it enlisted against him and his projects the passionate patriotism of the English nobility, who refused to be tempted, even by their creed, to betray the independence of their country. At once and for ever it destroyed the hope that the Spanish Armada would find a party to welcome it. The entire Catholic organization, as directed against England, was smitten with paralysis; and the Queen found herself, when the invader arrived at last, supported by the loyal enthusiasm of an undivided nation.

CHAPTER XXXV.

February.

In taking upon themselves to direct the execution of the Queen of Scots, without obtaining or seeking a more immediate sanction from their mistress, the Council had not disguised from themselves the probability that she might affect to be surprised and displeased. They had consciously desired to relieve her of part of the burden. They could bear their share of it only through some public disclaimer from herself, some formal profession that she had not intended the execution to take place. Thus much was in the nature of things inevitable. To make use of others in critical operations, and then disavow them, was her systematic habit, mean and paltry if regarded without consideration of surrounding circumstances, defensible and even excusable in an age of universal insincerity, when the duty cast upon her was the protection of England against a gigantic Catholic conspiracy, which, unwilling to assail her on the confessed ground of religion, was watching its opportunity to fasten a quarrel upon her in appearance political.

The non-responsibility of the sovereign is now a recognised doctrine of the constitution. The alternate and opposite policies of the parties which divide the Empire are recommended from the throne without exposing the prince to the reproach of inconsistency. The principle is inherent in the conditions of limited monarchy; it was latent before it was avowed; and

Elizabeth, anticipating awkwardly the authorised theory of a later age, permitted measures to be taken which the safety of the state rendered necessary, which at the same time she declared loudly, and often without hypocrisy, not to be her own. Those who profited by such measures, and those who were injured by them, alike found their convenience in letting pass the transparent disguise. The sympathisers with the foreign Protestants sent them help which otherwise would have been withheld, and Catholic Princes, whom the Pope was urging into war against their will, were able to save their honour by attributing the acts by which they suffered to unauthorised private persons. Something of this kind Lord Burghley undoubtedly looked for on the present occasion. The manner, however, in which Elizabeth set about exonerating herself was original, and went beyond what he had looked for.

Young Talbot, galloping through the night, arrived bespattered with mud at Greenwich on the morning which followed the execution. The Queen was mounting her horse and did not see him. He carried his dispatch to Cecil, and the Lord Treasurer, with some natural nervousness, decided to delay the communication for a day, and to leave his mistress to hear the first news from some other quarter. An event so momentous could not be kept secret from the world; by noon it was known over the palace, by three o'clock the bells were ringing in London. The Queen learnt what had happened on returning from her ride. A friend of Davison's told him that her composure was undisturbed.[1] According to her own account, "she fell into such deep grief of mind, accompanied with

[1] Davison's second statement: *Life of Davison.* Appendix B.

unfeigned weeping, as the like had never been seen in her for any accident in her life."[1]

Both versions of her behaviour may be true. If the news reached her first in public she may have restrained herself; but she must have been less than human if she could have heard without emotion that Mary Stuart's career had ended at last so terribly. As, however, it is said of great actors, that for success in their art they must become the thing which they represent, so Elizabeth, having retained, perhaps in her conversations with Davison, some element of real irresolution, having probably enough determined to refuse, if the Council insisted on receiving a direct order for the execution, now when the deed was done and irrevocable, persuaded herself, as a preliminary to persuading others, that she was innocent of intending it to be done. Among the many purposes which she had alternately entertained, dismissed, and entertained again, she selected the one to which she desired the world to give credence, as that to which she was herself satisfied that she would have eventually adhered.

Early on Friday she sent for Hatton, and with professions of horror and indignation declared that she had been betrayed by Davison. Her first expressions passed as a matter of course. Davison himself said, "he did not much marvel, considering what he had before observed of her desire to cast it from herself." Neither he nor the rest of the Council had apparently calculated that, in order to persuade Europe that the act had not been hers, she might punish those who had presumed to exceed her commands.

[1] Answer to be communicated to the King of Scots, April, 1588: *MSS. Scotland.*

On Saturday she summoned the Council. She "rebuked them all exceedingly." She reserved her deepest displeasure for Burghley, who confessed to have taken the lead in the resolution; and for Davison, whom she accused of violating her positive commands. Burghley she did not venture to touch, but Davison, whose inferior rank pointed him out as a safe victim, she ordered to the Tower.

The Tower implied an impending charge of high treason. No Privy Councillor had been committed to that terrible place during the whole Tudor dynasty under any lighter accusation. The ministers, every one of them, fell on their knees before her and implored her to pause; Burghley especially, confronting her anger with the firmness of his protest.

But she commanded Burghley out of her presence, the storm rising every moment louder and more shrill. Bad news had come from Scotland. Though the Scots would have tried and executed Mary Stuart themselves, their pride was touched at the thought of her being put to death by the English. The party of Huntley and Claude Hamilton had grown with her danger. Gray and Maitland were sore at being disappointed of their expected pensions, and the King, who had been playing with both sides, was ready to go with the strongest. Lord Claude threatened if the Queen was executed to burn Newcastle, and there was every appearance that he would keep his word.[1] "I see matters like to go very hard," wrote an agent of Walsingham's, on the 9th of February, "both with her Majesty and all others, if the execution go forward: I pray God it come to better end than appears for the present."[2]

1 Powrie Ogilvie to Leicester, February, 1587: *MSS. Scotland.*
2 James Hudson to Walsingham, February 9: *MS.* Ibid.

Archibald Douglas, now James's Ambassador, who had been himself in favour of the execution, admitted that the danger was great, that war was likely, and that the Queen would hardly escape it "without some entertainment." He recommended Elizabeth, however, to defend what had been done on public grounds — "so it would be more able to be justified, and have greater appearance of princely dealing." Subterfuge and denials, he thought, would "bring her reputation into doubtful terms;"[1] she could not throw the blame on the Council in such a matter without punishing them.[2] But a difficulty of this kind was not likely to stop Elizabeth. She sent her cousin Sir Robert Carey to Edinburgh, with a fresh declaration that the King's title was unimpaired, with a promise of an increased pension, and an abject and ignominious letter.[3] Carey was met at Berwick by a prohibition to enter Scotland. Mary Stuart had but few friends there; but the affront of her death had convulsed the country, and had called out an emotion, short-lived, but for the moment so violent, that the faintest encouragement from Philip would have kindled it into flame.

The King himself intimated coldly that if the Queen

[1] Archibald Douglas to Burghley, April 9: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Douglas to Walsingham, March 1: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] "My dearest brother, Would God that thou knewest, yet fittest not, with what incomparable grief my mind is perplexed for this lamentable event which is happened contrary to my meaning, which for that my pen trembleth to mention you shall fully understand by this my kinsman. I pray you that as God, and many others, can witness my innocency in this matter, so you will also believe that, if I had commanded it, I would never deny it. I am not so faint-hearted, that for terrour I should fear to do the thing which is just, nor so base or unnobly minded. . . . Persuade yourself for truth, that as I know this is happened deservedly, so if I had intended it, I would not have laid it upon others. No more will I impute to myself that which I never thought." — Elizabeth to the King of Scots: Printed by Camden.

was innocent she must prove it by chastising the guilty, and Douglas, who knew the pressure which was being laid upon him, sent some one to tell him that however he might feel himself injured, his hopes of the English succession lay in maintaining his friendship with Elizabeth; France would do nothing for him; France would never willingly see Scotland and England united; the King of Spain intended the succession for himself; "it would be madness for him, things thus standing, to hazard the loss of that he was certain of, and depend upon uncertainties;" he had saved his honour by interceding for his mother; she was dead, and he could not bring her back to life.[1] March.

James individually was not implacable. As he had been willing beforehand to sell his consent to the execution, so he was ready afterwards to make a bargain for the suppression of his resentment. He hinted that if the Queen would persist in her excuses to save his credit, and would shew substantially that she wished to please him, he would still prefer no foreign amity to hers.[2] When he explained himself in detail, it was found that he was hankering still after the Lennox lands; and these lands, for the old reason, Elizabeth was determined not to part with. Douglas advised her to be free with money; but to this too she was unable, when it came to the point, to bring herself. "Her Majesty," wrote Walsingham, "neglects altogether the opportunities offered for Scotland, with which Mr. Douglas is greatly discouraged."[3] It would have been difficult for James, under any circumstances, to resist the pressure which the voice of Scotland was laying

1 Secret advertisement for Scotland, March, 1587: *MSS. Scotland.*
2 Powrie Ogilvie to Archibald Douglas, March 2: *MS.* Ibid.
3 Walsingham to Leicester, April 3–13: Wright, Vol. II

upon him. It was at once almost impossible, and he had no motive to make the effort, when he found himself amused with idle words.

To France the Queen had sent the same defence of herself which she had offered to Scotland, and the effect was exactly the same. The Catholic League was naturally furious. The French nation was indignant, "that a hangman should have touched the head of a Queen of France." The King, still anxious to avoid a quarrel, was reminded by every one, that Mary Stuart was his sister-in-law, and that "if he passed over the shedding of her blood by a bourreau, he would be abandoned of God."[1] The Queen's excuses were laughed to scorn. "Little and great, old and young, and of all religions sung the same song;" never was seen in Paris such unanimity of emotion.[2] A preacher spoke of the execution in a sermon, in the Church of St. Eustache. He roused such a tempest of passion that not another word that he uttered could be heard; the orator and his audience breaking down together, and melting into a community of tears. Secretary Brulart said that he would never sit at Council again, if the insult to France was unavenged, and Belièvre, well-disposed to England as he was, enquired scornfully if the Queen supposed princes' heads to be tied on their shoulders by shoe-ribands.[3] Sir Edward Stafford anticipated an immediate declaration of war. So frightened was he at the exhibition of feeling, that he despaired of Elizabeth's surviving the storm; and, though reserving his allegiance to her while she lived, yet, through Mendoza, he began to pay his court to Philip as his approaching sovereign.[4]

[1] Wade to Walsingham, March 23–April 2: *MSS. France.*
[2] Stafford to Burghley, March 5–15: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Mendoza to Philip, February 24–March 6: Teulet, Vol. V.
[4] Same to the same, February 18–28: Ibid.

Matters were not improved by the position of the French Ambassador in England. Chasteauneuf's secretary was in the Tower, he was himself charged with an imaginary crime, and his treatment was a separate cause of displeasure. The Queen, by Walsingham's advice, sent for him, and made him some kind of lame apology, while she proceeded to prove to the world her innocence of the Fotheringay tragedy. "Her Majesty," said Walsingham, "doth wholly bend herself to devise further means to disgrace her poor Council that subscribed, and in respect thereof she neglects all other causes."[1] An unsigned letter to Leicester implies that she had been hardly prevented by Lord Warwick from dismissing all her Cabinet, and adopting some dangerous change of policy.[2] Burghley continued in the deepest disgrace, forbidden her presence for two months, and expecting never to return to it;[3] and when he was released at last, and resumed his place in the Council, she allowed herself to address the noblest of all her subjects in language which would have been indecent towards the worst felon in Newgate.[4] So eager was she that her story should be believed, that nothing so much pleased her as an indication that credit was attached to it;[5] and, as Mary Stuart had played

[1] Walsingham to Leicester, April 3–13: Wright, Vol. II.

[2] "Truly, my Lord, your brother hath merited in this eternal memory and obligation, being the only means from God to qualify the Queen's bitter humour, and to stay the ruinous course provoked at home and abroad, which likewise concerned her Majesty's authority and credit near, and the alienation of the greatest members of the Court and the realm." — —— to Leicester, March 29–April 8: *MSS. Domestic.*

[3] Burghley to Walsingham, April 12–22: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] "Not many days passed, her Majesty entered into marvellous cruel speeches with the Lord Treasurer, calling him traitor, false dissembler, and wicked wretch, commanding him to avoid her presence, and all about the death of the Scottish Queen." — —— to Walsingham, June 1–11: *MS.* Ibid.

[5] "The part of your letter where you say the King of Scots excuses her

her part with so much effect at Fotheringay, so Elizabeth omitted nothing to give completeness to hers. Indignation was not sufficient while it was confined to words and manner. Some victim was necessary, whose punishment should be evidence of others' guilt and her own earnestness. She sent for the judges, and enquired "how far the law would touch Davison;" meaning that he should be charged with treason. The judges answered that since her Majesty had signed the warrant, his offence did not reach beyond misconception or contempt. He might be punished with fine and imprisonment, but nothing further.[1] She then meditated giving him up to the Scots; but it was felt that "cruelty would follow," and that to put him to death "would be generally abhorred."[2]

He might possibly have escaped altogether if he would have accepted the blame which she was casting upon him, but, either stung by her injustice or afraid to put himself in her power, he clung to his own story; and when he was examined in the Tower, he persisted in describing literally everything which the Queen had said to him. He "appealed to God and her Majesty's conscience for the knowledge of the truth, and by no means could be brought to confess either fault or crime that he was charged with."[3]

Defied thus, she was compelled to prosecute him, or abandon altogether her own defence. She appointed a commission to try him, consisting of the two Arch-

the blame of the late execution, and lays the same upon her Council, did wonderfully content her Majesty, who desires nothing more than to have it generally conceived that she had least part in the action." — Walsingham to Stafford, April 11–21: *MSS. France.*

[1] Same to the same, March 9–19: *MS.* Ibid.

[2] Note of a conversation with Archibald Douglas, April, 1587: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] Randolph to Walsingham, March 11–21: *MSS. Mary Queen of Scots*

bishops, the Chief Justices, the Chief Baron, the Master of the Rolls, Sir Walter Mildmay, Sir James Crofts, and five peers, Lord Lumley, the Earls of Cumberland, Worcester, and Lincoln, and Lord Gray. Of these Lumley and Worcester had been in every Catholic conspiracy since the beginning of the reign; Cumberland was in Ballard's list, and Crofts, a pensioner of Philip. With a Court so composed he was condemned before he was tried.

He was charged with having broken the Queen's injunctions in shewing the warrant to Burghley, and when Burghley asked him if she meant it to be executed, with having replied that she did. Before a public tribunal he was more reserved than in his private declaration. The Attorney-General reminded him of an expression of the Queen's, that she had desired some other course to be pursued. He might have taken a terrible revenge upon her if he had explained the meaning of these words. But what he told to the Privy Council he concealed from the world. To the Court he said that he had received no positive directions; he had acted as he conceived for the best in the interests of his mistress and the realm.

The Commissioners, in ignorance of half the facts, gave their judgment one by one. Davison was acquitted, by universal consent, of evil intention, but censured for neglect and precipitancy. Sir Walter Mildmay, speaking first, assessed his fine at ten thousand marks, with imprisonment at the Queen's pleasure. The Chief Baron drew a distinction between justness and justice. The thing done, he said, was good, the manner evil. The speeches of the two Archbishops, Lord Lumley and Lord Gray, were more particular and noticeable.

Sandys, the Archbishop of York, once a fiery Puritan, who had drawn his dagger in the Senate-house at Cambridge, but now tamed into sycophancy, and grateful for his rescue from the innkeeper at Doncaster, "fondly and affectedly commanded the rare affection he bore to Mr. Davison;" "he extolled his honesty, wisdom, and religion, above measure;" "there was," he said, "a superabundant virtue of religion in him;" "yet he concluded that neither honest nor wise man in the world would have done as he did."

Lumley, who had deserved half-a-dozen times to lose his own head, yet knew that in the Queen's present humour he might shew his colours with safety. He described the ministers, who had signed the commission for the execution, as a nest of conspirators. In the face of the verdict, which he had himself given upon her trial, he spoke of the Scotch Queen "as one of the greatest princes in Europe, who had been unduly and presumptuously proceeded against." He objected to the fine as altogether disproportioned to the offence, and he said, "that if Davison had been his own brother and heir, he could not devise too sharp a condemnation against him."

Whitgift, unencumbered with theory — for the saintliness of Mary Stuart was not yet an article of the High Churchmen's creed — rather replied to Lumley than addressed himself to the case before the Court. He told the story of the Queen of Scots, as Knox might have told it, "making a sound report of her wickedness:" her life, he said, had ever been unquiet and troublesome to the whole world; her execution he considered due and just, well prosecuted and affected, happy for the realm, safe for her Majesty, and grievous to none that were any way dutifully disposed; he

wished Mr. Davison accordingly to be favoured and respected. Yet, inconsistent with his argument, he acquiesced in Mildmay's sentence.

Gray's speech was the most remarkable.

"The Lord Gray did highly excuse Mr. Davison, distinguishing between the foulness of the crime of high treason in the Scotch Queen, and the sincere zeal of him to prevent further mischief that might ensue by longer protraction to religion and the realm. Mr. Davison was one of the association, whereby his act was the more justifiable, and if the Queen had miscarried while he had the warrant lying by him unprofitable, as might easily have been, how, he asked, could Mr. Davison have answered it? He protested, that in revenge for his sovereign, he would have been the first to have rent his heart out of his body. The injunction of secresy was not so strictly to be interpreted. The Lord Admiral had been made privy to the writ, and Mr. Walsingham, and also the Chancellor. Her Majesty's speech that 'it needed no such haste,' did not imply an express command to stay, nor did her conference of a new course to be taken, prejudicate the deliberations aforehand. He therefore deemed the gentleman rather worthy of favourable consideration than of correction at all."

Lord Gray, however, like Whitgift, "knit up his speech that he would not dissent from the fine and pains."[1] To acquit Davison altogether would be to condemn the Queen. Both Gray, and perhaps the Archbishop, hoped that, if left to her conscience and discretion, the penalties would not be exacted.

1 Two accounts of Davison's trial are printed in an Appendix to Sir H. Nicolas's Life. A third, from which my quotations are chiefly taken, is in a letter from an eyewitness to Leicester, March 29, 1587: *MSS. Domestic.*

They did not know their mistress if they thought so. She considered a vicarious sacrifice necessary for her own purification. She had convinced herself of her innocence by the violence of her assertion of it. The fine was exacted to the last penny. Davison was dismissed from the public service; his family was ruined, and he himself remained a prisoner at his mistress's pleasure.

She gained nothing by the prosecution. No one any the more believed her, and her proceedings created only amused contempt. She had a better protection in the more serious causes which prevented the anger of France and Scotland from taking shape in more than words. The deadly enmity between Henry III. and the House of Guise at once reconciled the King privately to his sister-in-law's fate, and made Elizabeth's alliance a political necessity to his Government. The pretensions of Philip to the Crown of England compelled Brulart and Villeroy to digest their spleen and limit their revenge to sarcasm.[1] The war party in Scotland were paralysed by the same cause, and, caring more for the English succession than the restoration of the faith, and seeing that a quarrel with England, whatever might be the other results of it, would bring them no nearer to the great object of their ambition, they too submitted to endure what was now past remedy.

[1] "I am very sorry to hear that her Majesty continues so offended with your Lordship. She does herself and her service great harm. I assure you it is nuts to them here to hear it; and yet for that respect she doth it, it rather doth harm than good, and particularly her evil countenance to you that makes the thing less believed than anything else; for all that she can do cannot persuade them here that your Lordship could even be brought to do anything against her express will. Those that loved the Queen of Scots best, will not be persuaded that you have advanced her days a minute more than the Queen willed, nor bear you any speech of evil will for it." — Stafford to Burghley, April 4–14: *MSS. France.*

One satisfaction only they could not be deprived of. They held Elizabeth fast in the dilemma in which she had placed herself, and they punished her with an ingenuity of torture. Believing, after the refusal to admit Carey into Scotland, that James was on the point of allying himself with Philip against her, she sent down his father Lord Hunsdon to reiterate the declarations of her letter. Parodying what she had said in past times to his mother, James replied that he would willingly believe her, but he must first "have a trial of her innocency; he would not condemn her unheard, but he could do no less than suspend his judgment from cleansing or condemning till further trial: for proofs that she had yet given of her innocency he remitted to her own judgment, whether she had yet satisfied the world to her honour in that matter or not;[1] if Davison was really guilty, a secondary punishment was inadequate to his offence." April.

The Jesuits on the Tower rack scarcely suffered more acutely than Elizabeth at receiving such language as this from James. She dictated answer after answer. She entreated, she threatened, she expostulated. Nothing satisfied her. She had disclaimed the order for the execution herself. The Scots argued irresistibly that if it had not been done by her order, then it had been done by private persons, and for private persons to put a Queen to death, was the most horrible kind of treason.

She was so worried, so irritated, so galled, that at first she was half driven into yielding. She bade Hunsdon say that although the King of Scots would be unwise to demand it, "yet, if her sincerity might be the more

[1] Answer of the King of Scots to Lord Hunsdon, March 11–21, 1587 *MSS. Scotland.*

manifested by sending her Secretary to him, she would not stick to do so."[1]

On second thoughts she slightly shifted her note. "As to sending her Secretary," she said, "she could be content to yield so far therein as might be by any form of justice, and with discharge of her conscience required at her hand;" but then again, her pride boiling over, she added, "that she found by the King's articles a disposition to suspend his intelligence until he might be better satisfied of her innocency; wherein he used words of trial and cleansing, as though it were decision of a cause litigious before him as a judge: whereupon she might gather some absurd senses unmeet to be applied to her, being a Queen and a Prince Sovereign answerable to none for her actions, otherwise than as she was disposed of her own free will; but to Almighty God alone."[2]

These were the very words which had been used by Mary Stuart at the time of the York enquiry; and Elizabeth had herself disallowed them.

Desperate at last, though still clinging to her position, she replied resolutely, that the King must be satisfied with her word. She would not send her Secretary to him, nor would she say an untruth in a matter where, if she had consented, she might avow and defend her conduct by the laws of God and man.[3]

The Queen of Scots had played her closing part to the admiration of mankind. Elizabeth had done her best to make a good cause into a bad one. She had flung a doubt over the justice of an execution, which, if she had acted openly and honourably, would never

[1] Memorial for the Lord Hunsdon, April 3, 1587: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Second answer for Lord Hunsdon, April: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] MS. endorsed, "the last answer," April 6: *MS.* Ibid.

have existed. She had crushed an innocent Secretary whose fault had been too faithful service, and on herself she had brought ridicule and discredit.

The effect of Mary Stuart's death on English parties, and on the policy of the Catholic Powers, is more important and more interesting.

The perusal of the intercepted correspondence had after all thrown no decided light on the intentions of Philip. It had shewn the Jesuits and the refugees endeavouring privately to organize a crusade. It had shown the King of Spain to be ready to strike a sudden blow if Elizabeth could first be killed — but still afraid of France — shrinking from open war — and resolute at all events not to undertake a costly enterprise without an assurance of a Catholic successor to follow the Queen of Scots. The Pope had invited Philip to execute the decrees of the Church; he had consented, provided the Pope would pay half the expenses, and would leave to him the political results of the conquest. A formal invasion of England on a great scale required elaborate preparations; and although for two years he had been collecting ships and stores, he did not mean to commit himself till he saw his way clearly on both these points. The Pope was tenacious of money; as an Italian Prince, he was jealous of Spanish power and reluctant to increase it; he had professed himself generally willing to agree to whatever Philip wished, but in detail he had made difficulties about everything; he was unwilling to abandon James without further efforts for his conversion; and the subsidy which he had himself proposed fell immeasurably short of Philip's expectations.

Thus, "the enterprise," as it was called, was still hanging in suspense. The interference of Elizabeth in

the Low Countries, and the sack of Carthagena and St. Domingo, were considered at Rome to be provocations of such magnitude, that it was supposed Philip would now, whether he liked it or not, be forced into war on his own account. Olivarez represented, and Philip reiterated, that these were matters easily compounded. England offered peace, and, except for the Church's quarrel, the Spaniards desired peace themselves. The Pope was politely incredulous. "Revenge," Olivarez said, "was to such a mind as that of Sextus, the first law of existence," and he could not believe Philip serious.[1] While he admitted that it was reasonable that he should contribute something with the prospect of recovering the English revenues, he pleaded poverty. He still limited his offers to seven hundred thousand crowns, and even this small sum only to be paid by instalments; half a million on the landing of a Spanish army in England, or the arrival of the Armada there, and the rest six months after; or, the half million at once, if Philip would promise that it should be repaid if no Armada sailed.

Sextus was believed to have more money in his treasury than any prince in Europe. Philip entirely declined to be satisfied. He ought, he said, to have a

[1] Olivarez writes: "Se reduxéron, como V. Mag^d verá, á confesarlo, aunque no á creerlo en ninguna manera, por la veneracion en que acá es venida la vengança." — Olivarez al Rey, 9 Setiembre, 1586. Philip answers that it is no way incumbent on him to undertake the enterprise, "pues aunque como deceis tengan allá por tan llana y assentada la ley de vengança, tambien son tan discurridores en las conveniencias de estado que no pueden dexar de conocer que con hacerme Señor de la Mer y armar de manera que se limpien y aseguren las flotas de las Indias puedo yo excusar el meterme en empresa tan difficultosa quedando seguro y guardado para no poder ser ofendido; que es verdad, y que si deseo emprenderle con ayuda competente ni es por otra fuerça ni fin mas de la que me hace la lastima de ver la persecucion que allí padece la Iglesia," &c. — El Rey al Conde de Olivarez, 18 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

million and a half; and a million was the least which he would accept. He did not like the condition of repayment, or the stipulation for the arrival of the fleet. It was possible that the work might be done by Parma alone, and that no fleet might be needed, and Sextus, he knew well, would hold him to the letter of his bargain.[1] The Pope, he said, must make up the full million and let him have it unconditionally; he would then complete his preparations, and go to work as soon as possible; but he particularly desired that the expedition should not be talked of, as success depended upon secresy.

Olivarez had an audience to communicate this resolution, and so far as money was concerned, the bargain was at last concluded on the 13th of December. The conditions to which Philip objected were allowed to stand. Olivarez demanded in return, that if the money was not paid at once, the Pope should execute an instrument which would be binding on his successor. The sum was fixed at the figures which Philip required. The coming of the fleet to England was to be the period for the first instalment. The second the Pope empowered the King to raise on Church property in Spain, if he died himself before the payment was completed.

The succession was so delicate a matter that for some time nothing had been said about it. Mary Stuart had declared for Philip, and the necessity for ulterior arrangements, so long as she was alive, was less immediately urgent. The news of the de- January.

[1] On the margin of a draft of a dispatch to Olivarez, of the 18th of November, 1586. opposite the words, "que sea la primera paga de 500,000 Δ^{os} luego que aya desembarcado el ejercito en Inglaterra ó llegado la Armada allí," — Philip writes: "Mirad si será bien quitar esto de la Armada y poner palabras que obligasen al Papa, aunque no hubiese Armada en el effecto."

tection of the Babington conspiracy were followed by accounts of her complicity, her trial, and condemnation. Philip assumed, as a matter of course, that she would now be executed; and he was again in a hurry to have the question settled. Olivarez was directed, therefore, to lay Philip's claims before the Pope in form, and to require from him a public declaration that the King of Scots was disqualified as a heretic; that the King of Spain was next in blood, through the House of Lancaster; and that on him, therefore, the crown would devolve. The Queen of Scots desired it, Philip said, nor was it possible for him to go to war in the interest of a boy like James. He did not mean to annex England to Spain, but to make a present of it to one of his daughters.[1]

Olivarez, better aware than the King of the opposition which he would meet with, felt his way tentatively with the Cardinals, and discovered, as he expected, that a powerful opposition was already organised, and that the Pope wished most strongly to allow James a longer time for repentance.

The reader may remember a Bishop of Dunblane,[2] who was sent by Mary Stuart to Paris to apologise for her marriage with Bothwell. The Bishop had so little liked his employment, that he had not cared to return to Scotland; a see was given him in France, but he resigned it, retired into a monastery, and for nearly twenty years had been a Carthusian monk. Rising, as it were, from the grave, the ashes of his patriotism kindling once more into flame, the old man had thrown himself at the Pope's feet, praying to be allowed to go back to his country, and use his eloquence for the

[1] The King of Spain to Olivarez, February 11: *MSS. Simancas.*
[2] William Chisholm.

King's conversion. The Jesuits had lent their help to Olivarez. The Pope inclined to the Bishop, who was encouraged to try what he could do.[1] His Holiness was so suspicious, so unwilling, notwithstanding his promises,[2] to part with money, that he was catching on all sides at excuses and points of objection.

March. As to the succession, Allen and Parsons, who had been working at Rome for a year to make a party in Philip's favour, advised that nothing should be said about it till England was conquered and in the occupation of a Spanish army. To insist upon a resolution beforehand as an antecedent condition, would, they considered, not only create difficulties at Rome, but would alienate Scotland, divide the English Catholics, exasperate France, perhaps make enemies of the House of Guise, and give a character of self-interest to an enterprise which, if undertaken in the cause of the Church, would have the prayers of the Catholic world. The work once done, Spain would have acquired by conquest the right to dispose of the crown. The claim of descent could then be put forward with effect, and, when Philip was once in possession, the world might say what it pleased.[3]

A letter from Allen himself to Philip accompanied a statement of these considerations, enforcing them with still greater emphasis: —

"We are of opinion," Allen wrote, "that it will be

1 Olivarez to Philip, January 7, 1587: *MSS. Simancas.*

2 Olivarez says that hardly any one in Rome believed that Philip would get his million, or in fact get anything. "Aseguro á V. Magd," he writes, "que son muy pocas personas las que en Roma creen que se le aya de sacar nada para esta empresa, y que publicandose que ayuda á V. Magd con un millon ha de parecer un mostruo de natura." — Olivarez al Rey, 2 Marcio: *MS.* Ibid.

3 "Consideraciones porque convenga mas hacerse antes la empresa de Inglaterra que tratarse de la succession," 18 de Marcio, 1587: *MS.* Ibid.

well to say nothing for the present, either to the Pope or any one, about your Majesty's succession. It cannot do good; it may do harm through the sinister interpretations of enemies and even friends. There are two most just causes for this war, approved by all law, human and divine, which must be set out in the published letter of the Holy See. When a war is just, whatever is acquired in it is lawfully acquired, and belongs to the conqueror by as clear a right as that of blood; and where conquest and blood coincide, the claim becomes then irresistible. As soon, therefore, as God shall have given your Majesty victory, you can then allege in Parliament your descent from the House of Lancaster, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is Legatus natus, who gives his vote first, whom all the bishops and Catholic peers will follow, can easily bring to pass what you desire. Security will have to be taken that there be no second relapse, as before, into heresy. The Queen of Scots, we doubt not, will do her part, and will not prefer her heretic son to your Majesty. The Pope will then acquiesce, and all will go as your Majesty desires. Gird yourself, therefore, great King, to the work which Christ has reserved for you. Delay no longer. Listen to the groans of the priests, who are crying to you out of their dungeons. Listen to the voice of the Church, which calls you through the tears of the faithful. While you linger, souls are perishing, friends are murdered, and the enemy grows strong. Be not angry with me if I am urgent with you in a cause which is dearer to me than life. This is the accepted time. Be not frightened with the rumours of danger and difficulty. With the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, with which you have crushed the Turk and triumphed over your

rebels, you will chastise the English heretics, and this woman who is hateful to God and man, and you will restore our noble nation to its ancient glory and liberty." [1]

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who was to give the crown to Philip, was intended to be Allen himself. Already his usefulness had been recognised, and his long devotion to the cause; as a preparation to his further distinction, and to place him at once at the head of the English Catholics, Philip had recommended him for the Cardinalate,[2] and when the Pope, who did not like him, hesitated, the Spanish Ambassador had pressed his claims.

In Allen every essential qualification was combined. His pupils had been the instruments in the late and widely-spread conversions, and so many of them had perished in the cause, that the purple of his hat would be dyed in the blood of martyrs of his own training.[3] Parsons wished him to be named at the same time for the Archbishopric, but this it was thought imprudent to insist upon. The Pope was catching at every twig, and would make it an excuse for delaying his promotion to the college.[4] Rumours of negotiations for peace had reached the Vatican. Sextus feared that Philip was overreaching him, and could not keep his agitation to himself. He had been entreated to be secret. He chattered his anxieties right and left to every one. He had made the expedition the public talk of Rome, and Olivarez could only comfort himself by the reflection

[1] Allen to Philip, March 19: *MSS. Simancas.* Abridged.

[2] Olivarez to Philip, September 9, 1586: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] "Los medios de todas las negociationes han sido y son sus discipulos, entre los cuales han recibido tantos el martirio que se podra decir que la purpura de su capelo sea tinta en la sangre de los martires que ha instituido." — Memorial que se dió á su Sd, 14 de Março, 1587: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] "Porque el Papa es hombre que se ase de cualquiera rama."

that he was so notorious a liar that nobody believed a word that he said.[1]

March 14–28.

So matters stood at Rome when the news arrived of Mary Stuart's execution. In so slight esteem was the lady held at the Vatican, that Olivarez says the Pope doubted whether he would allow the celebration of the ordinary obsequies; but political intrigue became ten times hotter than before, for it did seem necessary that some definite arrangement should now be made for the English crown. Allen, in a second letter to Philip, described her death as a martyrdom. The tyrant, he said, had filled the measure of her iniquity. Her subjects, Catholic and Protestant, were weary of her. She was tottering on the throne which she had so long disgraced, and every honest Englishman was craving for the day when the Castilian banner would be seen floating on the Tower:[2] to the Pope he represented that England was in mutiny, the people starving, the fleet, which was so much dreaded, eaten with dry-rot, not four ships being fit for sea, and the whole country on fire with the brilliant example which Sir William Stanley had given at Deventer. Philip, however, since it was known that the Queen of Scots had made a disposition in his favour, insisted on the recognition of his rights before he would move, and the Pope, suspicious, covetous, Italian to the heart, and hating Philip's politics as much as he admired his orthodoxy, remained with the majority of the college under the influence of the Bishop of Dunblane. Olivarez, unable to approach the

[1] "Y con el poco credito que tiene de hombre de palabra les parece que todo es ayre." — Olivarez al Rey, 16 de Março: *MSS. Simancas.* This singular commentary on the character of the infallible head of the Church was underlined by Philip.

[2] Allen to Philip, March 21–31: *MS.* Ibid.

subject openly, tried his persuasive powers with Cardinal Carrafa.

After the usual compliments to Carrafa's exceptional honesty in the midst of a wicked world, the Ambassador complained of the influence which carnal-minded men were exercising over his Holiness. The sincere conversion of a king, he said, was a thing, no doubt, much to be desired, since subjects so often followed kings' examples. An insincere conversion, on the other hand, was the greatest of calamities, as his master had found to his cost, when he had relied on the pretended reconciliation of the present Queen of England, and had placed her on the throne to do such infinite mischief. There was no reason, not the slightest, for supposing the King of Scots would become really a Catholic. The union of the crowns of England and Scotland would be a misfortune to the rest of Europe; nor had the King of Spain ever thought of undertaking the expedition except on the understanding that the King of Scots was to be set aside. His mother had expressed her wishes about it with the utmost distinctness, and if the Pope made difficulties he could not be sincerely anxious for the Church's welfare.

Carrafa asked a few questions about Philip's pedigree, and appeared satisfied. He seemed to think, however, as Parsons had said before, that it would be imprudent to irritate Scotland, when its assistance might be of so much moment. The Hamiltons and the Gordons were at the head of a large party, which they were ready to place at the service of the invading army. Lord Claude was willing, if necessary, to confine James and take possession of the government. The English refugees, too, were similarly divided. They were agreed, as a spy of Walsingham's informed

him, in desiring the invasion of the country by the Spaniards, but they differed in everything else. "The Spanish faction wished the Spaniards to be conquerors, and to live under their subjection. The Scotch faction desired to be restored to their country by the Spaniards' help, but in such manner, themselves remaining masters, as they might chase them out of the land." "Some of these, by the Scotch Queen's death, had fallen off to the Spaniards," but "most of them, if they could, would seek each other's blood, and forget no matter that might disgrace each other." [1] On the whole, therefore, Olivarez himself remained undecided, said nothing to the Pope, and again left it to Philip's judgment whether, with so important a point unsettled, he would go through with the expedition or not.[2]

Both sides thus hung back. Allen's promotion was put off. The Pope grew daily more irritable, swearing and cursing at his servants, and flinging about his dinner plates;[3] while Philip sate debating slowly, as usual, whether the venture should be made, but gathering up his strength in case he should decide to act, and filling Cadiz and Lisbon with galleons and transports.

Meanwhile the affairs of England in the Low Countries were sinking into wreck and confusion. Leicester, with the conspicuous incapacity which universally distinguished him, had at his departure distributed the army into garrisons, and had left each commander to his own discretion. He had quarrelled with Norris, the

[1] Divisions or factions of Englishmen in the King of Spain's service, resident in Rome or France, 1587: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Olivarez to Philip, March 27: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] "Á los 26 deste estuvó su Santidad colericisimo en la mesa, tratando mal de palabras á los que le sirvian, y menando con gran furia los platos que aunque es cosa que algunas veces lo suele hacer esta fué mas que ordinariamente." — Olivarez al Rey, 30 Junio: *MS.* Ibid.

only supremely able officer that he had. Sir William Stanley, who went over intending treason, had soon given cause of suspicion there; the States had warned Leicester that neither he nor Rowland Yorke were to be trusted; and Leicester, disdaining advice, and resenting interference, gave them both independent commands at Deventer and the Zutphen forts. He forbade the States to remove them in his absence. He forbade Norris, though their superior officer, to interfere with them; and having thus thrust opportunity into their hands, both town and forts were betrayed on the 19th–29th of January to the Spaniards, and the two traitors with their Irish companions and as many English as they could tempt to accompany them passed into the service of the Prince of Parma. Allen published a defence of their conduct, on the ground that Deventer belonged to the King of Spain, and that to place the lawful owner in possession of his property was a Christian and honourable act. Their crime was but an imitation of the gigantic treachery which had been at least contemplated by Elizabeth, and the suspicions of the States which had been so hardly allayed were roused to madness. The long idleness of the English army, the negotiations for peace, detected, avowed, denied, yet still continued, the otherwise entirely unintelligible conduct of the English Queen, seemed at once to receive their explanation, and the people, in the desperation of fury, threatened to rise en masse and cut their false allies in pieces.[1] Authority there was none. No one knew who was to command or who to obey. The only anxiety of the States was

[1] Wilks to Leicester, January 23–February 2; Wilks to Walsingham and Burghley, January 24–February 3; Norris to Burghley, January 21–31; Wilks to the Queen, February 16–26: *MSS. Holland.*

to recover the cautionary towns, that they might be their own once more to defend or surrender.[1] Commissioners went to London to beg Leicester to return and help them to reconquer Deventer. Elizabeth received them as if they had been themselves to blame, with one of her outbursts of bad language. Leicester could not go without her consent. The commissioners returned helpless and hopeless, and everything seemed plunging down into irretrievable ruin. The eight thousand English troops had dwindled to three. The pay was six months in arrear. The cavalry had utterly disappeared; and had not Parma been sparing his troops, under Philip's orders, for the meditated invasion, he might have swept the whole of them into the sea.

In the intervals of the passion, however, which had been created by the Queen of Scots' execution, Elizabeth occasionally saw that she might tempt the States too far. Her own mind was still fastened upon the peace, but the States might anticipate her; Sir William Stanley's example might be followed by other officers; while the reports of the preparations at Lisbon and Cadiz were so frequent and so positive that she could not wholly shut her ears to them. At length, therefore, Lord Buckhurst was allowed to go in Leicester's place to Holland to satisfy the States that she had no real ill-meaning towards them. To give his words credibility, and as a reply to Philip's armament, a squadron of ships was fitted out at Plymouth to carry Drake to the coast of Spain; and in a courageous moment the Queen was tempted to give him large discretion in the employment of them.

The expedition to the Low Countries had been as

[1] Sir William Russell to Walsingham, February 23–March 4. *MSS. Holland.*

unprofitable as it had been costly. It had been undertaken only to secure the sea towns, and use them in making peace. With incompetence at its head, treachery in its organisation, and a dishonest purpose paralysing its movements, it had thrown a reproach on the military ability of England, which success on a more congenial element was required to compensate. A fleet at sea was beyond the reach of Queen's messengers, and Drake's ability was conspicuous as Leicester's imbecility. The difficulty only was to get clear of Plymouth before the Queen had changed her mind.

The squadron consisted of thirty vessels large and small. Six only belonged to the Crown — the Bonaventura, of six hundred tons, carrying Drake's flag; the Lion, of five hundred, with Vice-Admiral Burroughs, Controller of the Navy, who was sent like Doughty to hang on Drake's arm, and thwart him with timid counsels; the Rainbow, of five hundred tons; the Dreadnought of four hundred, and two pinnaces. The rest were adventurers equipped by merchants of London.

They cleared out of the Sound on the 2nd–12th of April, and only just in time, for a smooth communication from Parma through Andrea de Looe had blown round the vane of Elizabeth's humour. A courier came galloping into Plymouth with instructions that the King of Spain wished for peace; the quarrel was not to be exasperated; and Drake was therefore forbidden "to enter into any of his ports or havens, or offer violence to any of his towns or shipping."[1] Sir Francis had slipped off prematurely, expecting how it would be. He thought it likely that the message would be sent after him, and determined to do something noticeable before he was overtaken.

April.

[1] The Council to Sir F. Drake, April 9–19: *MSS. Domestic.*

He was caught in a gale at the mouth of the Channel, but he held on in spite of it. On the 16th he was off Gibraltar, where he ascertained that Cadiz was crowded with transports and store-ships. The mouth of the harbour was narrow. There were batteries on both sides, and a number of galleys which had a dangerous reputation were said to be in the harbour. He called a council of war and proposed to run in. Admiral Burroughs was loud in opposition. He refused to be responsible for the danger to her Majesty's fleet, with the other formulas generally used in such cases by incompetent officers. Drake's humour, however, infected the rest of the captains, and on the morning of the 19th, with a flood tide and a fair wind, the ships stood in between the batteries. A single shot hit the Lion, and Burroughs, seeing nothing before him but destruction, dropped his anchors, warped his vessel out of range, and drifted to sea with the ebb. The rest flew on unhurt. They fell first on the only ship of war in the roads, a large galleon. This they instantly sunk. The galleys came out, but fled at the first broadside, and Drake brought up out of shot from the shore, with absolute command of the harbour and of everything that was floating in it. The crews of the store-ships fled to land, leaving their cargoes at his mercy. There were many scores of them — large roomy vessels, some of twelve hundred and even fifteen hundred tons — loaded with wine, corn, biscuits, dried fruits, the garnered wealth of Andalusia, which was going to Lisbon for the use of the Armada. Everything of value which could be conveniently moved was transferred to the English squadron. Then with the tide at flood they were set on fire, their cables were cut, and they were left to drift under the town an entangled mass of blazing ruin.

The Spaniards, smarting under the blow, yet could not withhold their admiration. To the caballero, who was bred to war as the occupation of a gentleman, who had fed his fancy on the romances which were the abomination of Don Quixote's housekeeper, a daring action by whomsoever done was an exquisite delight. "So praised was Drake for his valour of them, that were it not that he was a Lutheran, they said, there was not the like man in the world." Philip one day invited a lady of the court to join him in his barge on the Lake of Segovia.[1] The lady said, "she dared not trust herself on the water even with his Majesty, lest Sir Francis Drake should have her."[2]

As yet, however, the bold rover had made but a beginning. On the 21st of April (May 1) he passed out of Cadiz Bay as he had entered, the galleys following him, but teaching the English to despise them by the feebleness of their attacks. He had taken a number of prisoners, and before leaving the coast, he sent to propose an exchange for such English seamen as were either at Cadiz or Seville. The "general of the galleys" replied courteously, but had no power to consent. The question was referred to the Marquis of Sta. Cruz, at Lisbon, who answered that there were no English prisoners in Spain of any kind; and as this was notoriously untrue, it was agreed in the fleet that all the Spaniards whom they might take for the future, "should be sold to the Moors, and the money reserved for the redeeming such Englishmen as might be in captivity elsewhere." May.

From Cadiz the fleet sailed for Cape St. Vincent,

[1] I suppose Segovia. The reporter merely says a lake not far from Madrid.

[2] Report from Spain, 1587: *MSS. Ireland.*

picking up on their way fresh convoys of store-vessels, all streaming towards the Tagus, some loaded with oars for the galleys, some with staves for casks, "enough to make thirty thousand hogsheads;" and far and wide over the sea rose the smoke of burning ships. A division of the Armada being expected round from the Mediterranean, Drake determined to lie near Cape St. Vincent, and if possible fight an action there. He required the use of the anchorage at Faro, where there was a convenient watering place, and the batteries being troublesome, he prepared to land and destroy them. Burroughs, whose cowardice at Cadiz had been passed over, again interposed. Drake took no notice of him, sent his boats on shore, stormed the forts, and had roadstead and river at his command. Burroughs, either treacherous or envious, attempted to send complaints to England of Sir Francis's "wilfulness." The axe and block at Patagonia had shown what Drake was capable of doing to his second in command. This time milder methods sufficed. The Vice-Admiral was deposed; he was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his own cabin; and resenting the affront, or afraid that worse might befall him, he slipped away and went home.

The Spanish ships not appearing and time being precious, the position at Faro was not long maintained. The forts so gallantly taken were evacuated, and Drake moved up to the mouth of the Tagus, intending to go in to Lisbon, and measure strength with Santa Cruz in his own den. The light low English frigates outsailed the ponderous galleons, flying round them as easily as a steamer round a modern sailing vessel. In fair water he knew that he could escape if he found himself overmatched. The Lisbon estuary was moderately large,

The tide could be watched, and the chances were that the Armada could be taken unprepared; the sides of the ships being probably encumbered with lighters and barges, the ships themselves half manned, and unable either to make sail or fire a gun. That the Spaniards were in enormous force Drake well knew. "The like preparations were never heard of; there was bread and wine enough to feed forty thousand men for a year;" but the thicker they were crowded the less easy they would find it to move, and the more rapidly the flames would do their work among them.[1]

Along with Drake's genius there was in him the Puritan conviction that he was fighting on God's side, which created success by the very confidence with which success was anticipated. Powerful as they were, "the Spaniards," he said, "were still but the sons of mortal men, for the most part enemies to the truth, upholders of Dagon's image, which had already fallen before the Ark;" so long as their ships would float, and they had food to eat, he and his men were ready to stay on the coast, and he was especially anxious that the Queen should allow him to do so; "the continuing to the end yielded the true glory; if Hannibal had followed his victories, he would never have been taken by Scipio;" and when men "thoroughly believed that what they were doing was in defence of their religion and country, a merciful God, for Christ's sake, would give them victory, nor would Satan and his ministers prevail against them." June.

In this spirit Drake was going into Lisbon, when he was overtaken by orders less positive than those which

[1] Drake to Walsingham, April 27, May 18, and June 2; Fenner to Walsingham, May 17: *MSS. Domestic*. Drake's words imply that he contemplated landing at Lisbon, perhaps in the hope of causing a rising of the Portuguese.

he had escaped at Plymouth, but forbidding him to strike directly as he had intended at Philip's heart. He lay under Cintra, burning steadily everything that he could catch. He sent in a challenge to Santa Cruz to come out and fight him; and having thus, with but four small ships of war and a handful of London privateers, defied at their own doors the united navies of Spain and Portugal, he sailed for Coruña. There, too, he made a complete clearance of the harbour. In two months' work, half the stores which had been accumulated for the Armada had either been destroyed by himself or set on fire by the Spaniards to prevent them from falling into his hands. He calculated, though as it proved wrongly, that another season at least would be consumed in repairing the loss, and that England, for that summer and autumn, could rest secure of invasion.

The public service having been thus accomplished, it remained to think of the adventurers. Burnt store-vessels yielded small prize money, and the wages of the men who had served their country on the chance of what they could make of it, had in reason so be considered also. The neighbourhood of the Azores was the best cruising ground for ships with cargoes of value. They stood across to St. Michael's, and then immediately, so lucky was the star of Drake, they came across a carack from the East Indies so splendidly freighted, that every common sailor in the fleet counted his fortune made. They wanted no more. With "the great San Philip" in their company they returned happily home in the middle of the summer from an expedition to which the naval annals of England as yet offered nothing that could be compared. The material injury to the enemy had been enormous. The de

July.

struction of his prestige, the confidence felt thenceforward by the English seamen, the inspiriting of the despairing Hollanders, and of the almost equally disheartened ministers of Elizabeth — these happy effects were worth at the moment to Protestant England, more than a general engagement fought and won.

The encouragement was more than needed. All that English energy could do sufficed barely to keep the balance against the wild courses of the Queen. She was urged, both by Burghley and Walsingham, to send back Drake at once to the Azores, with an increased force to intercept the Indian treasure-fleet.[1] In her artificial indignation about the Queen of Scots, she had fallen back viciously on her determination to make peace. Controller Crofts had possession of her ear, persuading her that Drake had robbed her of her share of plunder, and filling her mind with dreams of an arrangement with Spain, impossible save at the cost of honour.

The conditions under which peace could be had were notorious and sharply limited. Philip would never concede religious toleration, and the United Provinces would agree to no terms without it. The Queen, therefore, must either treat for them against their wills, and betray the cause which she had sworn to defend, or she must treat separately for herself, which she had sworn also not to do, and buy reconciliation with Spain by the surrender of the cautionary towns. She would not be allowed to restore them to the Hollanders if she made a separate peace, nor could she be allowed to keep them. It was plain, in the nature of the case, that they were to be handed over to the Prince of Parma.

[1] Memorial of advices given by A. B. and C. D.: *MSS. Domestic*, 1587

She may not have admitted to herself that she contemplated such an act of treachery. Her intention was to use the advantage which the possession of the keys of the sea States gave her, to compel them to submit on religion. Their country would then be their own, unoccupied by Spanish fleets or armies, and her own safety would no longer be threatened. She was warned that if she allowed the States to be crushed, the Scheldt would be open to Philip's galleons, and her turn would inevitably follow. She would not listen. She had let Champagny persuade her that the nobles of the Belgian States would not permit her to be interfered with. She refused even to keep an army in the field, while the treaty was going on. The garrisons in the sea towns were strengthened, lest the States should seize them; for the rest "nothing that had charges would in any sort be digested."[1] Lord Buckhurst was ordered to tell the States that they must be contented with some mild toleration, which in fact would be none. They could not continue the war by themselves, and she could no longer help them.[2] She promised to intercede with Philip "to relent in some convenient sort," and to remind him of the pacification of Ghent; but she sent Parma word, through De Looe, that "she would not insist on the matter of religion further than should be with the King's honour and conscience."[3]

She had calculated justly that the States, however distracted by her injustice, would not dare to quarrel with her; but, in expecting equal forbearance from

[1] Walsingham to Wilks, May 2–12: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] The Queen to Lord Buckhurst, May 17–27.

[3] Buckhurst to Walsingham, June 18–28. Buckhurst had himself seen the words in De Looe's letter, which had been communicated to the States to shew them what Elizabeth was doing.

Parma, she was mistaken altogether. Parma had been lying inactive also, under orders from Philip, and she imagined that, pending the negotiations which she had reopened, she had nothing immediate to fear from him. He had obtained permission to take advantage of her negligence, and retaliate for Cadiz where she had laid herself open.

Among the ports which were garrisoned by the English were Ostend and the Sluys, a harbour at the mouth of the Scheldt nearly opposite Flushing. They were positions of no particular importance to the States, but of the utmost moment to England. The possession of them would give Parma what he most wanted, additional room to prepare his transports if England was to be invaded, and the States had left their defence to those who were most interested in their security. They were held by a handful of starving troops, mutinous for want of pay. The fortifications had fallen out of repair. With the dream of peace before her, the Queen had refused to spend money on them; and when she believed that she was on the verge of a conclusion, she was startled by the news that Parma had put his army in motion, and first threatening Ostend, had moved on and was besieging Sluys, and that the States declined to risk men or ships for its relief.

Her first impulse as usual was to reproach Buckhurst for having disobeyed her orders — so it pleased her to describe his conduct, although he had only obeyed them too literally, and had irritated the States by speaking of peace when he saw that it was unwelcome.[1] Too late she perceived that she must exert

[1] The Queen to Buckhurst, June 4–14. The fate of Davison had taught public servants to observe the letter of her commands, but this did not

herself. She sent Leicester back with thirty thousand pounds and five thousand men, to allay suspicion, and to resume the government; while Sir Roger Williams with a few hundred men threw himself into Sluys, raising the garrison in all to a thousand.

Still clinging, however, to her own views, the Queen repeated the commands which she blamed Buckhurst for having executed. She ordered Leicester "to dispose the hearts of the people" to listen to an arrangement; Spain had made her "many honorable offers;" "nothing was left which might not be accorded between her and the King but only what should concern their safety;" Leicester was to tell them that if they refused "she would not burden her subjects further, and must grow herself to an accord;"[1] while De Looe was directed to apply to Parma for a cessation of arms, and to sully the exploits which were throwing lustre on English arms, by an apology "for the action at Cadiz."[2]

June. The reply of Parma was to express his willingness to receive commissioners, but to refuse an armistice, and to press closer than ever the

save Buckhurst, and at the end of the official reprimand she added in her own hand:—

"Oh, weigh deeplier the matter than with so shallow a judgment to spill the cause, impair my honour, and shame yourself. Use your wit, that once was supposed better than to lose a bargain for the handling."

[1] Instructions to the Earl of Leicester, June 20–30: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Parma was to be told that the Queen had sent an express after Drake, to bid him do no harm to the King of Spain; the messenger had been kept from finding him by contrary winds; and she had heard that contrary to her orders he had attempted something for which she would call him to a sharp account. — Burghley and Crofts to De Looe, June 14–24: *MSS. Flanders.*

And again:—

"Unwitting, yea unwilling, to her Majesty these actions at Cadiz were committed by him, for the which her Majesty is as yet greatly offended with Sir Francis Drake." — *MS.* Ibid., July 18–28.

siege of Sluys. Repeating the strategy which had crushed Antwerp, he threw a bridge of boats across the mouth of the harbor, and cut off the communication with the sea. His army lay in the meadows round the walls. Had the dykes been cut, they must have retreated or perished; but Leicester quarrelled immediately on his arrival with the States General, offended his own troops by sending Sir John Norris out of the country, and wasted the opportunity of action in idle disputes. The Queen deliberately misunderstood Parma's answer. She conceived that he had consented to what he had distinctly declined, that the cessation of arms was to be immediate, and that there was no occasion for sending over any more men. It was to no purpose that Burghley showed her De Loce's own words, reporting what Parma had said. "He was answered peremptorily that so it should be;" and she bade him send orders to Leicester to abstain hostilities. Burghley "felt himself unfit to be the executor of such sudden directions, where the effect might be so large and dangerous;" but he concluded, with a sigh, that "lords and ladies commanded and servants must obey."[1]

If this order did not cause the loss of Sluys, it was because its fate was sealed already. The garrison had made more than one destructive sally, but they could not drive Parma from his trenches. On the 9th–19th of July, after a severe bombardment, three sharp assaults were made in immediate succession. Two thousand Spaniards fell; but the English, as their numbers thinned, were driven back from defence to defence. Parma captured a fort which commanded one of the gates, and unless relieved from July.

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, July 16–26: *MSS. Domestic.*

without it became evident that the town must fall. The States General declined at first to make any effort at all. In answer to appeals from Leicester, they replied, that "her Majesty sought but to work her own profit by a private peace, and rather burdened them with her people than did them good."[1] Ultimately a better spirit prevailed; on second thoughts, they gave him the use of their fleet; and with the help of it he prepared at last to make a great effort by sea and land to raise the siege.

Despairing signals had been seen on the 23rd (August 2); five hundred of the garrison had been killed, many of the rest were wounded, and Parma's army was still twelve thousand strong. Leicester's English companies were transported by sea to Ostend; and on the 24th Sir William Pelham, Lord Willoughby, and Sir William Russell, with four thousand foot and four hundred horse, "as resolute men as ever came to the field," marched along the coast for Sluys. They were to attack Parma's position from behind, while Leicester, with Count Maurice, and his half-brother the Admiral, were to attempt the bridge from the sea. The land force after passing Blankenburg found that they could advance no further; their way lay along a narrow causeway, broken in several places, occupied at intervals by the Spaniards, and swept by cannon. Communications were exchanged with the fleet. It was a high spring tide. Fire-ships were ready to burst an opening through the bridge of boats, and the Flushing seamen were willing and eager to go in. But Maurice declined the risk unless a land attack could be made simultaneously, and Leicester signalled to the army to go back to Ostend, re-embark, and join him on the

[1] Leicester to Burghley, July 13–23: *MSS. Holland.*

water. Two days were thus wasted. When they arrived they found a council of war debating whether to make an effort or not, the Dutch officers hesitating to venture their ships, and Leicester, blatant and ungovernable, taunting Count Maurice with cowardice. No resolution was arrived at, for none unhappily was necessary. Parma, seeing them lying outside, determined to bring matters to a crisis before they interfered with him. He offered terms to the garrison, with the alternative of an immediate assault, which they knew that they could not resist. Their friends seemed unable to help them. They surrendered, and Sluys was lost.

It was discovered, from an intercepted letter of Parma, that the siege had cost him between five and six thousand of his best troops, with forty-five officers. The skill with which the defence had been conducted had so struck him that he had, as he admitted, tried the virtue of Sir Roger Williams who had been the soul of it, and had made him liberal offers if he would enter Philip's service. He confessed that he had entirely failed. It was characteristic of Leicester that he at once "conceived great jealousy of Williams," persecuted him with calumnies, and attempted to drive him out of the service. "The Prince of Parma," said Williams proudly, when driven to defend himself, "had made him great offers of courtesy. He had not asked him to bear arms against his own country, but to serve against the Turk. He had replied that his sword was first to serve her Majesty, and then the King of Navarre; and to the King of Navarre, if disgraced among his own people, he meant to go."[1]

[1] Willoughby to Walsingham, July 23; Needham to Walsingham, July 24; Sir Wm. Pelham to Burghley, July 28; Needham to Walsingham August 12: *MSS. Holland.*

August. The loss of a place of so much consequence to her aggravated the ill-feeling of the Queen towards the States. She had partially reinforced her army. She had restored them Leicester; and they had not lifted a finger to help her in return. Their ingratitude was monstrous, and her disgust at her connexion with them was vented upon her own miserable troops. Parma, while still professing to negotiate, was refilling his ranks. German, Spanish, Italian companies were pouring in to him. Nieuport and Dunkirk were already filled with hulks and barges, and now a third important harbour was at his disposition. On the other hand, the remains of the original English army had been now without pay for a year. "The garrison at Flushing was "naked and starving, like to perish for want of clothes to cover them."[1] The Queen being earnestly moved to send money for their relief, answered peremptorily that she would send no more money."[2] "The last companies" that had gone over with Leicester were flocking back to England "in lamentable case." They had received no pay at all. Their officers, unable to support soldiers at their own cost, had disarmed, disbanded, and sent them away, without food, money, or passport. Thirty of the ragged wretches presented themselves in mute protest at the palace-gate at Westminster. The Council, "to prevent others from coming to Court to offend her Majesty," dismissed them with sharp speeches, and threatened them with the stocks; but too aware of the justice of their complaints, Burghley and others "raised a purse among themselves" to carry them back to their homes.[3]

[1] Accounts from Flushing, October 25–November 4: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Burghley to Leicester, November 6–16: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

While Parma grew daily stronger, Elizabeth was deliberately disarming herself. She would hear of nothing but peace; she could think of nothing but peace. Peace indeed, as Sir William Pelham said, was becoming most necessary, if this was to be her way of making war. "Better in my opinion," he said, "save the reputation of our country by knitting up some conditions which might shadow our weakness, rather than be the scorn of all nations."[1] Peace! but on what terms, and for whom? Elizabeth denied peremptorily that she meant to make a private peace for herself. She called it a wicked and devilish slander. She charged the States with ingratitude for suspecting her of such an intention;[2] but she said, at the same time, that they had made peace necessary by betraying Sluys, and she required their consent. The States answered that they did not wish for peace. They could defend themselves for ten years longer, even if left alone. They did not ask for further help. They wanted only to have their towns restored to them.[3] The Queen had but to take them at their word, and she might have left them, if not generously, yet without dishonour; but her own prospects required that she should keep the towns to make her own bargain with. Crofts, with his treacherous counsels, alone directed her. Burghley told him, and so told him that his words might reach his mistress, "how dangerous her proceedings were to run a contrary course in the presence of the enemy." "I think," he wrote to Walsingham, "my sharp words will offend; but I am so chafed that I cannot hold my peace. I

[1] Sir William Pelham to Walsingham, August 12: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Elizabeth to the States of Holland and Zealand, September 20, and compare November 7: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Knivett to Walsingham, September 25: *MS.* Ibid.

fear nothing more than that her Majesty by her own coldness and temporising shall be forced to sing Haud putâram. She will throw it upon some of us; but therein I will have afore God a clear conscience. Yet the mischief will go forward. I have no hope to have my advice allowed."[1]

September. Hemmed round by hard conditions, she was unwilling to encounter dishonour; yet she was determined upon an object which was not to be had save at the price of dishonour. She could have peace for herself by surrendering the towns to Philip, or she could restore the towns to the States, and treat on a fair footing for such terms as she could obtain without them. The first course was infamous, the second forfeited her advantage; and she wished, therefore, to compel the Hollanders to take part in a treaty which they abhorred, and to relinquish the one object for which they had fought so gallantly, while she obtained for herself, at their cost, the security which she coveted.

Floundering in her embarrassments, she made a fresh attempt on Parma's loyalty. She suggested again that, "considering the hard measure that he and his father had received from the King of Spain," he should take the Provinces for himself, and become Duke of Burgundy.[2]

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, September 1–11, September 9–19: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] "His honour wished me to tell you that he would be glad to hear from you, in answer to that he commanded me to write to you, which was about an overture or motion he wished you to make to the Prince there, that her Majesty would wish him to provide for himself in taking possession of those countries, considering the hard measure that both his father and himself had always received at the King of Spain's hands. Her Majesty could far better endure him as Duke of Burgundy and her neighbour there than a King of Spain, in which kind of treaty he should find her Majesty so well disposed as he could wish." — Fragment endorsed "M. to B. September 18, 1587": *MSS. Holland.*

Finding no encouragement this way, she sent Herbert, the Master of Requests, to the States, with a formal intimation that Spain had long been making overtures to her for an arrangement, that she had delayed her reply, "hoping to be assured of their good will;" but that she could not as a Christian prince hold back longer. She intended to send commissioners to treat with the Prince, and she invited them to name commissioners also, with a promise that their surety should be as well provided for as her own.[1] De Looe, at the same time, was directed to tell the Prince that commissioners were coming immediately, to ask again for an armistice, and to request also an engagement that, pending the negotiations, the Lisbon fleet should make no attack on England.[2] October.

Sir James Crofts, the inventor of the mischief, Lord Derby, Lord Cobham, and a civilian Dr. Valentine Dale, were named, and waited only for the answer of the States, to cross to Ostend. A memorandum was addressed to Lord Derby, probably by Cecil, pointing out in what way he could best neutralise the ill effects of the work which he was set to do. "Infinite danger," the writer said, "was to be looked for, not only from the peace itself, but from the bare mention of it." The Spaniards had received great provocation from England. They were prepared for war, and had every motive to pursue it. It was natural that they should talk of peace, that they might take the Queen at a disadvantage. There was no probability that they were sincere, and the Queen's resolu- November.

[1] The instructions to Herbert, as originally drawn, contained only the simple word "surety." Cecil, ever on the watch, adds in his own hand: "Both in their ancient liberties and freedom of their consciences in matters of religion." — Memorial to Mr. Herbert, October 12–22: *MSS. Holland*

[2] Burghley to De Looe, October 15–25: *MSS. Flanders*

tion to make peace was in every way to be deplored. "Since, however, her Majesty chose to have it so, as a lady unapt for many respects to prosecute a war against so mighty a monarch as the Spanish King," the result most to be desired was that she should restore the towns to the States, forgive them their debts, continue in friendship with them, and leave them to fight their own battles. It was vital to the safety of England that they should be able to continue the struggle.[1]

Lord Derby would have reason to congratulate himself could he bring his negotiations to such a conclusion as this. But it was a thing rather to be wished than looked for. The States could at any time obtain terms for themselves from Philip better than those with which Elizabeth meant them to be contented; and latterly, unwilling as they were to abandon the cause for which they had been fighting, they had been tempted to retaliate her treatment of them on her own head, make their own separate peace, and leave her to the fate which she had deserved.[2] On both sides the desire seemed only to hurt and wound. Lord Derby's correspondent wished her to remit their debts to her. When they hesitated whether they would send commissioners, she demanded immediate repayment of all the money which she had ever lent or advanced for them.[3]

The States turned sullen. "The Queen," they said, "had helped them, not for love, but for her own necessity; and they might use her as she was using them."[4] The Queen, thereupon, for the last time, revoked Leicester, putting a final end to

December.

[1] Memorandum to the Earl of Derby, November 27–December 7: *MSS. Spain.* Abridged.

[2] Leicester to Elizabeth, November 5–15: *MSS. Holland.*

[3] Burghley to Leicester, November 6–16: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Leicester to Burghley, November 17–27: *MS.* Ibid.

his unlucky sovereignty. The command of the troops was forced upon Lord Willoughby. It was "an honour," he said, "which he feared would only be his disgrace." "He had nothing to look to but famine, mutiny, and treason;" and "he prayed that, if it was possible, the cup might pass from him."[1] But the fear that if he refused, some catastrophe might overtake the miserable army, overcame his resolution, and he remained as General of the English contingent, being discharged of all connexion with the government of the country. St. Aldegonde made one more passionate appeal to the Queen. The States, he said, desired peace as much as she, if only they could have a good peace; but peace patched up without security for religion would be ruin to England as well as to them. Lord Willoughby expressed a fear that unless she moderated her tone, the States might really and truly make their own terms. Nothing would move her. Herbert was recalled, and on the 1st of February, she sent her ultimatum. Her commissioners, she said, could wait no longer, and were about to sail for Ostend. She had desired nothing but the good of the States, as they would have seen if they had not been blinded with passion. For the last time she required them to send representatives to act with her own, and she promised to have special care of their interests.[2]

1588. Feb. 1–11.

Meanwhile confusion of purpose, equal almost to Elizabeth's perverseness, was distracting the counsels of the Catholics, and she had a staunch friend where she had least right to look for one.

November.

[1] Willoughby to Walsingham, November 14–24 and December 8–18: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] The Queen to Herbert, February 1–11: *MS.* Ibid.

Among the conditions necessary for a successful invasion, was the co-operation or the neutrality of France, and until the Catholic nobles were strong enough to coerce the House of Valois, or until a Catholic revolution had placed another dynasty on the throne, a European war lay between Philip and his purpose, in addition to his other difficulties. The King, with more adroitness than could have been expected of him, had so far crippled the action of the Holy League. Unable to oppose it, he had placed himself at its head, and assumed the direction of its armies. The Duc de Joyeuse, whom he sent to command in the south, was defeated at Coutras by the King of Navarre. Casimir and the Duke of Saxony had come to the help of the Huguenots in the north-east, with twenty thousand Germans. Elizabeth had interposed her good offices, but Henry had declined both her assistance and her mediation. He took the field himself to oppose them, deliberately giving them opportunities to defeat him. When they would not use them, he fell back upon the Loire, leaving Lorraine and Burgundy open to them to overrun and destroy; and had they comprehended his object, and possessed, as he said himself, either "valour or discretion," they might have brought the League upon its knees. Unfortunately they followed him into the heart of France, with Guise behind them, and, shut in between two armies, they were forced to capitulate.[1]

[1] Sir Edward Stafford gives a most curious explanation of this campaign, as it was told him by the King himself. His letter throws singular light on Henry's character, and shews among other things how true a friend Elizabeth was finding in him. It was in cipher, addressed to Elizabeth herself, and carries on the margin many of her peculiar marks where this or that passage struck her.

"May it please your Majesty," so it runs, "I spoke yesternight with the King, who sent for me by a man unknown, to a house I think I can guess at again though it were night, and he brought me far out of the right way

The defeat at Coutras was thus counterbalanced. The King still laboured to prevent the League from

to it, where I found nobody in the chamber but the King himself. In the house I heard folks, but nobody saw me, nor I saw nobody, for he that brought me tarried not in the chamber. He began with me that he had sent for me upon the trust and confidence he had in me, and in the faithful assurance I had given him both in her Majesty's and my own name, that whatever be delivered to me *I would send it direct to your Majesty's own hands*, and that you would do what lay in you for the good of France, and keep it to yourself, so that it should never be spoken of nor heard of, that he had dealt thus confidently with your Majesty or any of yours. . . . . He said he would assure himself, on my promise, that I and your Majesty would perform it at all points; that he would deal plainly with me and lay his state more open to your Majesty than ever he did to any; that he was well content she should take advice of any her most secret councillors whom it pleased her; that he knew she had them, that he wished with all his heart to have given of his blood that he had the like that would depend upon nobody but his will, his affairs should not pendre à balance as they do; that when the last day he sent me word by Pinart, the answer he did make it was the Queen-mother and his whole Council's peremptory advice, standing upon it, it was not fit he should desire your Majesty to meddle between him and his subjects; that thereupon he made the answer, and desired me to send it away as I did, that nothing might be suspected that I hoped of anything else from him: but that he would deal more plainly with your Majesty, beseeching you with all his heart to do it, and without making known to any that any request came from him, because they of the religion, as he said, could keep nothing secret, and that you would persuade the King of Navarre to have a care of his estate, and to accommodate himself to the French King in such sort as the League might have no pretence to ruin France and him both.

"I told him your Majesty could not deal with the King of Navarre for religion; you would do anything else, but persuade him to change you would no more do than you had persuaded him to take it. If the King of Navarre's own judgment should make him do it for the good of his estate, you would not meddle with conscience nor with his soul.

"He said he would deal as plainly with me as if I was his ghostly father. He was a good Catholic, and he wished all France was Catholic, but he was not such a bigot that he would let France and himself be ruined sooner than permit the exercise of the religion, as he had done and would do it again with all his heart, but *it was now out of his power*. He said he dealt plainly with me. His last hope to have done that was by the Reisters' means, who if they had either valour or discretion, might have made the League upon their knees ask that which they had been in arms for, which was what he expected and looked for, and was the cause why he would take no knowledge of the offers I made him from your Majesty to stay them. He had given them all the means they desired to have done it if

becoming dominant; yet Guise was now in a position to prevent him from sending help to Elizabeth; Guise

they could, and if they would have kept themselves far enough from him, as he kept from them, till they would needs come to seek him. Twice or thrice before they had it in their hands to have overthrown the League and have ended all in a day. If they had ravaged Lorraine, Champagne, and Burgundy, and had left none of their adherents unspoiled, they would as much have prayed for peace as they had sought the contrary; but instead of annoying them, they had come to seek him, so that he was obliged to do that he did, being brought so low as they were, to take the honour out of the League's hands.

"Now all hope that way was taken away, for that they had let them learn the way that was never thought of before to ruin as many armies of Reisters as ever should come into France without fighting, and which he cannot impeach them of without making himself a party against them, which cannot be. If they come again they will give a colour to the others to call in other strangers to their defence which he feareth most. To bring them back would be ruin to all. His hope now therefore is that the colour of bearing arms may be taken away, which cannot be except the King of Navarre will yield to him in religion. This and this only would cut the League's throat.

"I said, your Majesty would do all you could, but on religion you could not open your mouth to the King of Navarre, and if he would yield, I did not see how he could, for he had no power over Condé nor over the rest of the religion. He said if Navarre and Condé submitted the rest would obey, being the two next heirs, or at any rate Navarre being the next heir, whom were it not for religion he would immediately acknowledge.

"I said if I were of the King of Navarre's Council, and was required to give him the best advice for the preservation of his estate, I would bid him do what the King desired, but if I were of the King's own Council I would be torn in pieces first. The King of Navarre would at once become the sun, rising clear, and would eclipse the King himself.

"He was silent for a time. He then said everybody could rule a shrewd wife; but he that had her could tell worst the way to rule her, and that was his case; but he would rather risk what might come from Navarre than to have the League by that colour to strengthen themselves daily, which cannot be remedied else.

"He said he had opened his mind to me as far as he had never done to any stranger, and to but few in France. He trusted in my word to be secret, and if faith was not kept with him he would never deal confidently with your Majesty nor any of yours again; no living creature did know of my coming save he that brought me, nor he nothing of the matter. If it was ever heard he would disavow having seen me, and never love your Majesty more, but hate you as much as he loves you; but if you will help him to pacify France, and pull it out of the mouths of them that make it a prey to strangers, he being out of danger in France may help his neigh-

himself might have furnished a powerful contingent in support of the invasion; and the French Catholics were more than ever anxious to take part in it, that they might have a voice in the future disposition of England. Henry was besieged with entreaties to claim a share of the enterprise, or at least to allow Guise to act in his name; while the French parties at

bours, which he protests he will do. His enemies are your Majesty's and you should help him, first because you are in quiet and have means to do it. His mother and the Council dissuaded him from asking, as a thing dishonourable to France, that she should meddle between him and his subjects. Yet he did desire it, and did thus secretly beseech me to bring it about, but I must be secret. Nothing would more vantage the League than if it were known that he had had conference with me. He had not many to trust to. He had gone with me further than he had ever gone with any or ever meant to do again.

. . . . . .

"He then talked about the Queen of Scots and her death, when I satisfied him your Majesty was not to blame. . . . He told me the Queen-mother and others told him that it stood on his honour to revenge it . . . but he would not do this. If once Navarre and he could be brought to act together, he said, he could settle France, but without this all his State was like to be brought to hazard. His State was not as other men's, nor French humours as other peoples. If Navarre would help, by changing his religion, he would take another course, and be beholden to his friends that should move him to it, otherwise he must go on as he is doing, and swallow much against his stomach to win time.

"He spoke of our proposed peace with Spain, which he thought was delusion, and could not suppose your Majesty believed in it. He knew assuredly that Spain meant it not, or at least if he did it was but to serve his present turn till he had done with France. He protested that since this treaty began he had been continually pressed by Spain, and yet was daily to join an attempt against your Majesty, that he almost alone had held, against all the world, that nothing should be done against your Majesty, and that in truth I know to be true, but if he did not consider him in the end you must follow his own interest and go with the stream. The daily *piracies* committed by the English on the French made peace more and more difficult. I asked if he would be offended if a new army of Reisters came to his frontier.

"I think he would not, for these were his words: — Le diable les emporte, qu'ils my ont demeuré dernièrement canailles qu'ils sont. I doubt about Navarre's disposition, perhaps he desires to change his religion, and would make your Majesty his excuse to the world."

Paris, February 25–March 3, 1588: *MSS. France.*

Rome worked upon the Pope with a persistency which tried all the skill of Olivarez.

The secresy on which Philip insisted had long been disregarded. Everybody knew that an expedition against England was in contemplation. The French Ambassador no longer opposed it, but protested against Spain undertaking an enterprise alone, in which it was the privilege and the duty of the Catholic world to participate; while the Pope pleaded his obligation, as the impartial Father of Christendom, to welcome a co-operation for which pious Catholics had so long prayed in vain.

Philip was in great embarrassment. He could not trust Henry. He could but partially trust Guise. Yet, if France was really and truly willing to join with him, he could not make an open objection. He directed Olivarez to speak immediately to the Pope about the succession, not as asserting a right but in the form of consultation. The Queen of Scots' will, he said, his personal claim by blood, and his claim by conquest when the conquest was effected, combined and would combine to make England his legitimate property; but as he would be unable to reside there himself, and the presence of a Catholic sovereign would be all-important for the restoration of the faith, he desired to know his Holiness's own wishes. He professed the utmost confidence in the judgment of the Holy See, and of the good-will of his Holiness towards himself in particular. He did not desire to make England a part of his dominions, nor of himself had he been inclined to raise a question on the subject; but the expedition would cost the Spanish treasury a larger sum than England would ever repay; the Prince his son would have cause of complaint if he allowed the rights of his family to be

passed over; and the occupation of England by a friendly power was of the greatest importance for the safe holding of Flanders. He invited the Pope, therefore, to call in the assistance of the Holy Spirit to determine a difficult problem. His own wish, he repeated, was to see the English crown disposed of in the manner most advantageous to the Apostolic See and the interests of the Catholic religion.[1]

To this smooth language the Pope replied in the same tone. He gave hopes that he would declare conditionally in Philip's favour, if Philip would bind himself to nominate some other person immediately after,[2] and he consented at last to give Allen the long-sought honour of the Cardinalate.

Nothing was settled, however. Complaints and recriminations passed backwards and forwards between Paris and Rome, and Rome and Madrid; and Philip, acting on Allen's advice, resolved to strike the blow suddenly and with all his might, while France was entangled in civil war. With England in his possession, he flattered himself that he could dictate terms to Europe at his own pleasure. Through all his uncertain diplomacy he had not intermitted for one moment his preparations for war. Unlike Elizabeth, while he had talked of peace and had meant peace, could he have it on the conditions which she was herself privately prepared to allow, he had been busy for four years adding ship to ship and galley to galley.

The crusade against England had been preached

1 Draft of a proposition to be submitted to the Pope, July, 1587: *MSS. Simancas.*

2 "Tan poco no desconfio que se puede atraer el Papa á que diese la investidura para V. Magd con obligacion de subinvestir luego otro, que seria de consideracion." — Olivarez al Rey, 30 Julio, 1587: *MS.* Ibid.

from pulpit and platform, and the chivalrous Castilians, whose creed was not yet a cant, and in whom the ardour of the crusade had been kept alive by the wars of the Moors, had come forward with enthusiasm to draw their swords for God and for the Virgin Lady of their devotion. Every noble family in Spain had selected one or more of its sons to represent it. Country hidalgoes, of whom Cervantes was only the finest type, whose great-grandfathers had fought in Grenada and Naples, and whose fathers had brought home scars from Lepanto, had volunteered as if for the war against the Saracens.

September.

The damage done by Drake, enormous as it was, had been repaired swiftly by the enthusiasm of the country, and by the beginning of the winter the most powerful fleet ever seen in Europe was floating ready for sea in the Tagus. Twenty thousand Spanish soldiers, and as many seamen and galley slaves, were collected in and about Lisbon, and at their head was the veteran Don Alvarez de Baçan, Marquis of Santa Cruz, whose boyhood went back into the wars of Charles V., who had destroyed Strozzi and the French privateers at Terceira, and had won Lepanto for Don John.

The army of the Prince of Parma had been simultaneously reinforced. The gaps made in it by the siege of Sluys had been filled. In the November following he had thirty thousand Spaniards, Italians, and Germans disposed at various points along the coast. He had collected an infinite number of the large flat-bottomed river barges for transports, and had taken them down to Dunkirk and Nieuport. He had a few armed hoys besides, and large boats for landing, and in addition, but unfortunately in the Scheldt at Antwerp, and therefore useless so long as Flushing was in the

enemy's hands, "thirty-one brave ships of war," carrying each twenty or thirty brass guns.[1] The army was kept together, apparently threatening Ostend, and the Prince reported that he was ready at any moment to transport the entire force to England if the fleet could hold the Channel while he crossed.

Delayed as he had been by Drake, Philip had not parted with the hope that he might try the great experiment in the present year. He had arranged his plans in September, and had prepared Parma for the immediate arrival of the fleet. He was then, he said, waiting only for the arrival of a few ships from the Mediterranean to send orders to Santa Cruz to sail. God, it was to be hoped, would take care of the weather; but the Channel being a dangerous place, and there being no harbour on the French or Flemish coast where large ships could ride in safety, the Armada was to proceed immediately to the mouth of the Thames and anchor off Margate. In that position they would hold perfect command of the Straits. No English vessel could shew upon the water, and Parma could pass in safety and land in Thanet. Santa Cruz would bring with him sixteen thousand Spanish infantry, six thousand of the best of which Parma was to select and take with him, and he and the Marquis must then arrange their future plans. No time was to be lost, for the deeper the winter the more difficult would be the voyage; and the King therefore told him to expect to see Santa Cruz within a few days of the arrival of his letter. He was to hold himself ready to embark at a few hours' notice; every day that the fleet lay exposed would be an additional and unnecessary peril, and

1 Advertisement from the Low Countries, January 12–22: *MSS. Flanders.*

the consequence of a disaster might be most serious. He professed unbounded confidence, however, in Parma's prudence and judgment, and he did not doubt that with God's help all would go well.[1]

At that particular moment all conditions had been favourable. Henry III. and Guise were on the Loire, occupied with the Reiters. Elizabeth was obstinately refusing to hear of anything but peace, and was dreaming that she might tempt Parma to disavow his allegiance and set himself up as Duke of Burgundy. Her army in Flanders was falling to pieces, and shiploads of starving wretches were flocking back to England to clamour at the Council doors. No danger was anticipated from Spain, at soonest, before the following summer. The few ships which had been held in commission after Drake's return could no longer keep the seas without repair. The rest were lying unrigged in the Medway.[2] Had Santa Cruz sailed before the end of September as Philip intended, not a ship could have been brought out to encounter him. Parma, beyond question, would have crossed the Channel, and the battle of English liberty would have been fought not at sea but on shore.

But September passed before the expected squadron came in to the Tagus, and the autumn gales began to blow. The Pope and Cardinals were continually exclaiming at the delay. The impatient Olivarez gave it as his opinion that the main ocean was as safe in winter

[1] Philip to the Prince of Parma, September 4, 1587: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] "For the intended invasion *the next year* from Spain, I am sorry to think that which I hear of every day, that the Queen's ships are in such decay as they are not serviceable till great cost may be done upon them." — Burghley to Walsingham, September 13: *MSS. Domestic.* The words "*next year*" shew how entirely Burghley would have been taken by surprise if the Armada had appeared in the Channel.

as in summer, that the danger of the Channel began north of the Thames; and that, to expect harm from the weather was to show want of faith in the Almighty.[1]

At a council of officers and pilots, however, held at Lisbon, by Santa Cruz, it was decided to be too late, and Philip, with extreme reluctance, acquiesced in the necessity of postponement.

The delay was used to good purpose by England: before Christmas, as will be told in the ensuing chapter, an effective squadron was at sea under the Lord Admiral. To Parma it was signally disastrous. Through unaccountable negligence he was left uninformed that the fleet was not coming. The winter opened with heavy rains and winds, and the army, kept under canvas in obedience to Philip's orders on the hills above Dunkirk, suffered no less terribly than the English had suffered in Walcheren in the previous winter. Week passed after week in weary expectation. The Spanish regiments, "the chief sinews" of Parma's force, became unfit for service. Spanish, German, Italians, dwindled away and died, and of the thirty thousand who were ready to embark in September, not eighteen could take the field at the beginning of the following year. The King neither wrote nor sent, till at length, at the end of January, there came a letter intimating that the Armada was not to sail till the spring, and expressing some irritation that Parma had not made the trial by

January.

1 "Si buen no se puede navegar con seguridad con este tiempo, se veen mucho mayores peligros y inconvenientes en diferir para otro año; y si la Armada de España no tiene de entrar muy adelante en la Canal à tomar tierra, la navegacion del Mar grande no es de temer mucho, demas de lo que se puede esperar de la asistencia de N^ro Señor, siendo su causa." Olivarez al Rey, 30 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

himself, or that the Duke of Guise and he had not gone across together.

The Prince, whose loyalty would not usually permit him to use an impatient word, could not wholly restrain his provocation at so absurd a reproach. As a general and a soldier he had been already acutely tried by the sufferings of his troops. He reminded the King that he had been expressly forbidden to move till Santa Cruz's arrival. The ships at Antwerp were imprisoned in the Scheldt. His transports could only attempt the passage in the most favourable weather. So far from being able to fight, they could bear neither wind nor sea. Four English vessels could sink the whole of them. As to Guise, he had a large army in the field; but when all was said, he was still French, and the less Philip trusted him the less he would be disappointed. "Had the Marquis come," Parma continued, "when I was first told to look for him, the landing could have been effected without difficulty. Neither the English nor the Dutch were then in a condition to resist your fleet. In this and all else I have punctually, lovingly, and loyally obeyed your Majesty's commands. Your Majesty charged me in repeated letters to wait for the arrival of the fleet. If your Majesty will now order me to attempt the passage, I will try it though we all perish. Neither my honour nor the place which I hold will permit me to hesitate. Your Majesty knows that the fleet has not arrived; you know the causes which have detained it; and yet your Majesty supposes, to my extreme regret, that I ought now to be in England. Let your Majesty give me an absolute command and I will execute it. To write to me as if I should have acted already in direct contradiction to your instructions is naturally distressing to me. Do me the signal

kindness to tell me what to do, and no difficulty shall stop me, though you bid me cross alone in a barge. The situation, however, is no longer what it was. The united fleets of the English and the rebels are formidable. Let your Majesty see that the Marquis comes well armed and furnished, that if he be obliged to fight, he may, with God's help, have the victory."[1]

The impatience of Philip was but too natural. The condition of his treasury demanded either immediate war or else immediate peace. The Pope stood to his original determination to contribute nothing till the Spaniards were actually in England, and his million crowns, when they came, would be but a drop of water in the ocean of the present expenditure. The Belgian Provinces, utterly exhausted, could yield no more contributions, and Spain had to supply the entire cost, both of the army at Dunkirk and of the fleet. Parma's expenses were five hundred thousand crowns a month;[2] the Armada was consuming at least as much more; while continued assistance had to be furnished to Guise and the Duke of Lorraine, to keep the League in the field; and so great were Philip's difficulties in finding money, that the peace negotiations were still far from being a mere pretence. When he permitted Parma to invite the English commissioners, it was not merely to gain time, for the protraction of time itself was ruining him. Could the States be brought to accept the conditions which Sir James Crofts and De Looe undertook to obtain from Elizabeth, Parma evidently thought that they ought to be accepted without insin-

1 Parma to Philip, January 21–31, 1588: *MSS. Simancas.*

2 "Relacion particular de lo que monta un mes de sueldo," 29 Avril, 1588: *MS.* Ibid.

cerity or reservation; and equally his chief anxiety was to find Elizabeth sincere also.[1]

The financial question was becoming overwhelmingly pressing. The mortality in Parma's army continued; for uncertain what might be expected of him he was obliged still to keep his men exposed. Supplies had failed, and they were on short rations; and though neither mutinous nor out of spirits, their shrivelled numbers told what they were enduring. Parma was himself ill with labour and anxiety. The scanty sums which he contrived to borrow at Antwerp on enormous interest he had to divide between his own troops and those of the League, from which after all he expected but little.[2] Delay was vexatious and ruinous, and Philip once more resolved to risk the weather, trusting to Providence to prevent a storm. Before Parma's letter of the 30th of January had reached him, he had ordered Santa Cruz to sail. The instructions of September were repeated with little variation. He was to make direct for the North Foreland, turning neither to right or left. If an action was forced upon him, his force would be enormously superior, and ought therefore to secure him the victory; but he was not to go out of his way to seek the enemy; if possible, he was

[1] "Por los avisos que de todas partes vienen, y por lo que se puede collegir, parece que la Reyna dessea la conclusion de la paz, y que el temer en que está de presente y el gasto que tiene le tienen muy trabajada. Tras todo esso no se puede creer que haga virtud sino forçada de la necessidad, como otras veces he apuntado á V. Magd; aunque si la negociacion se começa bien presto, le descubrirá el camino que llevan; y si fuere aparente de bueno suceso, estará en mano de V. Magd escoger lo que mas servido fuere. Entiendo que de parte de las provincias rebeldes han destinado á S. Aldegonde y Longolius para assistir á la junta y negociacion por las dichas provincias. Si vinieren, bien puede V. Magd estar seguro que si me fuere possible procurare no solo trabar platicas, mas venir en algun concierto" — El Duque de Parma al Rey, 31 Enero, 1588: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Parma to Philip, February 12–22: *MS.* Ibid.

rather to avoid them; and once in communication with Flanders, he was to consider himself under Parma's orders.[1]

The execution of these commands were prevented by the first, and one of the most serious of the misfortunes which befel the expedition. Santa Cruz, the ablest seaman that Philip had, suddenly died. It was no easy matter to find a successor, and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, on whom the choice fell at last, had to make himself acquainted with the officers, and with the countless details of the business of the expedition, before he was in a condition to move. Medina Sidonia had been governor of Milan and captain general of Andalusia; but he had held no command of consequence at sea. He had shewn no particular ability anywhere, and his qualifications were mainly his rank and his being son-in-law of Philip's favourite, the Princess of Eboli.

Weeks, perhaps months of delay, had now become inevitable with all their attendant expenses. Had Santa Cruz lived and had the Armada sailed in January, it would have once more found the Channel undefended, for Elizabeth, in a spasm of economy, had again broken up half the fleet, and dismissed the crews. They were recalled speedily and the ships re-equipped, in haste, and at an enormous cost; but there was an interval of a few weeks which the Spaniards would exactly have caught. The chance passed, however, and was not allowed to return.[2]

Meanwhile the relations between Elizabeth and the

[1] Instructions to Santa Cruz, January, 1588: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Sir James Crofts, in a letter of the 15th of February, strongly urges the Queen "to stay Sir Francis Drake" from going to sea. It looks as if he must have been in actual communication with Philip. — Crofts to the Queen, February 15: *MSS. Spain.*

States did not improve. In answer to her invitation to send commissioners, the States replied that the King of Spain had refused to make concessions in religion. They required her therefore to abandon "the hollow, false, deluding treaty," and to sustain the number of her troops which she had undertaken to supply.[1] Elizabeth retorted "that she would submit to no more indignities at the hands of the ungrateful Provinces," and "had resolved to withdraw her assistance from them."[2]

March. Lord Derby, Sir James Crofts, and Lord Cobham, and Sir Amyas Paulet, who was also attached to the commission, arrived at Ostend on the 27th of February, (February 27th–March 9th). Their coming, in one sense, was fortunate, for the lesson of Sluys had been thrown away. The Ostend garrison had been unpaid for eighteen months; their clothes were falling off their backs; "hundreds of them had not been in a bed for two years," and with Parma's army within a day's march, the fortifications had been allowed to fall to ruins. There were supplies in the town but for six days.[3] The condition of the place was conjectured by Parma, and was soon accurately known to him. Robert Cecil and a young

[1] Mission of the States to England, March, 1588: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Elizabeth to Lord Willoughby, March, 5–15: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Condition of Ostend, March, 1588: *MSS. Spain.* The feeling with which the treaty was regarded by the passionate Catholics appears in an intercepted letter from a Lancashire priest in Flanders to Sir William Stanley.

"They say the English beggars will come shortly, accompanied with four hundred attendants. Besides Derby, Cobham, and Crofts, Amyas Paulet is also joined in commission, that hard gaoler to the holy Queen and martyress. Men muse they are so mad and shameless to sue for that they are impossible to obtain, but if they be now come so near an end of their tyranny as we hope, and themselves fear, they will be blind indeed and play more foolish pranks yet": *MS.* Ibid., February 27.

Spencer went to Ghent to give notice of the Commissioners' arrival. Parma received them with elaborate courtesy, and when they returned to Ostend, sent an engineer with them disguised as a servant to survey the defences.[1]

Two difficulties lay on the threshold of the treaty. The first was the place of meeting. The English wished it to be Ostend itself, that it might seem to the world as if Spain was making the advances. Parma on the other hand declined to recognise even the temporary possession by England of the revolted property of his master. The other difficulty lay in the limitation of Parma's commission. Philip had given him powers to treat for peace, but not make a final agreement without reference to himself, and the reservation appeared to confirm the suspicions entertained so widely of Philip's sincerity. Messengers went backwards and forwards. Elizabeth assumed a high tone, and refused to treat at all, unless she saw her way before her clearly.[2] The Prince applied to Philip for an exten-

[1] The Prince was extremely polite to Robert Cecil. He enquired much about England, where as a boy he spent some time with Philip. He spoke feelingly of the war, and of the misery which it was causing, and described himself as most anxious to bring about peace. Robert Cecil mentions a curious circumstance. Though Ostend was short of provisions, the garrison was supplied liberally with game. Pheasants and partridges had flourished upon the ruins of cultivation. They flew continually within the walls. Cecil had "a setting dog and nets," and "hoped to eat partridges in Lent of his own catching, asking no favours of the lord of the soil." — Narrative of Mr. Spencer, March 1; Robert Cecil to Burghley, March 10: *MSS. Spain.* Compare *MSS. Holland*, February 26.

[2] Dr. Rogers, a canon lawyer, one of Sir James Crofts' people, brought her displeasure on himself by being over humble to Parma. Crofts sent him to Ghent, where he addressed the Prince "as having in his hands, like Jupiter, the issues of life and death." — Account of an interview with the Prince of Parma by Dr. Rogers: *MSS. Spain.* "Her Majesty," wrote Burghley in reply, "can in no sort like that any speeches should be uttered as though she did beg a peace, being persuaded that the King of Spain stands in as great need thereof as herself, and therefore greatly dislikes Dr

sion of authority. Of late, evidently, and since his vast preparations had been completed, Philip had neither expected nor desired that the treaty should take effect. He had made up his mind, with excessive difficulty, to a desperate effort, and was now unwilling that so much cost and labour should be thrown away. Parma, better aware of the difference in such matters between calculations and results, and distressed as he had cause to be by the waste of his own army, still held to his old opinion, and desired to make the negotiations a reality, at least for a time.

After mentioning the difficulties which had been raised, the Prince proceeds:

"Your Majesty ought to know what is said here about this treaty, what is said especially by your most loyal subjects, men well-affectioned to your Majesty, and to the repose of your realm and state. It is my duty to tell you, that if the English are proceeding sincerely, as I believe them to be, every one agrees that it will be most to your interest to make peace. The miseries of these suffering States will be then brought to an end; the Catholic religion will be re-established under your Majesty's authority; you will not conquer England, but on the other hand, your fleet will be secure, and you will risk no disaster which may injure your prospects here. If your Majesty desires a conclusion of these troubles in your own lifetime, a conclusion such as God's goodness and your own Christian disposition should lead us all to hope for, you cannot better please your loyal people, you cannot more disappoint those who envy your greatness, especially the heretics, than by now consenting to a sound and honourable arrangement.

Rogers's speech, delivered to the Duke at Ghent, being in truth fond and vain." — Burghley to Lord Derby and Lord Cobham: *MSS. Spain.*

"Were the situation such as we once hoped it might be, had the fundamental point of secresy especially been better observed, we might, with God's help, have looked confidently for some good success. Our anticipations, however, have in many ways been disappointed. The English have had time to arm, by sea and land. They have their leagues with Denmark, and the Germans, and the French Protestants, who will do all they can, be it much or little, to interfere with us. Your Majesty's intentions are blown abroad, and are notorious to every one. We must expect, therefore, that as well in disembarking and gaining a footing on the soil as in our advance afterward, we shall find as much work as we can do. The enemy being prepared to receive us, we have fewer men than we ought to have, and, although God may be pleased to spare us any serious disasters which are nevertheless not impossible, the business may be possibly a protracted one; and the French and Germans may be able, not only to make a diversion in these Provinces, but to send succours into England itself. Your Majesty must see clearly that when matters are quieted here, and Walcheren is again your own,[1] you can pursue your purpose at your leisure; no one can then interfere with you; a pretext as your Majesty knows can never long be wanting.[2]

"I submit these considerations to your Majesty that you may know the state of opinion here: not that I

1 "Cuando V. Magd aya aquietado todo esto y tenga la Isla de Valcheren a su obediencia, podrá á la mano salva cuando fuere servido proseguir su intencion." It is quite certain from these words that Parma looked for the surrender of Flushing to himself, and not to the States, as one of the conditions of the treaty.

2 "Cuanto á pretextos justos y fundados, ya sabe V. Magd que nunca faltaran."

wish to shrink from my own duty. As far as lies in me, I am ready to execute your Majesty's commands. I can achieve no greater honour or reputation than in losing my life in the service of God and of your Majesty. It is likely, indeed, that before I can receive your Majesty's answer, the fleet will have arrived, and, with God's help, I shall have fulfilled the commands which will arrive with it. Meanwhile I shall continue the treaty that, in the event of any unforeseen impediment, your Majesty may be able to choose the course which shall seem most to your advantage. My doubt is only whether I can do anything without more ample powers from your Majesty. In the absence of these, the English will enter into no particulars, and the negotiations may at any time be broken off to the disgust of these reconciled Provinces, which look on peace as certain. If your Majesty will send me these powers — only that I may shew them — you may be assured that I will conclude nothing without your Majesty's permission." [1]

Parma, it is remembered, had conversed with several of the subordinate members of the English commission. It is evident from his letter that he not only believed, but felt perfectly assured that Elizabeth was prepared to abandon all demands for religious toleration in the States, and also to restore Flushing. He speaks of the re-establishment of Romanism in the Provinces and the recovery of Walcheren, as concessions which lay at Philip's option to receive. It is evident also that he looked on the conquest of England as likely to be difficult, and on this point he expressed himself more at length in a second dispatch which bears the same date:

[1] The Prince of Parma to Philip, March 10–20, 1588. *MSS. Simancas*

"All is well with us," he said, "save for the astonishing and distressing mortality among the troops. It is sad to think how many have died and how many are sick.[1] Of the twenty-eight or thirty thousand men with whom I expected to embark, I have not at present seventeen thousand. I am doing what I can to obtain recruits from Germany. The death of Santa Cruz is most unfortunate. He was a good soldier, and an excellent seaman; you have lost a valuable servant in him, and the fleet is delayed. But these accidents are in the hands of God, and we can but hope that he is doing the best for his own glory, and for the success of the enterprise. Our purpose is so notorious and the signs of it so obvious, that attempts at concealment are futile. Were I to affect some other movement, I should be throwing away men, and this treaty is the only kind of feint which is now possible.

"As to money, I assure your Majesty I am in extremity. Four hundred thousand crowns, which I borrowed in Antwerp, between exchange and interest were but three hundred thousand when they came into my hands. They are already gone, and I am without resource. Baptista de Tassis has applied for another loan, but has returned empty-handed. Your Majesty must look to it. All will fail without money. I have a motley army of all nations, and there will be mutiny and irreparable disorder. The Lord may purpose to chastise us for our sins, perhaps, with some sharp misfortune. Spaniards are the sinews of the enterprise. If the Armada brings me six thousand, I shall still be under-furnished. My numbers diminish daily; when I shall have landed, I must fight battle after battle; I

[1] "Es la mayor lastima del mundo de los muchos que han muerto y de los muchos infermos."

shall lose men by wounds and disease; I must leave detachments behind me, to keep open my communications; and in a short time the body of my army will become so weak, that not only I may be unable to advance in the face of the enemy, and time may be given to the heretics and your Majesty's other enemies to interfere, but there may fall out some notable inconvenience, with the loss of everything, and I be unable to remedy it.[1] With insufficient means it is hard to accomplish impossibilities; I must therefore entreat your Majesty that there be neither neglect nor delay. Your Highness must provide that there be no diversion from any other quarter, and that in case of accident, the Armada brings with it an army of reserve. Affairs of this kind are costly, but you must not let expense deter you. Success in these enterprises depends, next to the favour of God, on the completeness of the preparations." [2]

The modest good sense of Parma might have produced some effect on Philip, but for the fascination of the English succession, and the misleading clamour of Allen and Parsons, who measured probabilities by their passions, and assured him that half England was ready to rise in arms to welcome him. He sent the powers which Parma asked for, but only, as he admitted, to satisfy his reconciled subjects in Flanders and Brabant, who might complain if their wishes were dis-

[1] Parma was better informed on the real nature of the work before him than European Catholic opinion. There is in the Record Office a copy of an Italian address to Philip inviting him to the conquest of England, describing it as the richest country in the world, the most inviting to plunder, and at the same time the easiest to overrun. "Cæsar," the writer admits, found some difficulty. "Cæsar required great preparation and large resources." But the cases were not parallel, "England having in Cæsar's time a large population": *MSS. Spain*, 1588.

[2] Parma to Philip, March 10–20: *MSS. Simancas.*

regarded, and he sent with the commission an intimation that it was only to be used to protract the treaty till the fleet arrived.

The negotiations, which had now become a pretence to deceive Elizabeth, had deceived also Sextus and the Cardinals. When Olivarez attempted to obtain an advance of money, he was met by a confessed suspicion that the Most Catholic King was attempting to cheat his Holiness. The imputation on his good faith in such a quarter, the reproach which he was assured would fall on him if, after so much had been done and talked of, he left the nest of heresy undisturbed, combined to push Philip forward, and closed his ears to the suggestion of possible failure.[1] Perhaps, too, he was secretly encouraged by accounts of the Queen's disposition, which were furnished him by the traitors about the Court. While Allen, and Parsons, and Englefield were arranging the disposition of the public offices, or discussing a redistribution of property with Olivarez, and the prudence or imprudence of a general measure of confiscation,[2] Elizabeth was at her old courses. "I see no disposition in her Majesty," wrote Walsingham, when the shadow of the Armada was already projecting over England, "I see no disposition in her Majesty to take a thorough course — a manner of proceeding we hold in all our actions, both at

[1] Olivarez to Philip, February 22, March 2, 18, 21, April 4: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] "Quien serian las personas nobles y calificados, á quien se podria honrar de mayores titulos y con los estados de los hereges, en lo cual ha conferido Alano conmigo, y parece que no se puede resolver esto sino sobra la obra, pues de otra manera se quitaria la esperança de los que se quisiesen convertir, y los que hasta agora merecen podrian desmerecer ó discubrirsele algun demerito de aqui allá; y tambien otros mas benemeritos de que hasta agora no se tiene noticia, pero bien juzga el Cardinal que sea conveniente luego que este en buen estado la conquista ir premiando á algunos y dandolos titulos y proveer los obispados," &c. — Olivarez al Rey, 22 Hebrero, 1588: *MS.* Ibid.

home and abroad, which breedeth both danger and dishonour." [1]

April. The expectation of a catastrophe impaired the value of landed property. When the flower of the Roman youth had fallen at Cannæ, the confidence of the people was so little shaken that the ground on which Hannibal's army was encamped was sold in the forum at its usual price. Sir William Drury, writing to Burghley in the spring of 1588, about the payment of a debt to the Queen, said, that his wife would sell her jewels to save him from having to part at a loss with his estate," for no man would give anything as land was worth, because they feared a hard world." [2]

The knowledge of Philip's real intentions dispenses with the necessity of pursuing in detail the further history of the treaty, which answered no purpose save to give Elizabeth an excuse for inactivity, and to madden the unfortunate Provinces. A few features of it only require to be noticed. Six weeks were consumed before a place could be selected for the Commissioners to meet, the English standing out, as a point of honour, that Philip's representatives should come first to Ostend, if it were but for an hour. Parma at last consented to a compromise. Dr. Rogers assured him that if he would yield, the Queen would not only surrender the cautionary towns to him, but if Holland and Zealand continued obstinate, would assist Spain in reconquering them.[3] Thereupon he sent Ricardot,

[1] Walsingham to Sir William Russell, April 8–18: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Drury to Burghley, March 20: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] "Que por esta poca honra que se hará la Reyna, ella no solo restituyrá á V. Mag[d] todo lo que tiene destos estados, mas ayudará á cobrar la parte que quedare obstinada." — El Duque de Parma al Rey, 6 de Avril: *MSS. Simancas.*

President of the Council of Flanders, semi-officially to Ostend, and allowed the first conference to be held under tents, a cannon-shot outside the defences.

Here, on the 11th–21st of April, Ricardot, De la Mote, and others went through, on behalf of Spain, the formal preliminaries of a treaty; Parma himself meanwhile, disguised as a rabbit-catcher, wandering among the sandhills, and taking a survey of the rents in the fortifications.[1] Little was done, for the fuller powers for which Parma had applied, though on the way, were not yet arrived. The English asked for an armistice, including England as well as the Provinces, and covering the fleet in the Tagus. It was refused, except for Walcheren and Ostend itself. Progress was then reported to London, and the next session was ordered to be held at Bruges.

And now the rotten foundation of the whole proceeding became at once apparent. Derby, Cobham, Sir Amyas Paulet, and Dr. Dale had brought vague instructions, such as Elizabeth's Council had been induced to sanction. Sir James Crofts, who professed to possess a knowledge of the Queen's real intentions which was not extended to the other Commissioners, took upon himself in the pause which followed to go alone to Ghent, and speak privately with Parma. He did not impress the Prince with his wisdom, but he laid proposals before him which he said that the Queen would confirm if he would send over a secretary who could deal with her alone; and these proposals, as

1 "Me meti yo disfracado, y mientras duró la platica y comida que tambien se le habia mandado aprestar allí reconocer, con achaque de andar á caça de conejos por las Dunas, la fortificacion con lo que deseaba de la plaça, confirmandome con un Ingeniero que en figura de criado habia enviado con el Secretario Garnier las veces que allí fué." — Parma al Rey, 13 de Mayo: *MS. Simancas.*

reported by the Prince to Philip, agree precisely with a note of them in the English Records.

According to the offer of Crofts, the old treaties between England and the House of Burgundy were to be renewed, and a common course was to be agreed upon on the means by which Holland and Zealand were to be recovered to the obedience of the King of Spain. The King was "to allow such toleration in matters of religion in the United Provinces as he might do with conscience and honour," and was not "to introduce the Spanish Inquisition." The Spanish and Italian troops were to be withdrawn, and the old administration restored. If Philip would consent to these conditions, the Controller undertook, in his mistress's name, that she would restore to him the cautionary towns and all other towns and fortresses in the occupation of English troops.[1]

These, it will be observed, were the stipulations which had appeared from time to time throughout the negotiation as representing Elizabeth's personal views, and were implied from the beginning in the very nature of it. The last and most dishonourable article for the surrender of the towns, the Prince described as the foundation of the treaty, and was the first which he required to be put in execution as an evidence of sincere meaning. He, on his part, was willing to consent to the withdrawal of the troops; not however till Holland and Zealand had completely submitted; and if the terms were really offered with the Queen's sanction, and if they had been accepted by Parma, she would have been obliged in self-defence to unite with

[1] "Articles which Sir James Crofts hath thought good to propound," April 30–May 10: *MSS. Spain.* Puntos propuestos par James Crofts. Enclosed in a letter from Parma to Philip, of the 13th of May: *MSS. Simancas.*

Philip in extinguishing the remains of the revolt, or she would have lost the object for which she was meditating such detestable treachery. No wonder Sir William Russell should write from Flushing "that this unhappy peace had been the cause of all the dissensions and of all the jealousies between the States and England."[1] No wonder Lord Howard "prayed God there might not be cause to curse a long grey beard with a white head witless, that would make all the world think England heartless."[2] No wonder Burghley feared that the States, made desperate by such false dealing, would, all or part, treat secretly with Parma for their own peace, and that the Queen, outmatched with her own weapons, would be forced to continue the war alone or submit upon "intolerable conditions."[3]

Every intelligent person in England or out of it who wished well to the Queen regarded the treaty as madness. Yet she allowed herself to be persuaded by a deliberate traitor, who was receiving pay from Spain, that soldiers like Lord Howard of Effingham desired war because their trade was fighting; politicians like Walsingham and Burghley, from Protestant bigotry; and the United Provinces, that they might prey on her exchequer.[4] Sir James Crofts had for two years

[1] Sir William Russell to Walsingham, March 26–April 5: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Lord Howard to Walsingham, January 27–February 6: *MSS. Domestic.*

[3] Burghley to Walsingham, February 6–16: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] "Those that recommend war recommend it for sundry respects: some for war's sake, as I should do perhaps if I were young and a soldier; others for religion: others for spoil and robbery, whereof your Majesty feeleth too much. They are all inclined to their peculiar interests, caring nothing for the Prince's treasure, the impoverishing the subject, and the overthrow of trade. It is my duty to remind your Majesty that if you do not stand fast in what is best for the whole estate and commonwealth, many practices will be used to persuade yourself against yourself." — Mr. Controller to the Queen, February 22–March 4: *MS.* Ibid.

been in intimate communication with her on the subject of the peace. It is not conceivable that he was ignorant of her wishes. Champagny said that his visit to Parma had worked a miracle, and that peace was certain.[1] He was himself confident that what he had done would be approved, and he wrote to Burghley in the highest self-satisfaction.[2]

The King having determined that the treaty should end in nothing, these ignominious concessions would have been to no purpose had the Queen formally endorsed them. But it was one thing to desire privately a convenient conclusion, to talk about it, and say that she would have it so; it was another to make up her mind practically to what no sophistry could excuse; or if she could bring herself to it, to carry the Council along with her. The Controller was severely rebuked for having presumed to go beyond his orders. He was ordered home to England to explain "how he had presumed to wade so far without directions;"[3] and a note in Lord Burghley's hand implies that when the question rose again, the Prince was to be told that even if peace was made the Queen would not surrender the cautionary towns till she had been repaid the money for which they were held as securities; if a peace was not made in which the Provinces were comprehended, she would not deliver them at all.[4] A sound and honourable resolution, yet a resolution which stultified the entire negotiation in which she had allowed herself to be entangled. She had quarrelled with the States, she had allowed her army to be

[1] Champagny to Burghley, May 3–13: *MSS. Spain.*

[2] Crofts to Burghley, May 2–12: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] The Queen to the Commissioners at Ostend, May 8 and May 24: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Notes in Burghley's hand, May, 1588: *MS.* Ibid.

wasted, and every advantage which she could have derived from her alliance with the States to be frittered away, in pursuit of a treaty of which the surrender of the towns was the first and most obvious condition — so obvious that in every word which Parma or Philip had said in weighing the comparative advantages of war or peace, it was assumed as a matter of course. The impossibility of consenting to it stared her in the face when the moment for action came. It is probable that even if left to herself she would under no circumstances have actually done it: but to have played with the thought; to have twisted the public policy of the country out of its natural course to secure an object which every intelligent man in Europe knew that she could attain only by dishonour, would alone suffice to disqualify Elizabeth from being cited as an example of the capacity of female sovereigns.

The mischievous effects of the treaty were not limited to the States, for as long as it was in progress Elizabeth would neither stand vigorously to the defence of England nor provide herself with alliances elsewhere. Her policy everywhere was partial, feeble, and fretful. Henry of Navarre in Burghley's opinion was "the hinge of her security."[1] When the League first took arms she had sent him money with the consent and almost at the request of the King. An English subsidy had equipped the army for the field which had fought and won at Coutras, but with the prospect of peace she had drawn her purse-strings, and would supply no more.[2] Philip, though he knew not on

[1] "Cardo totius nostræ felicitatis."

[2] "Thus," wrote Burghley, "you see how her Majesty can find means at small holes to stop her own light, and I must tell her to-day with what dangers she seeketh to spare." — Burghley to Walsingham, September 18, 1587: *MSS. Domestic.*

what side to look for funds, found means notwithstanding to fill the chest of the Duke of Guise. He understood that if he was to invade England he must keep the French Court occupied, and at the beginning of 1588, after the surrender of the Germans on the Loire, the Duke was still at the head of his army, and dictating terms to the King. The Huguenots, on the other hand, who had conquered at Coutras were dispersed for want of means to hold them together, and although the King had again let Elizabeth know, through Stafford, with what delight he would hear that she was enabling Navarre to hold up his head, she chose to think that expense that way was no longer necessary, and had fastened her hopes upon Andrea de Looe and her diplomacy. She at any rate was in no want of money. The half-million which she had reserved in her treasury was still apparently untrenched upon. Burghley, who had the charge of her finances, would not so often have lamented her unseasonable parsimony if want of means had been the cause. A year later, when the aspect of the world had changed, she was able without effort to throw an army into Portugal. Her exchequer is a mystery. She had been honourably sparing in applying to Parliament for subsidies. She had been lenient in extorting the legal fines from recusant Catholics, and unwilling to use her powers of confiscation over the estates of the refugees, but by hard housewifery, by rigid economy, by leaving her own soldiers to starve, and by allowing her willing subjects to serve their country at their own expense, she had contracted her outlay far within her revenues. Her narrow habits had become a second nature to her. She knew well that there was a time to spare. She only knew that there was a time to spend when she

had entangled herself with some miserable creature like Alençon.

Navarre only could save France from the Duke of Guise, and the Duke of Guise once master of France, her own end was certain. The Prince of Condé was dead. Navarre was sustaining by himself the whole weight of the conflict; and in the spring, when some great crisis was visibly coming, he sent the most trusted of his ministers, M. de l'Hôpital, to London to try the effect of personal persuasion. "England," De l'Hôpital said, "was the head of Protestant Christendom. The King of Navarre was its right arm."[1] The German Princes, to whom he was going afterwards, made Elizabeth's support a condition of further efforts on their part. He explained to her that his master could not possibly bear on his own shoulders the weight which was about to be thrown upon them. If she did not help him he must yield.

As usual, she could not resolve. She would not consent, she would not refuse. She lingered over her answer when the minutes were as drops of the life blood running from the veins of the Protestant cause. She said that Navarre had no right to give way after the sums with which she had already provided him. She held out hopes that at some future time she might again be liberal; but actual help, or distinct promise of it, he could not wring from her.

"Charity," wrote M. de l'Hôpital to Burghley, "your proverb says, begins at home; or, as we say, 'the flesh is closer than the shift.'[2] Let the Queen say plainly that she cannot help us because her own expenses are too heavy, and we shall be satisfied.

[1] M. de l'Hôpital to Burghley, April 1: *MSS. France.*

[2] "La chair est plus proche que la chemise."

We must then do what we can. But to entertain us with riddles, to refuse to give us the means of defending ourselves, and to forbid us to provide for ourselves in some other way, — this my master will think a little hard.[1] One of two things. Let her Majesty help us, or not. If no, then, in the name of common truth and kindness, let her say so plainly, while we can make terms, and are not compelled to surrender at discretion." [2]

If she could spare no money, De l'Hôpital asked her to send some one with him to Germany, to recommend his cause in her name. She declared, at first, she would give him neither help nor countenance; and when he took his leave he had scarcely received a better answer. She said that some one should possibly follow him into Germany, and explain her wishes.

The alternative condition at which De l'Hôpital hinted was obviously the King of Navarre's conversion, which she could not recommend, yet to which she was not unwilling that he should be forced. Dogmatic theology sat as lightly on Navarre as on Elizabeth. To him, as to her, the varieties of Christian opinion were of as little moment as the fashions of dress. The one article of the Roman faith which they both abhorred was intolerance and persecution, and mass or chapel made little difference. He was free from the rivalry of Condé, and had no longer to dread that another Bourbon, if he conformed, might steal from him the allegiance of the Huguenots; he had but to yield to the pressure, to which at last he in fact gave way, to have the King and three-quarters of

[1] "Mais de l'entretenir avec les ambages, et avec les esperances fort éloignées nous oster celuy de penser à nostre repos par quelque autre voye, je ne sçay, Monsieur, si mon maistre trouvera cela un peu dure."

[2] De l'Hôpital to Burghley, April 1: *MSS. France.*

France at his back, and to be able to defy for ever the worst malice of the League.[1]

To desire this consummation was as natural as to desire a treaty with Spain, in which the religious liberties of the Netherlands were to be sacrificed. Elizabeth perhaps trusted too — and her trust in this instance was curiously well-founded — to the constant friendship which she had found in Henry of Valois; weak, cowardly, and treacherous as he was, yielding always to the stream, as he had yielded in the terrible days of St. Bartholomew, the King of France was yet true, as a whole, to the traditional policy of his house. Though he was too feeble to encounter the League in the field, his fear and hatred of the Guises made him its deadliest opponent; and the most dissolute, superstitious prince in all Europe had chosen the latitudinarian Elizabeth as the peculiar object of his regard.

Finding the King of Navarre unable to take the field, he too felt that a crisis of some kind was coming. Philip had sent Guise three hundred thousand crowns, with an intimation that the Armada was about to sail, and that the neutrality if not the active assistance of France must be secured at all hazards. The cloud which had been raised by the succession question was still undispelled; but Guise was, for the present, the only Frenchman on whom Philip could depend, and so far, at least, as the establishment of the League and the overthrow of Elizabeth, their roads lay in the same direction.

To prevent the Spaniards from having the use of the harbours in the Channel, the King, while he had time, secured Boulogne and Calais. He reinforced the garrisons, put in governors on whose constancy he

[1] Stafford to Elizabeth, April 5–15: *MSS. France.*

could rely, and charged them to hold both places against all comers. The Duke of Aumale, Guise's brother, went down to the coast and summoned Boulogne to surrender. He was too late, however, and was obliged to lay siege to it in form, with the prospect of being detained there for the summer. Guise himself prepared to secure if possible the person of Henry. He sent a message through Belièvre demanding the control of the government, and followed it up by advancing on Paris. The city, which was always devoted to him, had organised itself into military districts, and had already placed itself under his command. He appeared at the gates on the 9th of May (April 29–May 9) and was received with the wildest enthusiasm, women showering flowers upon him as he rode through the streets, men clinging to his stirrup on their knees, and adoring him as a saint. Two days of convulsion followed, and Guise, at the end of them, in all points but one was sovereign of France. In Paris there was the universal shout, "Vive Guise; vive le libérateur de France;" but the King himself had slipped through his hands. On the evening of the day of the barricades, when all was lost, Henry had sprung on his horse without boot or spur, galloped off over the bridge of St. Cloud, and was away to Chartres. Had Guise taken him, a French fleet would, in all likelihood, have joined Medina Sidonia in the English Channel; to share the honours of the invasion, and to dispute afterwards Philip's claim to the throne. But he was gone out of reach, and in a few days was surrounded by a powerful body of loyal noblemen and gentlemen. Guise, who aspired himself to be King of France, did not dare to exasperate the moderate Catholics by following him in arms, and

two precious months were lost in correspondence and diplomacy. The Duke had his way at last, or seemed to have it. A peace was signed on the 15th of July, by which Guise was made Lieutenant-Governor of the realm, the league with England declared broken, and Boulogne ordered to be surrendered to D'Aumale. But it came too late for the immediate purpose. The Armada was already at the mouth of the Channel, and its fate about to be determined for good or evil before the League could share its glory or its shame. The King, who to appearance had yielded everything, was animated only with a more deadly determination to revenge his disgrace. He told Stafford that nothing still should be attempted against England without notice, and that however helpless he might seem, "before long there would be a great change:" his fair countenance towards Guise concealed "a marvellous design tending to a most great enterprise," and if "the Spanish fleet could only be defeated all good things would follow." [1]

July.

The "great enterprise" was the famous tragedy of Blois, which followed in the ensuing winter. For the present, France remained a passive spectator of events on which the fate of Europe depended. Philip's ambition had alienated Scotland; Elizabeth had paralysed the United Provinces; and thus, from a combination of causes, England and Spain were left face to face to fight out their great duel single-handed.

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, July 31 and August 1: *MSS. France*.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Jesuits had carried the day, and Spain had made up its mind at last to enforce the Bull of Pope Pius. A combination of curious circumstances, assisted by four and twenty miles of water, had protected England hitherto from sharing the miseries of the rest of Europe; but the exemption in itself, provoking to the natural envy of the less fortunate, could not last for ever. Not a year had passed without a warning of an intended invasion, and the notice to prepare had not been thrown away.

Thirty years of peace were supposed abroad to have emasculated the once warlike English nation, and to have so enamoured the people of quiet, that they had no longer energy to defend their own firesides. If their vigour was unimpaired it was held certainly that they must want skill and experience. Their peculiar weapon the long bow, though it had not yet become a toy for the playground, could no longer decide a battle in the face of muskets and cannon; and ardent Catholic Europe expected confidently that in collision with the trained regiments of Spain or France, the English militia would break in pieces at the first encounter. On the sea they were acknowledged to be still dangerous. The English corsair was a name of terror wherever there were Catholic traders to be pillaged. English merchantmen in the Mediterranean defied, engaged, and defeated the royal galleys of

Spain, though outmatched to twice their strength.[1] The general impression, however, was that if the naval defences could be pierced, and a well found army be thrown on shore in any part of the kingdom, the power of England would collapse in ruins. London itself was undefended; and there was not a fortress in the whole island which would delay an army for an hour.

It has been seen that the Prince of Parma knew better what the country was made of. Although the hundred beef-eaters at Court constituted the only permanently existing force in the service of the Government, yet English and Spanish soldiers had encountered in many a hard fight on the Antwerp dykes or in the open field, and man to man the Spaniards could claim no superiority. He had experienced at Sluys that their engineering skill was not contemptible. He knew, perhaps, to use the language of a writer, who after his own people respected the Spaniards above all other nations in the world, that "the English had always been, and at that present were, a free people, such as in few or no other realms were to be found the like, by which freedom was maintained a valiant courage in that people."[2] Flanders, France, and Ireland had been training schools where many thousands of Englishmen of all ranks had learnt the art as well as the practice of war, while for the last eight years the militia had been carefully trained in the use of the modern weapons. Volunteer military schools had

[1] Thus in 1586 five London vessels returning from Constantinople engaged Don Pedro da Leyva with eleven armed galleys between Sicily and Malta. The action lasted five hours; one of the galleys was sunk, and the Spanish Admiral was obliged to sheer off. — Hakluyt, Vol. II. p. 422.

[2] Certain things to be considered for the special wealth of England: *MSS. Domestic*, December, 1585.

been established all over the country, gentlemen who had served abroad drilling the sons of the knights and squires. Three hundred London merchants who had seen service took charge of the city corps,[1] and the example it is likely was imitated in the other towns; while along the coast the privateering trade had made lessons in fighting a part of the education of every high-spirited lad.

In this way for eight years all England had been in preparation for the day of trial. It had not been without danger, for the general military organisation had been made a shield behind which the Catholic families had been invited to make ready for rebellion. But the recusants were known and marked; though every able-bodied man was put in training, the custody of the arms was reserved for those who could be trusted; while the Protestants had the essential advantage that only they could furnish experienced soldiers. The Catholic English who made war their profession were serving abroad in the armies of Parma or Guise.

Thus it was, that when the long talked of peril was at the doors, and the people were called on to take their harness to resist invasion, a hundred thousand men, well officered and appointed, were ready at a day's notice to fall into their companies, and move wherever they were wanted. In the uncertainty where the Spaniards would land they were left at their homes, but with their line of action accurately laid down. The musters of the midland counties, thirty thousand strong, were to form a separate army for the defence of the Queen's person, and were directed to assemble on the first note of alarm between Windsor and Harrow. The rest were to gather to

[1] Stowe.

the point of danger. The coast companies had orders to fall back, wherever the enemy landed, removing the corn and cattle, and avoiding a battle till the force of the neighbouring counties joined them. Should the landing be, as was expected, in Suffolk, Kent, or Sussex, it was calculated that between thirty and forty thousand men could be thrown in their way before they could reach London, while twenty thousand would still remain to encounter Guise, should he attempt a diversion in Hampshire or Dorsetshire.[1]

How far forces thus constituted could have held their ground against the veteran soldiers whom they would have encountered, is a question on which the Prince of Parma's modest opinion is entitled to respect. In saying that he would have to fight battle after battle, it is to be presumed that he expected to win the first and perhaps the second. He expected also that his victories, like those of Pyrrhus, would be dearly purchased, and was very far from confident of the ultimate result. It would turn, in human probability, on the action of the Catholics, about which there was still an uneasy uncertainty. Philip's claims on the succession had alienated those who were Catholics rather by descent than fanaticism; but there was still a party of unknown strength under the influence of the Jesuits, of which the Earl of Arundel was the political leader, who had forgotten their country in their creed.

Father Darbyshire, an English Jesuit at Paris, told an agent of Walsingham's, "wishing to gain him to the cause," that "there was a band of men in London, with an officer sworn to the King of Spain, who had

1 "Notes of places likely to be assailed;" "Notes of the forces to repair out of each county," &c.: *MSS. Domestic*, 1588. Compare the Muster lists, printed in Murdin, pp. 594–615.

served under Parma," who, when the Armada was in the Channel, and "all the forces were drawn to the coast to resist invasion," intended to rise, set fire to the city, force the Tower, and release Lord Arundel. The Catholic standard was then to be raised, and the faithful everywhere would take arms and join the Spaniards.[1] Even if there was no general rebellion, there was a fear that advantage might be taken of the absence of the loyal part of the population from their homes to make local disturbances, which would recall them from the army, or render them unwilling to join their standards, for fear of what might happen in their absence; and orders had been given by the Council to use the gallows freely on the slightest sign of a disposition to create trouble.[2]

It was not by land, however, either that the Spaniards most feared the English, or that English statesmen and officers most relied on the powers of the country to defend itself, if it was only allowed fair play. An Englishman writing from Lisbon in the heat of the preparations for the Armada, reported, "that he had talked to many of the people there. They confessed they feared England on the water, but not on the land. The English, they said, were better warriors than they on the seas. Their mariners and gunners were better, and they feared their fireworks."[3] Their experience

[1] MS. endorsed "Mr. Walton and Mr. Alis, April, 1588": *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] "It is to be considered that the King of Spain is not altogether hopeless of some party of Papists and malcontents. If the regiments be not in readiness, it will be too late to assemble them for resistance of any foreign enemy, and to withstand them at home both in one day; for every man will stand in fear of the firing of his own house and the destruction of his family. Therefore if any stir should happen in this case, some severe proceeding would be speedily used by martial law." — Places likely to be assailed: *MS.* Ibid., April, 1588.

[3] Report from Lisbon. James Tyehall, April, 1588. *MS.* Ibid.

of Drake and Hawkins and their companions had made them modestly conscious of their own inferiority where numbers were in any way equal.

But a fleet was not like the militia, a thing which the country could extemporise our of its own resources. The sea towns and private adventurers could fit out merchantmen to fight effectively against an enemy of their own size and strength; but the largest ship in England at this time belonging to a private owner did not exceed four hundred tons, and of vessels of that size there were not more than two or three sailing from any port in the country. The armed cruisers which had won so distinguished a name in both hemispheres, were of the dimensions of the present schooner yachts in the Cowes squadron. Philip, as a paternal governor, had encouraged shipbuilding in Spain by grants from the Crown. For every vessel which was constructed above three hundred tons burden he allowed four ducats a ton; for every vessel above five hundred he allowed six ducats a ton: half of his grant being a bonus from the Crown, half a loan to be repaid at leisure. Elizabeth had been advised to imitate the example.[1] But she had preferred to leave her subjects to their own enterprise, nor had she cared herself to lead the way of improvement. When her naval resources were all counted, including vessels which had been built for her father and sister, the entire English navy contained but thirteen ships above four hundred tons, and in the whole fleet, including fifteen small cutters and pinnaces, there were only thirty-eight vessels of all sorts and sizes carrying the Queen's flag. She had extended to the dockyards the same hard thrift with

[1] Certain things to be considered for the special wealth of England. *MSS. Domestic.*

which she had pared down her expenses everywhere. One precaution only she had taken on the other side, characteristic also of herself. She had placed at the head of her naval administration the fittest person in her dominions to manage it — Sir John Hawkins — who, sea robber, corsair, slave hunter, as he was, yet with scrupulous fidelity threw his mind and his fortune into his charge. When the moment of trial came, Hawkins sent her ships to sea in such condition, hull, rigging, spars, and running rope, that they had no match in the world either for speed, safety, or endurance. In the small Swallow which had been built by King Henry, Lord Howard offered to sail to Rio Janeiro in the wildest storm that could blow.

A few words in detail may be spared to the constitution of the fleet which was about to accomplish so splendid a service. In ordinary times, one or two second class vessels alone were kept in commission, which discharged the duties very imperfectly of Channel police. The navy did not exist as a profession. It was the Queen's policy to appear as little as possible in any work that had to be done, and to leave it to privateers. When officers were wanted, they were chosen from those who, like Sir Francis Drake, had distinguished themselves as adventurers. The crews were engaged by the week, by the month, or for some special service. A commission was appointed in 1583 consisting of Burghley, Walsingham, Howard, Drake, and Frobisher, to examine into the condition of ships and stores, and so to organise the yards at Portsmouth and Chatham, that a squadron could be held ready for sea if suddenly called for. The whole navy was then thoroughly overhauled and repaired. The charges for its future maintenance were divided into ordinary and

extraordinary. The first covered repairs of all kinds, wages of shipwrights, carpenters, clerks, watchmen, and cost of timbers, ropes, anchors, mooring cables and other necessary dockyard expenses. For all this the Queen allowed four thousand pounds a year. She thought the sum excessive, but it could not be brought lower. The second, or extraordinary charges, covered special expeditions, for which in every instance a particular estimate was made by the Council, with the lighter cordage, canvas, provisions, and other perishable stores of which the consumption varied with the nature and extent of the service. It included also the building of wharves, sheds, and storehouses, and also of new ships, of which it was then decided that one at least must every year be added to the fleet. Construction of this kind was done by contract. The ships were expected to last in good condition thirty years at least. The Bonaventura, a vessel of six hundred tons, was built in 1560. She was with Drake in his expedition to the West Indies in 1586. She carried his flag at Cadiz in 1587. She had been engaged in every service of consequence which had been undertaken since the Queen's accession. She was caught in a gale in the beginning of 1588, and ran on a sandbank at the mouth of the Scheldt, when, to use Lord Howard's words, "it was thought impossible, unless she had been made of iron, that she should not have been severely injured if not lost." She was got off "without a spoonful of water in her well;" and after a hard life of twenty-eight years, the Admiral said "there was not in the world a stronger ship."[1]

The cost at which vessels of this kind were constructed indicates that although contractors did their

[1] Lord Howard to Burghley, March 9–19, 1588: *MSS. Domestic*

work well, they were contented with moderate profits. The Rainbow, a ship of five hundred tons, was set afloat fit at all points for sea, for two thousand one hundred pounds; the Vanguard, also of five hundred tons, for two thousand six hundred pounds,[1] — or allowing for the difference in the value of money about thirteen thousand and sixteen thousand pounds respectively.

The wages of an able seaman under Henry VIII. had been sixpence a day, or calculated in meat, drink, and clothing, according to the prices of the beginning of the sixteenth century, equal to six shillings of our money. Out of this he found his own living. As the value of money began to fall with the introduction of bullion from America, the Government altered the mode of payment, themselves supplying the ship's rations. In 1585, the sixpence tried by the same standard was worth but three shillings, and the sailor received in money six and eight pence a month, while of food "of good and seasonable victuals" his allowance for every flesh day, i. e. for every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, was a pound of biscuit or a pound and a half of bread, a gallon of beer, and two pounds of meat — salt beef, fresh beef or mutton, as the case might be. On the three other days, he had the same quantity of beer and biscuit with half a ling or a cod, and half a pound of butter or a pound of cheese. The diet was occasionally varied by substituting bacon for beef and mutton, reducing the salt fish and increasing the butter and cheese; in all cases, however, the beer and bread remaining constant.[2]

[1] Names of her Majesty's ships sent to sea, December 27, 1587–January 6, 1588: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Proportion of victual for six thousand men for six weeks, 1581; Notes of a seaman's diet, February, 1582; The Purveyor of the Navy to the Lord Ad-

These allowances were never altered whatever might be the variation of price; the cost of each man's three daily meals ranging from fourpence to sevenpence, at which it had permanently settled by 1588. The pay had been raised three years before at the intercession of Sir John Hawkins from six and eight pence a month to ten shillings. The increase, however, cost nothing to the Crown, a smaller crew better paid being found to do more effective service. Hawkins said he had observed that with higher wages men become more healthy and self-respecting, "such as could make shift for themselves and keep themselves clean, without vermin." [1]

At the recommendation of the Committee of 1583, five new ships had been added to the navy, larger than any which were already afloat; the Ark Raleigh and the Victory of eight hundred tons, the Bear and the Elizabeth Jonas of nine hundred, and the Triumph of a thousand. The four last named had not been commissioned before 1588. They had been constructed upon a new principle, introduced by Hawkins. The high sterns and forecastles were lowered, the keels lengthened, and the lines made finer and sharper. Old seamen shook their heads at the innovation, and foretold the usual disasters. They would be too crank, it

miral, July 23–August 2, 1586: *MSS. Domestic.* The Spaniards, still more aware of the importance of change of diet at sea, varied the rations more frequently. A pound and a half of bread and a pint of Andalusian wine was allowed daily. Meat, fish, and cheese alternated in rather smaller quantities than in England, but with the addition of peas, beans, and garlic, made into soup. — Orders signed by Don Pedro De Valdez, 1575: *MSS. Spain, Rolls House.* The rations of English soldiers in the field were on a yet more liberal scale. Sir Henry Sidney, when Lord Deputy, fixed the daily allowance for each English soldier in Ireland at two pounds and a half of beef and a pound and a half of bread. — Notes on the victualling of the army: *MSS. Ireland*, June, 1575.

[1] Naval notes, March, 1585–6: *MSS. Domestic.*

was said, to carry sail. They were fit only for smooth water, and would founder in the heavy seas of the Atlantic.[1] The Queen having paid dear for them, shrunk from experiments which might shew her to have countenanced an expensive folly, and had preferred so far to keep them safe at their moorings in the Medway.

This was the condition of the royal navy of England when called on to face the most powerful fleet which had existed from the beginning of time. The privateers promised to be useful as auxiliaries. The great merchants in every port armed the best of their ships. London provided thirty; Southampton, Poole, Dartmouth, Plymouth, Barnstable, and Bristol contributed as they were able; and English brigs and barques of two hundred tons, which never went to sea without being prepared to encounter pirates, were no contemptible allies. Lord Howard of Effingham had also two ships of his own. Hawkins had four or five. Drake had a whole squadron, for the western privateers rallied of themselves to the flag of their chosen hero. But it was on the Queen's ships that the brunt of the battle would have to fall, and above the largest of them the vast galleons and galleasses towered up like Flemish dray-horses by the side of the light Arabian coursers.

The Bonaventura, the Golden Lion the Rainbow, and the Dreadnought had been with Drake at Cadiz, and on Drake's return, contrary to the advice of Burghley, had been paid off and dismantled. The dockyards had suffered like every other department of the public service from the Queen's determination to make peace. The repairing work had fallen far into arrears; and in September, 1587, when Philip

[1] Hawkins to Burghley, July 17–27: *MSS. Domestic.*

sent orders to Santa Cruz to sail, and bade Parma prepare for his immediate arrival, there was not a vessel in the channel carrying the Queen's flag larger than a pinnace. The ships were lying half-rigged at Chatham, with neither crews nor officers, and requiring all of them to be examined and refitted, before they could be sent to sea for a winter's cruise. Several weeks at least would be consumed before men in sufficient numbers could be collected and arms and stores taken on board. The Queen, in Leicester's words, "was treating for peace disarmed;" and had Santa Cruz been able to use the opportunity, he would have found his way to Margate Roads without receiving or firing a shot. Burghley, who had believed that, for this year at least, the danger had passed over, was roused at the beginning of October from his dangerous security. The galleon which Drake had brought home with him in August was sold with her cargo, and the money turned to instant account.[1] An embargo was laid on the merchant-ships in the various ports, and their crews were impressed for the Queen's service. Hawkins was directed to put the whole navy as rapidly as possible in condition for sea; and, on the 21st of December, instructions were sent to Howard of Effingham "to take the ships into the Channel to defend the realm against the Spaniards."

Just as in Spain the intended storming of the stronghold of heresy had stirred the crusading spirit, and the Castilian nobles had sent the best of their sons to the Armada, so when the call was sounded

January.

1 "The goods taken by Sir Francis Drake in the Philip of Spain to be sorted and sold for ready money, so as her Majesty may employ her portion for the arming of the navy, and the merchants and other adventurers employ theirs for the arming of their ships." — Notes in Burghley's hand, October 3: *MSS. Domestic.*

at last for the defence of England, it rung like a trumpet-note through manor-house and castle. The chief of the house of Howard was in the Tower, praying for the success of the servants of the Pope; but the Admiral, as if to wipe the stain from the scutcheon, brought his son-in-law, Lord Sheffield, and one at least of the Duke of Norfolk's sons, to serve at his side. Lord Henry Seymour came too, and all the distinguished seamen, Hawkins, Frobisher, Palmer, Townsend, and numbers more, whose names were only less illustrious. Drake was already at Plymouth, with his own squadron of privateers, and the Revenge, a Queen's ship which had been sent down to him. The common sailors who had volunteered "were as able a company as were ever seen" — ill found in apparel, and desiring, not unreasonably, a month's wages in advance to provide themselves, but otherwise the pride and flower of English mariners.[1]

Lord Howard's first commission, drawn by Drake's advice, left him free to act at his discretion, "to invade the Spanish dominions," if it should be thought good, or to go wherever he saw a chance to strike a blow.[2] The fleet was on fire with enthusiasm. Seamen and officers, honest Englishmen everywhere, had for years been longing to have done with privateering, false colours, lies, and pretences, and "to have a good severe open war with Spain, as the only road to an honourable settlement." Their wishes seemed likely to be gratified at last. Mid-winter as it was, the general desire was to follow up Drake's work at Cadiz, lie on the coast of Spain, and either dash into the

[1] Lord Howard to Burghley, December 22, 1587: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Commission to Lord Howard of Effingham, December 21–31: *MS. Ibid.*

Tagus and burn the fleet as it lay at anchor there, or else enrich England and ruin Philip by seizing the Indian treasures at the mouth of his own harbours.[1]

But the vessel of the State was still far from open waters. To the disgust of every one it was announced, immediately after the issue of the commission, that the services of the fleet would be required only for six weeks, before the end of which the Queen confidently hoped that peace would be established. The limitation itself made a distant enterprise impossible; but she could not wait till even this short period had elapsed. She had allowed herself to be persuaded by Sir James Crofts that soldiers and sailors wished for war because it was their trade, and that Howard and Drake, if left at sea, would do some rash violent action which would make negotiations more difficult. A random story came up from Spain that the Armada was dissolving, and on the credit of it she directed the dismissal of half the crews which had been collected and engaged at so much expense. She ordered two-thirds of the fleet to stay in the Thames with reduced complements. She sent Drake to lie at Portsmouth with three small vessels, and Lord Henry Seymour to cruise short-handed with the rest in the Channel, but with strict injunctions not to pass beyond it.[2]

Her orders were obeyed. The men were dispersed, the fleet was made practically useless, and the sea was again open; and it was at this moment that Philip, as if he had divined what his sister-in-law would do, or as if he had received secret information from England, sent the Armada the second orders to sail, which were

[1] Notes of her Majesty's ships sent to sea, December 23–January 2: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Alteration in the order of the fleet, January, 1588.

unfulfilled only through the death of Santa Cruz. "Never," said Lord Howard, savage at his mistress's perversity, "never since England was England was there such a stratagem and mask made to deceive us withal as this treaty."[1] "We are wasting money," said Sir John Hawkins, "wasting strength, dishonouring and discrediting ourselves by our uncertain dallying."[2]

Nothing that could be said in the least availed. The merchant-ships were released, and the best of the crews rejoined them, and went their way upon other voyages, beyond reach of recovery. "God send me to see such a company together again when need is," wrote the Lord Admiral. "If the power of Spain come before the middle of April, there will be as much ado to have men to furnish us as ever was, and men we must have, or the ships will do no good."[3] "What did move her Majesty," he continued, "to diminish our forces on the sudden I know not. If anything be attempted now upon the sudden, either for Scotland or to invade this coast, we shall do as much good for the service as the hoys which lie at Lyon quay. There is no master in England that will undertake with these men that are now in them to carry the ships back to Chatham. Our state is well known in Flanders, and as we were a terror to them at our first coming out, so now they make little reckoning of us. They know that we are like bears tied to stakes, and they may come as dogs to offend us, and we cannot hurt them."[4]

It would have been easy now for Parma, if the

[1] Howard to Walsingham, January 27–Febuary 6: *MSS. Domestic.*
[2] Hawkins to Walsingham, February 1–11: *MS.* Ibid.
[3] Howard to Walsingham, January 28–February 7: *MS.* Ibid.
[4] Same to the same, February 1–11: *MS.* Ibid.

weather would have allowed him, either to land a few thousand men on the coast of Fife, or to transport his entire army to England. Howard could not have fired a shot to interfere with him. The Scotch plan, however, had been given up for reasons best known to Philip. The weather was wild and boisterous beyond experience. Exposure and sickness had thinned the rolls of the Prince's companies far below the number with which he believed that he could prudently make the venture ; nor if his ranks had been as full as he could have wished to see them, would he have risked his army upon the Channel in the wave-swept hoys and barges of the Belgian ports, till a more advanced season brought smoother seas. The worst actual mischief was the false economy of the changes of plan. A week after the strength of the fleet had been reduced, the Queen grew uneasy at being defenceless. Orders were sent to restore Seymour's squadron to its full numbers, while the ships in the Thames were recalled to Chatham to be paid off. A fortnight later, in a fresh panic, they were commanded again to sea ; men had to be collected wherever they could be found, and bounties and allowances were made necessary, which doubled the cost at which they could have kept in commission from the beginning.

There had been the same "uncertain dallying" with Sir Francis Drake. The order to Portsmouth was recalled, and, at his earnest entreaty, he March. obtained leave to go down to the coast of Spain with the Revenge and the privateer squadron. But the permission was withdrawn as soon as given. Although Parma had distinctly refused to grant a general armistice, which would guarantee England against attacks, the Queen discovered that if Drake shewed himself off

Lisbon, "it would be a hindrance to the peace; the King of Spain would take it ill."[1]

With the small progress made by her Commissioners in Flanders, and with the daily reports which came in from Spain of the approach of the Armada, she could not refuse to allow the fleet to remain at sea. But she permitted some miserable scoundrel to lay a plan before her for saving expenses, by cutting down the seamen's diets, stopping the beef and mutton, and setting them to defend their country and her throne, on fish, dried peas, and oil.[2] Clinging to her hopes of peace, and afraid probably of the navy endangering it, she tied the ships to harbour by supplying the stores in driblets. She allowed rations but for a month at a time, and permitted no reserves to be provided in the victualling offices. Drake had offended her by consuming ammunition at target practice. She would not give him a second opportunity. "The proportion of powder" in the largest ships was "sufficient but for a day and a half's service if it was begun and continued as the service might require;" in the rest of the fleet "it was sufficient but for one day's service."[3] "Good my lords," expostulated Drake with the Council, "consider deeply of this, for it importeth the loss of all."[4]

[1] Howard to Burghley, March 9–19: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] "Every man's victual of beef standeth her Majesty four pence the day, two pence the pound besides casks and salt. So the mess being four persons amounteth to sixteen pence the day for their meat, besides bread and drink. By altering that kind of victual to fish, oil, and peas, her Majesty's charge will be but three pence for three fishes the day at ten shillings the hundred of Newland fish, two pence in oil for the mess the day, and two pence in peas at two shillings the bushel, with one penny upon every mess the day in casks and other charges, which amounteth to in all eight pence the day on every mess, which is half the charge that beef did stand." — Provision of victuals for the fleet, March 12–22: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Drake to the Council, March 30–April 9.

[4] Ibid.

It was no fault of the Council. The Council would not have left Drake to ask for what was obviously necessary. The Queen had taken upon herself the detailed management of everything. Lord Howard's letters prove that she and she only was responsible. As if every officer she possessed were in a conspiracy to ruin her, she appears to have kept all descriptions of supplies within her own reach in London or at Chatham, permitting nothing to be served out without an order from herself; and the ships at Plymouth, furnished from a distance with small quantities at a time, were often for many days without food of any kind.

"Such a thing was never heard of since there were ships in England," Lord Howard wrote to Burghley, "as no victuals in store. Her Majesty's father never made a less supply than six weeks, and yet there was marvellous help upon extremity, for there were ever provisions at Portsmouth; and also at Dover store ever at hand upon necessity." [1] April.

And again to Walsingham: —

"I am very sorry her Majesty is so careless of this most dangerous time. I fear over much and with grief think it, her Majesty relies upon a hope that will deceive her and greatly endanger her, and then it will not be her money nor her jewels that will help her; for as they will do good in time, so will they help nothing for the redeeming of time being lost. I dare say her Majesty will look that men should fight for her, and I know they will; but I pray heartily for a peace, for I see that which should be the ground of an honorable war will never appear; for sparing and war have no affinity together." [2]

[1] Howard to Burghley, April 8–18: *MSS. Domestic.*
[2] Howard to Walsingham, April 7–17: *MS.* Ibid.

The alterations of purpose had created so much confusion, that the four largest ships, the Triumph, the Victory, the Elizabeth Jonas, and the Bear, were for many weeks left behind for want of hands to man them, "keeping Chatham Church."[1] The Queen, indeed, had considered that they would not be wanted, and that it would be a waste of money to refit them. By the beginning of May, the hopes of peace having faded away, and certain information having arrived that the Armada was on the point of sailing, the Council so far prevailed that they were put in order, and allowed to join Howard in Margate roads. Supplies were issued to the entire fleet, calculated to last to the middle of June; and leaving Lord Henry Seymour, with the Vanguard, the Rainbow, the Antelope, and a squadron of privateers, to watch Dunkirk, the Admiral stood down Channel to join Drake, and wait for the Spaniards' coming. Looking into Boulogne on his way, which the Duke of Aumale was vainly besieging, he was off Plymouth on the morning of the 23rd of May (June 2nd). Drake with forty sail, adventurers all of them except the Revenge, and sent to sea by himself and his friends, came out to meet him, and the united fleets, imposing at least in numbers, entered the Sound together. Spies had brought word that the Armada intended to sail in the middle of the month. In the condition of the English magazines, it could not come too soon; and the plan was to take in water, and at once make for the mouth of the Channel, and force an engagement in the open sea.

May.

The weather, however, continued desperate; a wild winter had been followed by a wilder spring, and the lengthening days were still the only

June.

[1] Howard to Walsingham, March: *MSS. Domestic.*

signs of approaching summer. A severe south-westerly gale set in. Plymouth roadstead, undefended by a breakwater, was a dangerous anchorage, and to put to sea was more dangerous still. Howard, with the great ships, took his chance, and lay rolling in the Sound, "dancing lustily as the gallantest dancer at Court." Had he gone into the harbour, he could not have come out unless the weather moderated. The rest of the fleet, being smaller and more manageable, went for shelter into the mouth of the Tamar, and there lay chafing with impatience while their provision wasted away. Fresh supplies had been promised, but the days passed, and the victualling hoys did not arrive; on the 28th of May (June 7th), there was but food for eighteen days, and Devonshire, strange to say, could not furnish anything. If the eighteen days ran out, and the Spaniards came at the end of them, the sailors would have to go into action starving. They continued in good spirits, ready, "if well handled," to go through fire and water. They were put on short rations, but they caught fish to eke out their reduced mess-dinners. There was sickness, but they would not yield to it; one and all praying only either "for the speedy coming of the enemy," or the expected but lingering victuallers.[1]

The impression left upon those who were at this time most about the Queen, who saw her daily and transacted business with her, was that she would succeed this time in what she had often escaped doing by a narrow accident, and finally ruin both herself and the country. She now knew that in dancing after peace, she had been pursuing a mirage, yet the knowledge made no difference. She was incapable of per-

[1] Howard to Walsingham, June 12–22, June 14–24: *MSS. Domestic.*

sonal fear, and she skipped and joked and wrangled over her money-bags, as if the Spanish fleet was a dream, and Philip fabulous as a wizard of romance. "I am sorry," wrote Walsingham from his bed to Burghley,[1] "to see so great a danger hanging over this realm so slightly regarded and so carelessly provided for. I would to God the enemy were no more careful to assail than we to defend, and there would be the less cause of fear. Seeing that we have neither recourse to prayer, nor to such effectual preparations as the danger importeth, I cannot but conclude according to man's judgment, salus ipsa non potest servare hanc rempublicam."[2]

"For the love of Jesus Christ, Madam," said Lord Howard to her, "awake and see the villanous treasons round about you, against your Majesty and the realm."[3] He was addressing ears closed by a levity and obstinacy which were alike incurable. The victuallers came to Plymouth at last, ten days beyond the time. They had brought provisions but for one additional month only, and a positive message that no more should be sent. So peremptory Elizabeth was about it, that she forbade further preparations to be made, nor till the month was out could a consent be wrung from her for any further supply. The contractors, when the order reached them, answered that they could not execute it within less than four weeks, and for those four weeks, therefore, if a knowledge of their mistress's character had not prepared the officers for what might possibly happen, the entire fleet would have been without food. The one month's provisions which came on the 23rd of

[1] Walsingham was subject to epilepsy, and was lying, as he pathetically said, "waiting for my fit."

[2] Walsingham to Burghley, June 19–29: *MSS. Domestic.*

[3] Lord Howard to Elizabeth, June 23–July 3: *MS.* Ibid.

June were distributed to make them last for six weeks at least. Six men were placed at every four men's mess. They bore it without complaining. The beer which had been sent at the same time was sour and poisonous. They bore this too, or would have borne it, but that it brought dysentery, a more dreaded enemy than the Spaniard, which carried them off by scores. Unable to endure the sight of their patient suffering, Drake and Howard ordered wine and arrowroot at Plymouth on their own responsibility for the sick beds. When all was over, the Queen called them to a sharp account for an extravagance which had saved possibly a thousand brave men to fight for her. Howard disdained to defend himself, and paid the bill out of his own purse.

Here for the present we leave the English fleet, the summer as it deepened becoming only more and more stormy — gales blowing from all quarters, now a hurricane of thirty hours from the north, now shifting to east and south-east, and then to west. The "wind and rain" was uniform in nothing but violence, "so stormy and tempestuous as would not be credited." The "oldest fisherman" on the coast could not remember "such a summer season."[1] One satisfaction only Lord Howard found, and that a great one. Hawkins at least had done his share of the work right excellently. The English ships were "in royal and perfect estate, feeling the seas no more than if they had been riding at Chatham." Through the whole fleet not a spar was sprained, not a rope parted, timbers and cordage remained staunch and sound within and without. The Triumph and her four large consorts were

[1] Lord H. Seymour to Walsingham, July 12–22, July 18–28. *MSS. Domestic.*

grounded again and again "to tallow and to wash."[1] They suffered nothing from the strain, and they were dry to the keel as Arabian sand. Their seaworthiness, however, would serve them nothing if the enemy lingered till their magazines were empty. Drake's hopes were still to make for the coast of Spain, supply his necessities from Philip's store-ships since his mistress failed him, and fight the Spaniards in their own harbours. He feared that Philip knew their condition, and was waiting purposely till want of food dissolved them. Once, at the beginning of July, with a north wind the fleet stood across to Ushant. Then, however, the wind shifted. They feared the enemy might pass them, and, afraid to venture further, ran back to the Sound, and there they waited; in all, twenty-nine Queen's ships of all sizes, ten small vessels belonging to Lord Howard and his family, and forty-three privateers between forty tons and four hundred, under Drake, the united crews amounting to something over nine thousand men.

Meanwhile, the slow, lingering, long expected Armada was at last really approaching. Lisbon through the spring months had been a scene of extraordinary confusion. Three nations, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, had furnished their several contingents. The Spaniards themselves not wholly moulded into unity — Gallicians, Andalusians, Catalans, Castilians, were divided into squadrons, imperfectly understanding each other, and separated by hereditary feuds. The hidalgos from Valladolid and Burgos, ardent and enthusiastic volunteers, lay in their tents surrounded by their servants. Portuguese and Castilian peasants, not so enthusiastic, and impressed from their farms to serve, were

[1] Hawkins to Burghley, July 17–27: *MSS. Domestic.*

kept in gangs under guard, lest they should run away. Six different languages were spoken among Philip's own free subjects, and besides these, there was a motley company from every corner of the known world — galley slaves from Constantinople and Algiers, Jesuits from Rheims, exiled priests, Irish and English, gathering like ravens to the spoil of the heretics. Lord Baltinglass was there from the Wicklow hills; Lord Maxwell, turned now into Earl of Morton, from the Scotch borders; Caley O'Connor, a distinguished "murderer," "who could speak nothing but his own tongue;" and Maurice Fitzgerald,[1] dreaming of the Desmond coronet; with many a young Scotch and English gentleman besides, who had listened too ardently to the preaching of Campian and Holt. The faithful of all countries had rushed together, as at the call of an archangel, to take part in the great battle for the cause of God and the Church.

Among these elements Medina Sidonia kept such order as he could, his chief difficulty being to prevent Spaniards and Portuguese from breaking each other's heads upon the quays. At length the weary preparations were completed; the galleons were equipped for sea, the stores laid in, the soldiers, sailors, and volunteers all embarked. On the fleet itself the treasures of the Indian mines had for three years been freely lavished. In the six squadrons there were sixty-five large ships; the smallest of them was of seven hundred tons; seven were over a thousand, and the largest, La Regazona, an Italian, was thirteen hundred. They were all "built high like castles," their upper works musket proof, their main timbers "four and five feet thick," of a strength it was

July.

[1] Son of Sir James Fitzgerald, who was killed in the woods of Mallow.

fondly supposed which no English cannon could pierce. As a symbol of the service on which they were going, and to secure the guardianship of Heaven, they had been baptized after the celestial hierarchy. The names on both sides, either by accident or purpose, corresponded to the character of the struggle; the St. Matthew, the St. Philip, the St. James, the St. John, the St. Martin, and the Lady of the Rosary, were coming to encounter the Victory, the Revenge, the Dreadnought, the Bear, the Lion, and the Bull: dreams were ranged against realities, fiction against fact, and imaginary supernatural patronage against mere human courage, strength, and determination.[1]

Next to the galleons, were four galleasses, gigantic galleys, carrying each of them fifty guns, four hundred and fifty soldiers and sailors, and rowed by three hundred slaves. In addition to these, were four large galleys, fifty-six armed merchant vessels, the best that Spain possessed, and twenty caravels or pinnaces attached to the larger ships.

The fighting fleet, or Armada proper, thus consisted of a hundred and twenty-nine vessels, seven of them larger than the Triumph, and the smallest of the sixty-five galleons of larger tonnage than the finest ship in the English navy, except the five which had been last added to it. The aggregate of cannon was two thousand four hundred and thirty. They were brass and iron of various sizes, the finest that the Spanish foundries could produce. The weight of metal which they were able to throw exceeded enormously the power of the English broadsides. In compensation, however, and making up fortunately for the imperfect provision allowed by Elizabeth, the supply of cartridges was sin-

[1] I owe this observation to Mr. Motley.

gularly small.[1] The King probably calculated that a single action would decide the struggle, and it amounted to but fifty rounds for each gun.

The store of provisions was enormous. It was intended for the army after it landed in England, and was sufficient to feed forty thousand men for six months. The powder and lead for small arms was also infinite. The complement of sailors was moderate considering the size and number of the ships — all told they amounted to no more than eight thousand. The disposable space was probably required for the land force which was going to Parma's assistance. Of soldiers, Castilian and Portuguese, there were nineteen thousand; of gentlemen volunteers a thousand; six hundred priests, servants, strangers, and miscellaneous officers; and two thousand men besides, of not sufficient importance to be described particularly in the Spanish records, consisting of Turks, Jews, Algerines, or heretic Dutchmen, who rowed as slaves in the galleys and galleasses.[2]

Medina Sidonia had been recommended to the command in chief by his rank, and by his connection with the Princess of Eboli; but immediately under him were the ablest officers in Philip's dominions. Martinez de Recalde, Governor of Galicia and Vice-Admiral, was said to be the best seaman that Spain possessed next to Santa Cruz. Pedro de Valdez, general of the squadron of Andalusia, had commanded the Spanish fleet on the

[1] "Los dichos navios van armados con 2,431 pieças de artilleria, 1,497 de bronce de todos calibros y entre ellas muchos canones y medias culebrinas y las 934 de hierro colado . . . para la dicha artilleria se llevan 123,790 balas." — Legajos De Guerra, 221: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Much has been said of the bolts and shackles found in some of the ships that were taken. It has been assumed that they were intended for English heretics; in point of fact they were no more than part of the ordinary furniture of all vessels carrying slaves.

coast of Holland, when Don John was in the Netherlands, and knew the English Channel well. Miguel de Oquendo, who had the squadron of Guipiscoa, was a Spanish Philip Sidney, a young chivalrous nobleman of distinguished promise, who, a month before the fleet sailed, had obtained from the King a reluctant permission to take part in the expedition. Among the other names of interest in the list of officers was that of Hugh de Monçada, chief of the galleasses, made remarkable by the fate which overtook him; that of Diego de Pimentel, afterwards Viceroy of Mexico; and more particularly that of the brilliant Don Alonzo da Leyva, who commanded the land forces. Born of a family who had for several generations been the terror of the Mediterranean corsairs, Don Alonzo had won his spurs as a boy in the last revolt of the Moors. Afterwards he had himself formed and led a company of Spanish lancers, who fought at Gemblours under Don John of Austria, and on Don John's death he was removed from the Netherlands, and put at the head of the fleet which was permanently stationed at Sicily. He was so celebrated personally, and so many attractions combined in him of birth, bearing, and distinguished services, that the fathers of the high-born youths who had volunteered to accompany the Armada, most of them committed their sons to Da Leyva's special charge.

The short supply of cannon cartridge was one serious deficiency. Masters of the art of war as the Spaniards believed themselves, and cheap as they held English inexperience, they had not yet comprehended the exigencies of a naval engagement. Another misfortune of even greater consequence to them was the incompetency of their pilots. The time had been when Spanish seamen knew the intricacies of the Channel as

well as the English themselves; but since the capture of Flushing their ships of war had no longer any occupation left them there, and their trade had been left to the Dutch, who though in revolt, still traded with their ports, supplied them with salt herrings for their fasting days, and had brought to Lisbon from the Baltic the hemp and tar with which the Armada itself had been fitted out. But though willing in the way of merchandise to supply the Spaniards with materials of war, they had declined to furnish them with pilots, and Parma, to whom Philip wrote in his difficulty, was obliged to reply that the best sailors were heretics, and that in all the Low Countries he was unable to find more than two or three competent men whom he could bribe or force to take service with the Armada.[1] All else was going well. The Pope would not indeed advance a ducat of his promised subsidy till the Spaniards were actually in England; but he had been more compliant about the succession, promising to leave it at Philip's disposition. He had made Allen a cardinal, with the see of Canterbury in prospect. The Duke of Mantua had relieved Philip's money difficulties, and Parma's hollowed ranks were filled again with fresh recruits. The Prince had once more his thirty thousand Spaniards, Germans, Italians, and Walloons in his camp, and the treaty having exploded upon the cautionary towns, he no longer affected any kind of concealment. The quays of Nieuport and Dunkirk were thronged with hoys and barges. The cavalry horses were stabled in the towns ready to embark; the troops encamped in the immediate environs. Artillery stores, platforms, crates, pioneers' tools were already on board. The fleet at Antwerp, though unable to pass Flushing, yet succeeded in keeping the

[1] Parma to Philip, May 13: *MSS. Simancas.*

Dutch in check. They ventured out occasionally in front of Dunkirk, but could not lie there. When the crisis actually came they had not a sail on the seas; but they were able to prevent Parma from making use of Sluys which had cost him so dear to capture,[1] and this after all was as much or more than Elizabeth had a right to expect.

The Armada was coming to execute the censures of the Church, and a spiritual demonstration was prepared to accompany it. In addition to his other dignities, the Archbishop elect of Canterbury was named Legate for England, and he had prepared a pastoral letter which was printed in Flanders, to be carried over by Parma and issued at the moment of his arrival. The burden of it was an exhortation to the faithful to rise in arms and welcome their deliverer, and copies had been already smuggled across the Channel and distributed through the secret agencies of the Catholic missions. The style and substance resembled the epistles of Pole, the prototype and example of all subsequent spiritual incendiaries.

The Spanish arms, the new Legate said, were not directed against his countrymen. Their sins had been many, but the retribution was to fall only on the wicked Queen, on the usurping heretic Elizabeth, the bane of Christendom, and the murderess of the souls of her subjects. Henry VIII., tyrant as he was, had fallen short in atrocity of his infamous daughter. Vengeance was falling upon her at last. Ruin was now to overwhelm her, and the just of the earth would say, "Lo, this is she that took not God for her strength, that trusted in the multitude of her riches and prevailed in

[1] The Sluys barges had been carried by inland canals to Nieuport. – Parma to Philip, June 22: *MSS. Simancas.*

her iniquities, but was struck down under the hand of the Most High." He invited the English nobility, to whose swords he said the defence of the Church had been entrusted, to consider the character and condition of the woman whom they had called their sovereign. She was born in adultery, an offspring of incest, a declared bastard, incapable of lawfully succeeding. Her father had been excommunicated and deposed by the father of Christendom. Her mother's mother and her mother's sister had been his concubines. She had herself overthrown the Holy Church, profaned the sacraments, and torn God's priests from the altars in the very act of celebrating the holy mysteries. She had persecuted the Catholic gentry, and suppressed the old nobility; and had advanced churles and profligates to honour and authority. In the sees of the bishops she had installed the scum and filth of mankind, infamous, lascivious, apostate heretics. She had made England a sanctuary of atheists and rebels, and vampire-like she had enriched herself and her servants by sucking the blood of the afflicted Catholics. Her chief favourite, whom she made use of to gratify her lust, had murdered his wife, it was to be presumed, with her knowledge and consent, and had afterwards made away with the husband of another lady. Yet this man, a mere lecherous minion, she had made her principal minister of state.

In language which is better left unquoted, the Cardinal proceeded to describe Elizabeth personally as the foulest of prostitutes and her court as the vilest of brothels. The Church, he said, in pity had chastised her offences by excommunication, but she had despised correction, and those who had been sent to bring her to repentance she had slain with the sword. Innocent, godly, and learned men, priests and bishops in England

and Ireland had been racked, torn, chained, famished, buffeted, and at last barbarously executed; and fulfilling the measure of her iniquities she had at length killed the anointed of God, the Lady Mary, her nearest kinswoman, and by law the right owner of her crown. The execution of the Church's judgment upon her had been long deferred, in part because she was too strong to be overthrown by her subjects alone, without danger to the lives of many noble and godly persons, in part through the long-suffering and sweet and fatherly forbearance of the chief shepherd of the Church, who had persevered in hoping that she might be converted from her evil ways. Seeing, however, that gentleness had availed nothing, the Holy Father had at length besought the Princes of Christendom to assist him in the chastisement of so wicked a monster, the scourge of God, and shame of womankind. The Most Catholic King had accepted the glorious charge, and his legions were about to appear on the English shores.

"Me, too," the Cardinal concluded, "me, too, being of your own flesh and blood, his Holiness has been pleased to choose as his Legate, for the restoring of religion and the future ordering of the realm; as well for the title of the crown as for other causes which may fall out between the Church and the Commonwealth. His Holiness confirms and renews the sentence of his predecessors against Elizabeth. He discharges you of your oath of allegiance. He requires you in the bowels of Christ no longer to acknowledge her as your sovereign; and he expects all of you, according to your ability, to hold yourselves ready on the arrival of his Catholic Majesty's powers to join them. This if you do, your lands and goods will be

assured to you. Therefore, my lords and dear countrymen, take part one with another in this honourable quarrel. If you remain still, you will fall under the curse pronounced by the angel against the land of Meroz. You will be guilty of your own ruin, and of the blood of your people. Above all, fight not for a quarrel in which, if you die, you will incur damnation. In this the hour of wrath upon Elizabeth and her partakers, fight not against the souls of your ancestors, and the salvation of your wives and children. Fight rather for God's Church and the honour of England's knighthood. Fight for Christ, for religion, and for the holy sacraments of our faith. The prayers of all Christian people, the blood of the martyred bishops, friars, priests, and laymen, shed in that your land, cry to God for your victory. The saints in heaven are interceding for you. The priests on earth stretch forth their consecrated hands night and day for you. Our Saviour himself is among you in the blessed sacrament. Fear not. The enemy is falling by his own weakness. The English nation will turn from the setting sun, and follow no more the broken fortunes of a mean and filthy woman. The heretics are but few, and of all men are most effeminate, most dastardly, least capable of war. The angel of the Lord will scatter them. Take heart. Quit yourselves like men. I shall myself soon be with you. Each day appears a year to me till I enjoy your presence in the Lord.

"From my lodging in the Palace of St. Peter's at Rome,

"This 28th of April, 1588,

"THE CARDINAL."[1]

[1] Admonition to the Nobility of England, &c., by Cardinal Allen, 1588: Abridged. The abstract in the text gives but a feeble impression of the

All being thus in order, the Prince of Parma ready to embark, the paternal admonition to the English nation to commit treason prepared for circulation, and the last touches added to the completeness of the fleet in the Tagus, the Duke of Medina Sidonia sailed from Lisbon on the 19th–29th of May. The northerly breeze which prevails on the coast of Portugal was unusually strong. The galleons standing high out of the water, and carrying small canvass in proportion to their size, worked badly to windward. They were three weeks in reaching Finisterre, where the wind having freshened to a gale, they were scattered, some standing out to sea, some into the Bay of Biscay. Their orders, in the event of such a casualty, had been to make for Ferrol. The wind shifting suddenly to the west, those that had gone into the Bay could not immediately reach it, and were driven into Santander. The officers, however, were, on the whole, well satisfied with the qualities which the ships had displayed.

virulence of Allen's language. It is to be regretted that Parma, who knew what Elizabeth's character really was, should have sanctioned its publication. He had misgivings as to the probable conduct of the Catholics, and he imagined that Allen's authority would carry weight with them.

"En lo que toca," he said, "á la voz que V. Magd manda se le de á la entrada del pretexto de la reforma de la religion y de la venida del Cardinal de Inglaterra Alano con auctoridad apostolica á absolverlos y componer las cosas que á esto tocan, temé yo la cuenta que conviene por las razones que otras veces se han platicado, y verse que *los mas de los de aquel Reyno no estan tan mortificados que no tengan sus humores.* El Conde de Olivarez me ha enviado de Roma un discurso y declaracion en lengua Inglesa que ha compuesto el dicho Alano á este fin, para que se estampe y se publique por todo el Reyno al tiempo de la invasion; y se hace traducir para entenderlo y ver si hubiese algo que quitar ó poner, y luego se dará á la estampa con la forma de un bando breve y compendioso que comprehenda en substancia los cabos principales del dicho discurso como lo acuerda el mismo Alano — la ayuda del cual assi para este punto principal de la religion como de las demas cosas politicas entiendo será muy provechosa por la auctoridad que tiene entre los Catolicos y por su bondad suficiencia y doctrina." — El Duque de Parma al Rey, 13 de Mayo· *MSS. Simancas.*

A mast or two had been sprung, a few yards and bowsprits had been carried away; but beyond loss of time there had been no serious damage.

The weather moderating, the fleet was again collected in the Bay of Ferrol by the 6th–16th of July. All repairs were completed by the 11th–21st, and the next day, 12th–22nd, the Armada took leave of Spain for the last time.

The scene as the fleet passed out of the harbour must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruña. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, shewing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die.

The Spaniards, though a great people, were usually over conscious of their greatness, and boasted too loudly of their fame and prowess; but among the soldiers and sailors of the doomed expedition against England, the national vainglory was singularly silent. They were the flower of the country, culled and chosen over the entire Peninsula, and they were going with a

modest nobility upon a service which they knew to be dangerous, but which they believed to be peculiarly sacred. Every one, seaman, officer, and soldier, had confessed and communicated before he went on board. Gambling, swearing, profane language of all kinds had been peremptorily forbidden. Private quarrels and differences had been made up or suspended. The loose women who accompanied Spanish armies, and sometimes Spanish ships to sea, had been ordered away, and no unclean thing or person permitted to defile the Armada; and in every vessel, and in the whole fleet, the strictest order was prescribed and observed. Medina Sidonia led the way in the San Martin, showing lights at night, and firing guns when the weather was hazy. Mount's Bay was to be the next place of rendezvous if they were again separated.[1]

On the first evening the wind dropped to a calm. The morning after, the 13th–23rd, a fair fresh breeze came up from the south and south-west; the ships ran flowingly before it; and in two days and nights they had crossed the bay, and were off Ushant. The fastest of the pinnaces was dispatched from thence to Parma, with a letter bidding him expect the Duke's immediate coming.[2]

But they had now entered the latitude of the storms which through the whole season had raged round the English shore. The same night a south-west gale overtook them. They lay-to, not daring to run further. The four galleys unable to keep the sea were driven in upon the French coast, and wrecked. The Santa Aña, a galleon of eight hundred tons, went

[1] Orders to the fleet of Spain by the Duke of Medina Sidonia: *MSS Domestic*, 1588.

[2] "Cartas del Duque de Medina, 25 Julio": *MSS. Simancas.*

down, carrying with her ninety seamen, three hundred soldiers, and fifty thousand ducats in gold.[1] The weather was believed to be under the peculiar care of God, and this first misfortune was of evil omen for the future. The storm lasted two days, and then the sky cleared, and again gathering into order they proceeded on their way. On the 19th–29th they were in the mouth of the Channel. At daybreak on the morning of the 20th–30th the Lizard was under their lee, and an English fishing-boat was hanging near them, counting their numbers. They gave chase; but the boat shot away down wind and disappeared. They captured another an hour or two later, from which they learnt the English fleet was in Plymouth, and Medina Sidonia called a council of war, to consider whether they should go in, and fall upon it while at anchor. Philip's orders, however, were peremptory that they should turn neither right nor left, and make straight for Margate roads and Parma. The Duke was unenterprising, and consciously unequal to his work; and already bending under his responsibilities he hesitated to add to them.

Had he decided otherwise it would have made no difference, for the opportunity was not allowed him. Long before the Spaniards saw the Lizard they had themselves been seen, and on the evening of the 19th–29th, the beacons along the coast had told England that the hour of its trial was come.

To the ships at Plymouth the news was as a message of salvation. By thrift and short rations, by good management, contented care, and lavish use of private

[1] "Relacion de lo succedido á la Real Armada, etc., dada por el Contador Pedro Coco Calderon": *MSS. Simancas.* "Legajos de Mar y Tierra." When I refer again to this singularly interesting narrative, it will be under the title of *Calderon.*

means, there was still one week's provisions in the magazines, with powder and shot for one day's sharp fighting, according to English notions of what fighting ought to be. They had to meet the enemy, as it were, with one arm bandaged by their own sovereign; but all wants, all difficulties, were forgotten in the knowledge that he was come, and that they could grapple with him before they were dissolved by starvation.

The warning light flew on to London, swift messengers galloping behind it. There was saddling and arming in village and town, and musters flocking to their posts. Loyal England forgot its difference of creeds, and knew nothing but that the invader was at the door. One thing was wanting, a soldier to take the supreme command; but the Queen found what she needed, found it in the person in whom in her eyes, notwithstanding his offences in the Low Countries, all excellencies were still combined — her own Leicester. Worse appointment could not possibly have been made; but even Leicester was lifted into a kind of hero by the excitement of the moment. He was not a coward, and not entirely a fool. Tilbury had been chosen as the place where the force was to assemble which was intended to cover London. It was the lowest spot where the Thames could be easily crossed, and it was impossible to say on which side of the river the enemy might choose to approach. Leicester flew at once to his post there, and so far had he fulfilled his duty that he had sixteen thousand men with him at Tilbury, with thirty thousand forming rapidly in his rear out of the musters of the midland counties, before Parma could have advanced, under the most favourable circumstances, within a day's march of London.[1]

[1] The Armada reached Calais on Saturday, the 27th (August 6). Had

Meanwhile, on the night of the 19th–29th, while the Armada was still some leagues to the south of the Lizard, the wind blowing fresh into Plymouth Sound, the Queen's ships and a few of the privateers were warped out behind the shelter of Mount Edgecombe. All hands went merrily to work; vessel after vessel was brought to moorings behind Ram Head, so placed that they could fetch clear to the sea; and by Saturday morning, when the Spaniards were first sighting the coast of Cornwall, forty sail were lying ready for action under the headland.

The day wore on; noon passed and nothing had been seen. At length, towards three in the afternoon, the look-out men on the hill reported a line of sails on the western horizon, the two wings being first visible, which were gradually seen to unite as the centre rose over the rim of the sea. On they swept in a broad crescent, slowly for the air was light; and as the hulls shewed clear, it was seen that report had not exaggerated the numbers said to be coming. A hundred and fifty, large and small, July 20–30.

all gone well Parma might, with very great exertion, have crossed on the following Wednesday, the 31st (August 10). His own letters prove that he could not have been ready sooner. His plan was to land at Margate, and even if he was unopposed three days at least would have been required to move his army within thirty miles of London. On the 26th of July (August 5), Leicester had ten thousand men with him at Tilbury. There were nine thousand on the same day in London, and the musters of the midland counties, even if they marched no more than fifteen miles a day, must have joined him at latest, had their presence been required, before the 4th–14th of August. — See Leicester's letters to Walsingham from the camp: *MSS. Domestic.* Provisions had been as little attended to for one service as the other. When four thousand Essex men came in on the 26th of July, after a hot march of twenty miles, "there was neither a barrel of beer nor a loaf of bread for them." London happily exerted itself, and sent stores down the river; the spirit of the men deserved better treatment. Famished as they were, "they said they would abide more hunger than that to serve her Majesty and the country." — Leicester to Walsingham, July 26–August 5.

were counted and reported to Lord Howard; a few stray tenders bound for Flanders having sought the company and the protection of the mighty escort.

The English ships at once weighed, but shewed themselves as little as they could. The evening was cloudy, with the wind hanging to the land. It was growing dusk when the Armada opened Plymouth, and then for the first time Medina Sidonia perceived that Howard was prepared for him, and that if he wished it he could not enter the Sound without an action. There was not light enough for him to measure his enemy's strength. He saw sails passing continually between his fleet and the land, and vessels tacking and manœuvring; but confident in his own overpowering force, he sent up signals to lie-to for the night, and to prepare for a general action at daybreak.

About two o'clock, the moon rose with a clear sky — a gibbous moon, no more than a half circle, but by the light of it the Spaniards perceived that sixty or seventy ships had glided out behind them, and were hovering at their rear just out of cannon shot.

July 21–31. The dawn was still, but towards eight o'clock the breeze freshened from the west. The Armada made sail, and attempted to close. To Medina Sidonia's extreme astonishment, it seemed at the pleasure of the English to leave him or allow him to approach them as they chose. The high-towered, broad-bowed galleons moved like Thames barges piled with hay; while the sharp low English sailed at once two feet to the Spaniard's one, and shot away as if by magic in the eye of the wind. It was as if a modern steam fleet was engaged with a squadron of the old-fashioned three-deckers, choosing their own distance and fighting or not fighting as suited their convenience.

The action opened with the Ark Raleigh, carrying Howard's flag, and three other English ships, whose names the Spaniards did not know, running along their entire rear line, firing successively into each galleon as they passed, then wearing round and returning over the same course. The San Matteo luffed into the wind as far as she could, inviting them to board, but they gave her their broadsides a second time and passed on.

Astonished and confounded as well by the manœuvring as by the rapidity of the fire, the Spanish officers could not refuse their admiration. They knew that they were inferior at sea, but how inferior they had not realized. The English were firing four shots to one, and with a fresh breeze even the galleasses could not touch them. Such artillery practice and ships so handled had never been seen.[1] Alonzo da Leyva in the huge Rata attempted to cross the Ark Raleigh. Howard kept away as if to meet him, but ran by, again fired into the San Matteo, which was lying head to wind unable to move, and swept on upon his way.

The rest of the English ships were now engaged on the same conditions. The action continued through the whole forenoon, the Spaniards making efforts to close and always failing. Conscious of their disadvantage, they still fought bravely. "So far as we see," wrote Drake, "they mean to sell their lives with blows."[2] But they had been flurried and surprised. Being to leeward, and leaning over to the wind, their shots had flown high, and had scarcely touched the English ships at all, while they had themselves suffered considerably. The Biscayan flag-ship, the San Juan,

[1] "Muy bien artillados y marinados y veleados." — Calderon.

[2] Drake to Lord Henry Seymour, July 21: *MSS. Domestic.*

had her mizzen-mast shot through in two places, many spars carried away, the captain wounded, and fifteen men killed. Oquendo had specially distinguished himself, being present wherever the danger was greatest, driving back into action vessels which were inclined to flinch; but as the wind held neither he nor any one could change the fortunes of the day, or enable the Spaniards to hurt an enemy whom they could not touch; and the rest of the English fleet coming out of the harbour, Medina Sidonia signalled to make sail up Channel, Martinez de Recalde covering the rear with the squadron of Biscay.

The wind was now rising, and promised a squally evening. A fast boat was sent on with letters to Lord Henry Seymour reporting progress so far, and bidding him prepare in the Downs. An express went to London, begging for an instant supply of ammunition; and while Drake went in pursuit of a detachment which appeared to be parted from the main Spanish fleet, and proved only to be the Flemish traders, Howard hung upon Recalde, sparing his powder but firing an occasional shot to prevent the enemy from recovering from their confusion.

The misfortunes of the first day were not yet over. Afraid to spread lest any of them should be cut off, the different squadrons huddled together. A rolling sea came up from the west, and as evening fell, the Capitana, of the Andalusian division, a galleon of twelve hundred tons, carrying the flag of Pedro de Valdez, fouled the Santa Catalina, and broke her bowsprit. The forestays parted and the foremast fell overboard, and the ship, hampered by the wreck, dropped behind. Don Pedro fired a distress gun, and two of the galleasses came to his assistance, and tried to take him in tow, but

the waves were running so high that the cable broke. Don Pedro was the only high officer in the fleet who was well acquainted with the Channel. He was himself of more importance than his ship, and the Duke dispatched boats to bring him off with his crew. But he would not leave his charge, and he was left to his fate. It was almost dark. Howard believing the wreck to be deserted, did not stay for her, and went on in pursuit. A London privateer hung behind at her side till midnight, exchanging occasional shots with her, and sometimes hearing voices calling, but "the wind and sea being very great," the words could not be distinguished. Drake returning from his chase, came up with her in the morning. She struck her flag, and he took her with him to Torbay, where he left her to the care of the Brixham fishermen, and himself hastened after the Admiral, carrying on with him De Valdez and the other officers. The prize proved of unexpected value. Many casks of reals were found in her, and infinitely more important, some tons of gunpowder, with which the Roebuck, the swiftest trawler in the harbour, flew in pursuit of the fleet.[1]

[1] The prisoners were a serious embarrassment to the Torbay magistrates. So sharp an account was likely to be demanded of the property found in the ship that they did not venture, without permission, to feed them on the stores which they had brought with them. Foreigners, who could speak no English, were looked on as no better than savages. "The cost of keeping them was great, the peril great, the discontent of the country people greatest of all," and had the rough and ready Devonshire clowns acted on their own judgment, they would have solved the difficulty expeditiously after their own fashion. Prisoners of war who could pay no ransom, found nowhere very gentle treatment in the sixteenth century. Ultimately some of them were sent to Exeter gaol, some were confined in a barn at Tor Abbey, some on board their own ship; and "to save expense, they were fed on the refuse of their own provisions, which was too bad to be taken away, the fish stinking, and the bread full of worms." — Gilbert to Walsingham, July 26–August 5: *MSS. Domestic.*

July 22–August 1.

Two hours after the accident to the Andalusian Capitana, another disaster overtook the galleon of Oquendo. He was himself apparently not on board at the time. The officers, impatient and irritated at the results of the action, were quarrelling with themselves and one another. The captain struck the master gunner with a stick. The master gunner, who was a German, went below in a rage, thrust a burning linstock into a powder-barrel, and sprung through a port-hole into the sea. The deck was blown off from stem to stern. Two hundred seamen and soldiers were sent into the air; some fell into the water and were drowned; some scorched or mutilated dropped back into the wreck. The ship, which was also one of the largest in the fleet, was built so strongly that she survived the shock and floated, and her masts still stood. The flash was seen. The Duke sent boats to learn what had happened and to save the men. The officers and the few who were unhurt were taken off; but there were no means of removing the wounded. They, too, were abandoned therefore, to be picked up at daylight by the English and sent on shore, where the disabled were kindly treated. The hull was still worth rifling. It contained money like all the rest of the ships, and at the bottom of the hold there were powder barrels which had escaped the explosion.

Lord Howard was supplying his worst deficiencies out of the enemy's own resources, and wringing from themselves the means of completing their destruction. After a wild night, the morning broke fine and still.

The wind had shifted with the dawn, and a light air was now coming up from the east. The Armada was off Portland; the English three or four miles to the west; both fleets lying motionless in the calm, and

rising and falling to the swell. Howard being now to leeward, had lost his advantage of the day before. Sidonia, had he wished it, might have forced another engagement with fairer chances in his favour, but he preferred to rest his shaken crews, and give them breathing-time to recover their confidence. He dispatched a second letter to the Prince of Parma, describing his position and relating his adventures. He made the best of what had befallen him, and concluded, on the whole, that the English were afraid of him, because they had declined to close; but he was evidently extremely anxious. He knew nothing of the coast. He begged Parma most earnestly to send him pilots: and he confessed himself at an entire loss what to do or where to go if he was overtaken by a storm.[1]

In the Channel, during fine summer weather, the wind, as the fishermen say, goes round with the sun. It blows sometimes freshly from the north-east in the morning; it drops to the south at noon; to south-west in the afternoon; and so, falling calm at sunset, rises again at night from the north. Sidonia knew nothing of these local peculiarities; the next morning the relative positions of the fleets remaining unchanged, and finding himself to windward, he bore down upon Howard, with a steady easterly breeze, to offer battle. The English headed out towards the sea. He supposed that they were flying, and though he could not overtake them, was tempted to give chase. The galleons, though bad sailers all, were of unequal slowness. The San Marcos outsailed the rest, and was led far beyond her consorts in the pursuit. When the breeze headed round as usual, Lord Howard was now

Tuesday, July 23–August 2.

[1] Medina Sidonia to the Duke of Parma, July 22–August 1: *MSS. Simancas.*

to windward of her, while she was herself several miles to windward of her consorts, and beyond reach of help from them.

The object of the English was to avoid a general engagement, and especially to avoid coming to close quarters, where the enemy would be on more equal terms with them; outnumbered as they were, and short of powder, their plan was to make the best of their superiority as sailors, and wound and injure as many of the galleons as possible, with least damage to themselves. The San Marcos was instantly set upon. She defended herself with extreme courage, and, as the Spaniards thought, with no less skill. She fought single-handed for an hour and a half, firing what they considered the unexampled number of eighty shots, and receiving five hundred. Oquendo came at last to the rescue, and the action off Plymouth having almost exhausted his stock of powder, and the Brixham sloop not having yet overtaken him, Howard was obliged to draw off till he could be relieved from the shore.[1] Sidonia, ignorant of the cause of his retreat, believed that he had been worsted by the San Marcos alone, and that if the galleasses had gone into the action, as they might and ought to have done, they would have won a signal victory.[2]

A stray Venetian had been meanwhile taken by the privateers, with one or two other small vessels, and carried into Weymouth. The news that the Spaniards were in the Channel had by this time penetrated into every corner of the country, and the patriotic heart of England was on fire. The Oxford High Church students who were training for the College at Rheims; the

[1] Diary of Sir John Hawkins, July and August, 1588: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Medina Sidonia to Don Hugo de Monçada, July 23–August 2: *MSS Simancas.*

young ladies and gentlemen who had given their consciences in charge to the Jesuit missionaries, who, if they admitted that they were English, yet called themselves in preference Catholics — first Catholic and only English afterwards — these, it might be, were like Lord Arundel in the Tower, beseeching Heaven for their country's fall; but the robust heart of the nation laid aside its quarrels of opinion in the presence of danger to England's independence. Had Mary Stuart lived, had James of Scotland been a Catholic, and had the Spaniards come with no other purpose but to place him on the throne of Elizabeth, the admonition of Allen might have found some, though not even then perhaps a general, response. But Philip had chosen to present himself as meaning, under the mask of religion, to make England a dependency of Spain; and, in the face of so hateful a possibility, Cliffords, and Veres, and Percys took their places beside the Raleighs and the Cecils of the new era; and from Lyme, and Weymouth, and Poole, and the Isle of Wight, young lords and gentlemen came streaming out in every smack or sloop that they could lay hold of, to snatch their share of danger and glory at Howard's side. The strength which they were able to add was little or nothing; but they brought enthusiasm, they brought to the half-starved and neglected crews the sense that the heart of England was with them, and transformed every common seaman into a hero. On the Tuesday evening after the fight, Medina Sidonia counted a hundred sail behind him, and observed, with some uneasiness, that the numbers were continually increasing.

Wednesday was again calm. Neither shot nor powder had yet arrived, though express after express had been sent for it. No risk might be ventured, and the

English lay now six miles from the Armada waiting till their magazines were refilled. The Duke, supposing them to be afraid, sent Don Hugo de Monçada with the galleasses to engage. On that day there was not a breath of wind of any kind, and the galleasses had them at some advantage. There was no serious loss however; that night ammunition came sufficient for one more day's fighting, and Sir George Carey, who had run out from behind the Isle of Wight in a pinnace, to see what was going on, found himself, at five in the morning, "in the midst of round shot, flying as thick as musket-balls in a skirmish on land."[1] The night had been still and dark. With the first light, the Spaniards saw two of their store-vessels, loaded with provisions, being towed away by some English launches. The wind rising, Alonzo da Leyva in the Rata, with two galleasses, which had taken Recalde's place in the rear, at once started in pursuit. The main body of the Armada lying open, and the San Martin with Sidonia's own flag being clearly distinguishable, Howard for the first time determined to try a close engagement.

July 24–August 3.

Thursday, July 25–August 4.

It was a day of special distinction for the Howard family. He took his cousin Lord Thomas with him in the Lion, his two sons-in-law, Lord Sheffield and Sir R. Southwell, in the Bear and the Elizabeth Jonas, and with his own and one other ship, the Victory, under Captain Barker, he went straight into the centre of the Armada, steering direct for the San Martin herself, and exchanging broadsides at speaking distance with every galleon that he passed. Oquendo, sure to be found where hardest blows were going, threw himself across the Ark Raleigh's course before she

[1] Sir George Carey to ——, July 25–August 4: *MSS. Domestic.*

could reach the San Martin. The Ark ran into him, and two soldiers on his forecastle were killed by the shock; but the Ark's rudder was unshipped; she cleared herself of her enemy, but dropped away for the moment unmanageable to leeward, and was immediately surrounded by a number of galleons, which attempted to close with her. In an instant her own boats had her in tow; her sails filled as they pulled her head round, and when the galleons had assured themselves of their prize, she slipped away between them so fast, that a Spanish spectator says, "though the swiftest ships in the whole Armada pursued her, they seemed in comparison to be at anchor." [1]

The action continued afterwards for several hours. The English had not suffered at all. Hardly a man had been wounded. But neither had they any captures to boast of. Calderon leaves it uncertain whether Da Leyva recovered the store-ships; the English writers do not mention having taken them. The only visible result had been the expenditure of powder. But the invisible result to the Armada had been far more serious. The four feet of timber had been no defence against the English shot. The soldiers had been sent below for security, and the balls ripping through the oak, had sent the splinters flying among them like shell. Many had been killed, many more had been wounded; masts, yards, rigging, all had suffered. They had expected that one engagement would annihilate the power of their enemies, and battle followed upon battle, and there was as yet no sign of an end. They began to be afraid of the English. There was

1 "Se fué saliendo con tanta velocidad que el galeon San Juan de Fernando y otro ligerísimo, con ser los mas veleros de la Armada que le fuéron dando caça en comparacion, se quedáron surtos." —Calderon.

something devilish in the rapid manœuvres of their ships and the torrents of shot which plunged into their tall sides, while their own flew wild and harmless. Their ammunition, too, slowly as they had fired, was giving out as well as the English, and it was less easy for them to supply themselves. The Duke resolved to fight no more if he could help it, and to make the best of his way to the Prince of Parma, to whom he again wrote, without attempting to conceal his perplexities.

"The enemy pursue me," he said. "They fire upon me most days from morning till nightfall; but they will not close and grapple. I have given them every opportunity. I have purposely left ships exposed to tempt them to board; but they decline to do it, and there is no remedy, for they are swift and we are slow. They have men and ammunition in abundance, while these actions have almost consumed ours; and if these calms last, and they continue the same tactics, as they assuredly will, I must request your Excellency to send me two shiploads of shot and powder immediately. I am in urgent need of it. I trust to find you ready on my arrival to come out and join me. If the wind is fair we shall soon be with you; but, any way, whether we are detained or not, we cannot do without ammunition. You must send me as much as you can spare."[1]

July 26–August 5.

The day following, Friday, the Duke was allowed a respite. The fine weather continued, and the Spaniards inclined away towards the coast of France, while Howard bore up for Dover, for the supplies of all kinds which he so frightfully needed. The Earl of Sussex, who was in command at the castle, gave him all the powder that he had. The stores came

[1] Medina Sidonia to the Duke of Parma, July 25–August 4: *MSS. Simancas.*

in, which had been taken from the prizes: every barrel of powder, every shot whether of stone or iron, having been first carefully registered for the severe account which it was known that the Queen would demand. The victuallers had not arrived, but were supposed to be at the mouth of the Thames; and having obtained as much as he could get, if less than he wanted, Howard returned in the evening to his place in the rear of the Armada.

On Saturday the weather broke. After less than a week of calm and sunshine, squalls and driving showers again came up from the westward. The Armada was then off Boulogne, the English fleet a league behind it. The Duke, with the prospect of a rising sea, without pilots who knew the coast, afraid of the Downs for fear of the Goodwin Sands, and of Margate, on account of the banks and shoals in the mouth of the river, determined to bring up in Calais Roads, and wait there till Parma was ready. The wind was to the west of south, and as long as it held in that quarter the roadstead was tolerably secure. Coming up with a rising tide, he let fall his anchors suddenly, hoping that his pursuers would be unprepared, and would be swept past him: but his movements had been watched by eyes which were skilful to interpret them. The English anchors fell simultaneously with his own two miles astern, and the two fleets lay watching each other, almost within cannon shot of the shore.[1] July 27–August 6.

There were still some hours of daylight remaining, and M. Gourdain, the governor of Calais, drove down with his wife to the parade, in the hope of seeing a

[1] R. Tomson to Walsingham, July 30–August 9: *MSS. Domestic.*

battle.[1] The Duke sent an officer on shore, to intimate his arrival, and request the hospitalities of the port, while a boat went on to Dunkirk with another dispatch to the Prince.

It was brief, uneasy, and impatient: Sidonia was irritated at finding no answer to his former letters. He again confessed himself helpless against the repeated assaults of the enemy. He trusted Parma was ready to cross. If not, and if there was to be more delay, he begged him to send immediately thirty or forty flyboats or gunboats, which could move quickly, and keep the English at bay. He was uncomfortable at the position of the fleet, and painfully anxious to remove to some more secure anchorage.[2]

It is needless to say that the Prince had not been idle. His expenses were so enormous that he had been once more in extremity for money — his army had been in as bad a case as the English fleet at Plymouth, and at the point of breaking up through famine.[3] He had kept his men together only by the expectation of the supplies which were coming with the fleet. Medina Sidonia's letters had reached him one after the other, and the troops were in perfect readiness to go on board the transports. The officer who came from Calais expressed impatience that they were not already embarked. The Duke, it seems, had expected that Parma would have met him on the sea, and that they could fight the English with their united force. He explained that this was totally impossible. To

[1] "Hallóle con su muger en un coche à la marina, esperando ver si se daba la batalla." — Calderon.

[2] Medina Sidonia to the Prince of Parma, July 27–August 6: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] "A pique de deshacerse de pura necesidad." — El Duque de Parma al Rey, 10–20 Julio: *MS.* Ibid.

come out while the enemy's fleet was undispersed would be certain destruction. His transports could not protect themselves. The Armada must clear the Channel, and weather permitting, he was then prepared to fulfil his Majesty's commands. As to sending gunboats to protect Medina Sidonia, he could not do it, for he had none belonging to him. Medina Sidonia must protect him. Ammunition he would provide, "so far as his own penury would allow."

That the majestic fleet which was to overwhelm opposition should arrive at the scene of action so helpless as itself to require assistance, was not particularly encouraging. Parma, however, promised that his army should go on board immediately. He would be ready, he said, by the middle of the following week. He admitted that the Armada must not remain a day longer than necessary in Calais Roads, and was as anxious as the Duke could be to see it in some better shelter. Only he reiterated — and as the Duke was evidently unconvinced, he sent a special messenger to Philip to insist upon it — that to risk his barges in a naval engagement would be simple madness. They could not encounter even the slightest roll of the sea, and if there was no enemy to fear, could only pass safely in a calm.[1]

[1] "Parece el Duque todo via pretende que yo saliese en estos baxeles á juntarme con el para ir á dar todos sobre el Armada enemiga; mas siendo estos de la calidad que se sabe, se trata de lo impossible, pretender pasar la mar en ellos sin manifiesto peligro de perder este exercito; mas siendo el Duque bien informado de lo que hay, será del mismo parecer; y que se entienda en cumplir la orden de V. Magd quanto antes, y no divertirse á otra cosa. Basta que en todo lo que yo pudiere, le dare el contento que es razon y asistire como puede desear." — Parma to Philip, July 29–August 8: *MSS. Simancas.* Parma's words shew clearly, if proof were wanted, that it was not the presence of the Dutch which prevented him from coming out. The words "el Armada enemiga" refer exclusively to the English. He never speaks of the Dutch by the honourable title of enemies. They

Parma's answer did not diminish Medina Sidonia's uneasiness. More than half of his shot was expended; and with the enemy's fleet so near, the promised supply from Dunkirk could not easily reach him. On the night of his arrival, too, the few Flemish pilots that he had slipped over board in the darkness, stole the cock-boats, set their shirts for sails and made for Flushing,[1] leaving him dependent on the imperfect knowledge of the Spanish shipmasters and their still more imperfect charts.

Grave, however, as may have been the anxiety of the Spanish commander, Lord Howard and the English officers had cause for deeper disquiet. Their spirits were unshaken, their resolution firm as ever; but they could not conceal from themselves that they had severe and dangerous work before them, and that on their conduct only it depended to save their country, if not from conquest, yet from being the scene of a bloody and desperate struggle. Notwithstanding all that they could do, the enemy's fleet had arrived at its destination, how much injured they could not tell, but to appearance with its strength not materially impaired,

July 28–August 7. and in communication with the Prince of Parma's army. Lord Henry Seymour joined

are always "los rebeldes." Nor does he allude anywhere to the possibility of interference from them, except in the use of Sluys harbour. Their ships had been off Dunkirk in the middle of July, but they had been driven into the Scheldt by the storm of the night of the 21st–31st, and did not issue from it again till after the action off Gravelines. — See Burnham to Walsingham, July 25–August 4; Killegrew to Walsingham, July 31–August 10: *MSS. Holland.* Lord Howard says expressly that on the action of July 29, not a Dutch sail was visible. I do not insist on this from any wish to detract from the merits of the Hollanders. Their good deserts in the cause of European liberty are too genuine to require or permit a fictitious distinction to be interwined in their laurel wreath.

[1] Notes from Flushing, August 3–13: *MS.* Ibid. Calderon says that two of them deserted to Lord Howard.

them with the squadron of the Straits an hour after they anchored, and forty London privateers were reported to be in the mouth of the Thames. But ships and men were of no use without food and ammunition. Seymour was victualled but for "one day's full meal." Howard and Drake, after sharing all they had in their respective divisions, eked out as it had been by short rations, fish, and voluntary fasting, could provide their crews but with five scanty dinners and one breakfast more. The provisions said to be on the way had not arrived; and of powder, after all that Sussex had been able to furnish out of Dover Castle, they had only sufficient for one day's fighting. Burghley had laboured in vain with the Queen. He had tried to borrow money in the city, but his credit in the city had sunk with the appearance of the Spaniards;[1] and the prudent merchants had drawn their purse strings till the cloud over the future should be raised. The treasury was not empty. There is no record that the half million of reserve had been touched. The Burgundian diamonds had been neither restored nor disposed of; but to the money and the jewels, which as Howard said, would never save her, Elizabeth clung with the maddened grasp of passionate avarice. It was known that there was powder in the Tower. A messenger had galloped up from Dover stating the condition of the fleet, and pressing for an instant supply. The most tapebound constitutional government could not have sent a more hopeless answer than Walsingham was obliged to return. The Admiral was lying with empty magazines, with an enemy twice his strength almost within gunshot, and he was required to specify

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, July 19–29: *MSS. Domestic.*

exactly "the proportion of shot and powder that he wanted." [1]

Deserters may perhaps have comforted him with the knowledge that the Spaniards were no better provided; but Parma's magazines were at hand, and delay at all events was ruin. Starvation, if nothing else, would drive every English ship from the seas in another week, and the Channel would be in the enemy's possession. Sunday was fine, with the wind still from the southwest. The boats of the Armada passed backwards and forwards between the galleons and Calais, bringing fresh vegetables, medicines, and other conveniences. In the afternoon, as the breeze freshened, five large English ships drove their anchors and fouled each other; but they were separated without serious hurt and securely moored again, and at five in the evening a council of war was held in Howard's cabin. Howard himself, with Sheffield, Seymour, Southwell, Palmer, Drake, Hawkins, Winter, Fenner, and Frobisher assembled with the fate of England in their hands, to decide what to do. If we are to believe Camden, "the foresight of Queen Elizabeth" prescribed the course which was resolved upon.

The Spanish fleet was anchored close on the edge of the shoal water, and to attack it where it lay was impossible. It was determined to drive them out into the Channel with fire-ships, of which they were known to be afraid. Sir Henry Palmer proposed to cross to Dover and fetch over some worthless hulks; but time would be lost, and there was not a day nor an hour to spare. Among the volunteer vessels which had at-

[1] "You write that I must specify the proportion of shot and powder that we want. Such is the uncertainty of the service, that no man can do it; therefore with all speed send as much as you can." — Howard to Walsingham, July 29-August 8: *MSS. Domestic.*

tached themselves to the fleet, there were many that would be useless in action, and as fit as the best for the service for which they were now needed. Eight were taken, the rigging smeared rapidly with pitch, the hulls filled with any useless material which could be extemporised that would contribute to the blaze. The sky was cloudy. The moon was late in its last quarter, and did not rise till morning; and the tide, towards midnight, set directly down from the English position to where the ships of the Armada, seeking shelter from the bend of the coast, lay huddled dangerously close. Long, low, sighing gusts from the westward promised the rising of a gale.[1] The crews of the condemned vessels undertook to pilot them to their destination, and then belay the sheets, lash the helm, fire, and leave them.

Thus, when the Spanish bells were about striking twelve, and, save the watch on deck, soldiers and seamen lay stretched in sleep, certain dark objects which had been seen dimly drifting on the tide near where the galleons lay thickest, shot suddenly into pyramids of light, flames leaping from ruddy sail to sail, flickering on the ropes and forecastles, foremasts and bowsprits a lurid blaze of conflagration.[2] A cool commander might have ordered out his boats and towed the fireships clear; but Medina Sidonia, with a strain already upon him beyond the strength of his capacity, saw coming upon him some terrible engines of destruc-

1 For the details of the scenes of the night and the following day I must refer generally to the letters of Howard, Drake, Winter, Tomson, Fenner, and others in the Record Office, and to four Spanish accounts, written by persons actually present, Coco Calderon, the Prince of Ascoli, Don Juan de Manrique, and one more whose name is not given, all of which are in MS. at Simancas.

2 "Y ellas ardiendo espantosamente." — Calderon.

tion, like the floating mine which had shattered Parma's bridge at Antwerp. Panic spread through the entire Armada; the enemy they most dreaded was upon them. The galleons were each riding with two anchors; for their misfortune few of them were provided with a third. A shot was fired from the San Martin as a signal to cut or slip their cables and make to sea. Amidst cries and confusion, and lighted to their work by the blaze, they set sail and cleared away, congratulating themselves when they had reached the open water and found that all or most of them were safe, on the skill with which they had defeated the machinations of the enemy. They lay-to six miles from shore, intending to return with the daylight, recover their anchors and resume their old position.

The English meanwhile, having accomplished at least part of their purpose in starting the Armada out of its berth, weighed at leisure, and stood off after it from the shore, Drake, with half the fleet, hanging on the skirts of the Spaniards; Howard, with the rest, hovering nearer to Calais, endeavouring to drive in upon the sands or the fireships the last loiterers of the Armada, which had been slower than the rest in getting out. The first object which the Admiral saw at daybreak was the largest of the four galleasses, with De Monçada himself on board, aground on Calais Bar. Her helm had been entangled in a cable, she had become ungovernable, and the tide had forced her ashore within shot of the French batteries at back of the sand-bank which forms the harbour. The tide had ebbed, the water was still round her, but she had fallen over towards the bank,[1] and Howard, whose notion was to "pluck the feathers of the Spaniards

July 29–August 8.

[1] "Por estar boleado de un lado."

one by one,"[1] sent his own launch with some other boats to take her. She was powerfully manned; between soldiers, sailors, and slaves, she carried seven hundred men. In the position in which she was lying, however, her large guns were useless, and the galley-slaves, with the prospect of liberty before them, did not make the defence more easy. The Spaniards fought gallantly; several of the English were killed, but at last two musket-balls struck Monçada at the same moment. He fell dead on the deck. The slaves sprung overboard, and half in panic and half in pursuit, the crew and the troops followed. "Some swam, some waded on shore, many were drowned." The English swarmed up over the bulwarks, took possession of the galleass, and intended to wait for the tide to carry her off.

The French meanwhile were watching the scene in crowds from the top of the Rysbank. M. Gourdain, as the ship was on the French shore, might have disputed if he had pleased the lawfulness of the capture. He contented himself with sending off a boat with a message that the English deserved the spoil for their courage, and might have it; but the ship itself he required them to leave where it lay. The language was perfectly friendly, and Gourdain having been appointed by the King, was better disposed to England than to Spain. National antipathy, however, proved too strong to be controlled. "Our rude men," says an English officer who was present, "knowing no difference between friend and foe," began to ill-use the French who had come on board, "spoiling them," and probably pitching them into the sea. Their friends on shore took up their quarrel. The Rysbank battery opened

[1] Howard to Walsingham, July 29–August 8: *MSS. Domestic.*

upon the galleass in return, and the English had to scramble into their boats in haste, carrying with them what plunder they could seize.[1]

It was well that no more time was wasted over so small a matter. Lord Howard had delayed already too long for his fame.[2] It was no time for the Admiral of the fleet to be loitering over a stray plume which had dropped from the enemy's wing, when every ship was imperiously needed for a far more important service. Medina Sidonia intended to return to his position at Calais. Drake, whose larger mind comprehended the position in its broader bearings, was determined not only that he should never see his anchors again, but that he should be driven north through the Narrow Seas. The wind was still rising and threatened a storm. He had seen enough of the sailing powers of the galleons to be assured that until it shifted they could make no way against it; and once in the North Sea, they would be in unknown waters without a harbour into which they could venture to run, and at all events for a time cut off from their communication with Dunkirk. They had drifted in the night further than they intended, and when the sun rose they were scattered over a large surface off Gravelines. Signals were sent up for them to collect and make back for Calais; but Drake with his own squadron, and Henry Seymour, with the squadron of the Straits, having the advantage of wind, speed, and skill, came on them while they were still dispersed. Seymour opened the action at eight in the morning with a cluster of galleons on the Spaniard's extreme right. Reserving their fire till

1 R. Tomson to Walsingham, July 30–August 9 : *MSS. Domestic.*

2 "Del Almirante se habla un poco que no hizó su deber. Toda la gloria se da á Drack." — Extract of a letter from Calais, August 31. *MSS. Simancas.*

within a hundred and twenty yards, and wasting no cartridges at any longer distance, the English ships continued through the entire forenoon to pour into them one continuous rain of shot. They were driven in upon their own centre, where they became entangled in a confused and helpless mass, a mere target to the English guns, Sir William Winter alone delivering five hundred shot into them, "never out of harquebuz range, and often within speaking distance."[1]

Drake himself meanwhile had fallen on Medina Sidonia and Oquendo, who, with a score of galleons better handled than the rest, were endeavouring to keep sea room, and retain some command of themselves. But their wretched sailing powers put them at a disadvantage for which skill and courage could not compensate. The English were always to windward of them, and hemmed in at every turn, they too were forced back upon their consorts, hunted together as a shepherd hunts sheep upon a common, and the whole mass of them forced slowly towards the shoals and banks on the Flanders coast.

Howard came up at noon to join in the work of destruction. The English accounts tell a simple story. The Spaniards' gun practice, which had been always bad, was helpless beyond past experience. Their want of ammunition was not suspected, for they continued to fire throughout the day after their slow awkward fashion; but their guns, worked on rolling platforms by soldiers unused to the sea, sent their shot into the air or into the water; while the English, themselves almost untouched, fired into them without intermission from eight in the morning till sunset, "when almost the last cartridge was spent, and every

[1] Winter to Walsingham, August 1–11: *MSS. Domestic.*

man was weary with labour." They took no prizes and attempted to take none. Their orders were to sink or destroy. They saw three large galleons go down. Three others, as the wind fell westerly, they saw reeling helplessly towards Ostend; and the fate of these they heard of afterwards; but of the general effect of the fire, neither at the time nor afterwards did they know anything beyond its practical and broad results. Some details, however, of that terrible day can be gathered from the narratives of the few Spaniards who fought through it and survived to tell the tale.

Being always to leeward and the wind blowing hard, the hulls of the galleons as they heeled over were exposed below the water-line. The massive timbers which were to have furnished so secure a shelter added only to the effect of the shot. The middle decks were turned into slaughter-houses, and in one ship blood was seen streaming from the lee scuppers. Their guns were most of them dismounted or knocked in pieces, and their chief work was to save themselves from sinking by nailing sheets of lead over the shot-holes. The action was on so large a scale, and there was so much smoke and confusion, that individuals could only see what was immediately near them. Don Pedro Coco Calderon, purser of the fleet, lay most of the day at the side of Medina Sidonia, himself exposed to the tempest of balls.[1] Alonzo da Leyva with the Rata was next to him, and close by were the San Matteo and the San Felipe, commanded by Don Diego de Pimentel and Don Francisco de Toledo. They were opposed to Drake in person, and frightful as was their disadvantage, they fought with conspicuous courage. With men falling in all directions, and heads

[1] "Sufriendo la tempestad de la carga de balazos."

and arms flying in the smoke, they still manned their maintops, keeping up a fire of musket balls. Don Francisco finding, as he supposed, that the San Felipe was sinking, attempted to grapple with the English ship that was nearest to him. He had fought so well, that one of the English officers seeing her apparently desperate condition, sprung upon his forecastle and called to him in Spanish complimenting his valour, and bidding him save the lives of his brave crew by an honourable surrender. One of the Spaniards replied with a shot from a musket. The officer fell: the English ship filled her sails and backed away, leaving the San Felipe to her fate, the Spanish crew shouting after them that they were cowards and Lutheran hens, and daring them to come on once more.[1]

It was an idle bravado: soon after the San Felipe sent up signals of distress. A barque called the Doncella went to her assistance, but was herself shot through and through while the crew of the San Felipe were going on board her; and she filled so rapidly that they returned into their own galleon, made for the shore, and contrived to keep afloat till they touched the sands between Nieuport and Ostend. The Nieuport boatmen carried them into a friendly harbour, from whence they made their way to the Prince of Parma. The San Antonio of Padua, another of the three which the English observed to fall away, crawled into Ostend, where she was taken possession of by the English garrison. The San Matteo had a sadder fortune. She, too, finding that she was filling, sent to Medina Sidonia for assistance. Medina Sidonia had work enough to save himself, and could not help her.

1 "Los nuestros llamandoles cobardes, y intimando con palabras feas su poco animo, llamandoles de gallinas Luteranas y que volviesen á la batalla." — Calderon.

She was put before the wind and followed the San Felipe, but falling more to leeward grounded between Ostend and the Sluys. She was seen by a Dutch lugger, and Lord Willoughby, who was in Flushing, sent three vessels to take possession of her. She again made a gallant fight, and for two hours kept at bay her new assailants, but she was carried by boarding at last. Don Diego and two or three noblemen were reserved alive for their ransom; all the rest, the survivors of five hundred who went into action in the morning, were either killed or flung into the sea. Among the bodies were found those of two English refugees, one of them a brother of Lord Montague.[1]

Outside, meanwhile, the battle, if battle it could be called which was but the rending and tearing of a scarce resisting enemy, continued till evening. Towards sunset the wind shifted to the north-west with an increasing sea. The wounded ships were driving in a mass towards the banks, and, had the English powder held out for a few hours more, the entire Armada must have been either sunk or driven ashore.[2] Gun after gun, however, fell gradually silent. A few provision ships came off from the Thames with a day or two's rations. The men were exhausted with toil and hunger combined, and the fleet hauled off to take on board the supplies so sorely needed.

Sidonia left to himself, extricated his miserable vessels, and made sail for the North Sea, the Santa Maria going down with all hands as the sun went under the horizon. When the ships' companies were called over, it was found that four thousand men had been killed or drowned. The wounded were not mentioned, but were perhaps at least as many more. The galleons

[1] Borlase to Walsingham, August 3–13: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Captain White to Walsingham, August 8: *MSS. Domestic*

pierced and shattered were leaking in all directions, the rigging cut up, the masts splintered, the sails torn, rudders, yards, and bowsprits shot away, and still more unfortunately, most of the water-butts destroyed. The men had been kept hard at work the day before cleaning and polishing up the guns. Through some accident they had missed their evening meal.[1] The fireships had spoilt their night's rest, and through the long day's desperate engagement there had been no leisure to serve out food. Nature could endure no more. To remain where they were was certain wreck, to attempt to recover Calais was to invite a fresh attack, and they fled away into the German Ocean, as close to the wind as their crippled state would bear, "generally frighted and dismayed."[2]

The condition to which they were reduced was imperfectly conjectured by the English. Had the fairest weather come to their relief that English August ever knew, their crews could not have been induced to face Drake again, while they could scarcely have had round shot left to load each gun in the fleet for a single discharge. Howard, who had been present at but half the action, imagined that they "were still wonderful great and strong."[3] Drake saw more clearly that "the day's service had much appalled them," and that some days at least would have to pass "before Parma and Sidonia would shake hands."[4] Still it was thought certain that they would come back if they were not pursued, and though both Drake's and Howard's mag-

1 "A la noche quedó muy trabajada la gente por las muchas penas que se hicièron la noche de antes, ayudando á razar la artilleria sin se les haber dado bastimento." — Calderon.

2 Narrative of Juan de Licorno: *MSS. Ireland.*

3 Howard to Walsingham, July 29–August 8: *MSS. Domestic.*

4 Drake to Walsingham, July 29–August 8: *MS.* Ibid.

azines were almost empty, and they believed those of the Spaniards to be full, they determined "to put on a brag," and "give chase as though they had wanted nothing."

July 30–August 9.

Thus, when morning once more dawned on the miserable Armada, they again saw on their weather beam, almost within cannon shot, and clinging to them like their shadow, the dreaded English fleet. It was the eve of St. Lawrence's day, Philip's patron saint, whose precious shoulder bone he had added to the treasures of the Escurial. But St. Lawrence, though he might save his worshippers' souls in the other world, seemed to want either power or will to aid them in the present. To windward was the enemy, to leeward and clear within sight the seas were breaking on the endless shoals which fringe the low coast of Holland. The lead gave but seven fathoms, and for each mile they sailed the depth grew less and less, as the north-west wind edged them nearer to the line of muddy foam. Crippled as they were, their masts would not bear a weight of sail sufficient to draw them off. To tack was impossible; there was still room to wear round, but only to fall into the enemy's hands or venture another engagement. Pilots they had none. Their most experienced officers were gone. De Valdez and Francisco of Toledo were prisoners; Pimentel had been flung on the coast of Flanders; Monçada lay dead at Calais; Diego Florez, the Castilian Admiral, had lost heart and nerve. The men generally were sick with despondency, and a seaman, taken afterwards in Ireland, said if the English had that day offered to board them, they would all have struck.[1] Sidonia in his extremity summoned the young Miguel de Oquendo to advise him.

[1] Examination of Spanish prisoners, September 12–22: *MSS. Ireland.*

"Señor Oquendo," he exclaimed, "what are we to do? We are lost — what are we to do?"

Oquendo gave a brave man's answer.

"Let Diego Florez talk of being lost," he said. "Let your Excellency bid me order up the cartridges." [1]

An opportune shift of wind came to the Duke's relief, sent, as was fondly imagined, by "the Lord." Swinging suddenly to the east it smoothed the sea, and lifted him away from the banks to the open water. The English being no longer to windward fell back, and the Spaniards, with scanty sail, and refitting as they could their shattered spars and stays, crawled out of danger. They had now a fair wind to return to Calais. The sea having gone down, Parma could come out of Dunkirk, and seeing the enemy retiring, Sidonia partially rallied his spirits and called a council of war. Martinez de Recalde, Diego Florez, Alonzo da Leyva, with the best of the sailing masters, and among them Coco Calderon, who tells the story, came on board the San Martin; and Diego Florez asked for the opinions of all of them, what it would be best to do? His own he probably indicated in the tone in which he put the question. There was the alternative of a return into the Channel or a return to Spain by the Orkneys and Ireland. The first was the way of courage, the second of imagined safety, and they chose the last. The proud Castilian spirit which had presumed to match the world in arms was broken. A Da Leyva or an Oquendo might prefer death to what they might

[1] "A esta hora viendo el Duque á Oquendo que iba arribando sobre él, le dixó, '¡O Señor Oquendo! ¿qué harémos? que somos perdidos.' Y le respondió, 'Digalo Diego Florez. Mande me V^ra Excelliencia á municionar de balas.'" — Calderon.

deem dishonour. The common men would not face a repetition of the scene of the preceding day.

Calderon, who was an experienced navigator, said that the west of Ireland was dangerous; but terror of the English fleet was more real than the unsubstantial perils of an untried sea. He was overruled. The supply of water in the fleet was examined into, and a sufficient quantity to support life was allotted to each person, and all that day and all the next day, the Armada pursued its tedious way into the North Sea.

Howard, too, with the change of wind called his officers about him. The Prince of Parma depended for what he called "the sinews of the enterprise," on the Spanish troops which Sidonia was bringing, and he had made up his mind distinctly that cross he would not unless the Armada returned to support him. But the English only knew that Dunkirk was unguarded, the water smooth, and the defence of the country left to the incapacity of Leicester. It was decided that Lord Henry Seymour's squadron must return to its post in "the narrow seas." They waited till dark that their departure might not be seen by the Spaniards; and bitterly against their will, for another action was confidently looked for, though "in a manner famished for want of victuals," thirty vessels turned round outside Brill and made the best of their way back to the Straits. In a few hours the uncertain weather had again changed. They were met by a returning south-wester and were driven into Harwich; the Channel was once more made impassable, and the alarm on the score of Parma was at an end.

July 31–August 10.

Meanwhile Drake and the Lord Admiral, with ninety sail and five days' provisions, clung to the rear of the enemy. "We have the

army of Spain before us," wrote Drake to Walsingham, "and mean, by the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with it. There was never anything pleased me better than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards. God grant ye have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange trees."[1]

The Spaniards, finding that they were not attacked, and observing that the number of their pursuers was reduced, flattered themselves that the English too must have suffered severely in the action of Monday, and that if they were afraid themselves, they were also an object of fear.[2] The ignominy of returning to Spain, having accomplished nothing, became more obvious the more it was considered, and Sidonia once more began to gather up his courage, and to think again of trying to recover Calais.[3] But the black south-wester scattered his reviving spirits. Without pilots, in a strange sea, with the autumn storms prematurely upon him, and with no friendly port for which to run, he became utterly unmanned. The very elements had turned against him, the special prerogative of the Almighty, and he could think of nothing now but of hastening home by the ocean road, where, let the dangers be

1 July 31–August 10: *MSS. Domestic.*

2 "Relacion de lo sucedido á la real Armada." A second narrative, not Calderon's, but also by an eye-witness. It was true that the English still considered the Spaniards formidable. "Her Majesty's navy," says an English officer, "followed them always hard, but durst not board them, because they are so high built so as forty of ours was troubled to take one of their greatest armadas at the fight on Monday": *MSS. Holland*, August 3–13.

3 "Á los 11, esperando buen tiempo, se resolvió de volver nuestra Armada sobre el enemigo y tomarse á su puesto, volviendo la vuelta del Canal."

what they might, there were no English enemies in his path.

On, therefore, the Armada sped before the rising breeze, the English still following in expectation every moment that they would bear up and engage, and unable to believe that Castilians would yield so easily, and go back to their own country with dishonour and shame.[1] Harder and harder blew the wind, and as the sea rose, their distressed condition became more apparent. The pursuing fleet began now to pass drowned and drowning bodies of mules and horses flung over to save the scanty water-casks. More than one poor crippled ship dropped behind as her spars snapped, or the water made its way through her wounded seams in the straining seas. The Spaniards "stricken," it was now plain, "with a wonderful fear," made no attempt to succour their consorts, but passed on leaving them to founder.

There had been some uneasiness about Scotland. Lord Maxwell had been at Lisbon in the spring, and it was supposed that they might possibly be making for the Forth. But they passed on without attempting to enter it; and there seemed no probability that if they let the Forth escape them they would try for any other Scotch harbour. It was now blowing a gale. The English had but three days' provisions left, and to follow further so ill provided, with the prospect of a continuing storm, was to run into needless danger. Drake thought that the Armada would make for Denmark, refit in the Cattegat, and return at its leisure. Two pinnaces were detached to watch its course, and sending an express to London from Dunbar, to beg that food and ammunition might

Friday, Aug. 2–12.

[1] Howard to Walsingham, August 8–18: *MSS. Domestic.*

be dispatched to Margate for them, they turned back before they were overtaken by famine. It was a sore disappointment, for they knew that, had they been fairly provided, not a Spanish ship would have carried home the tale of the Armada's discomfiture. The hope now was that the elements might complete the work of the guns. "The long foul weather might be followed by a later summer."[1] But if the gales continued to blow from the south-west, it was uncertain whether, torn and crippled as they were, they would be able to fetch Denmark. "Their great ships were so light" that even when sound and in fair weather, "they could hardly bear their sails." The climate of the North Sea was also likely to try the sailors who had been trained in lower latitudes, and the opinion in the English fleet, soundly formed as it proved, was "that many of them would never see Spain again."[2]

Hunger, however, was an enemy that would not fly. Storm or no storm, unless Howard could recover the Thames, his case would be as bad as Sidonia's; and he beat back in the face of the gale, Hawkins's spars and cordage standing proof against all trials. Off the Norfolk coast, the wind became so furious that the fleet was scattered. Howard, with the largest of the ships, reached Margate as he intended. Others were driven into Harwich, and rejoined him when the weather moderated.

The greatest service ever done by an English fleet had been thus successfully accomplished by men whose wages had not been paid from the time of their engagement, half-starved, with their Aug. 10–20.

[1] Seymour to the Council, August 6–16: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Fenner to Walsingham, August 4–14: *MS.* Ibid.

clothes in rags and falling off their backs,[1] and so ill-found in the necessaries of war that they had eked out their ammunition by what they could take in action from the enemy himself. "In the desire for victory they had not stayed for the spoil of any of the ships that they lamed."[2] There was no prize-money coming to them to reward their valour. Their own country was the prize for which they had fought and conquered. They had earned, if ever Englishmen had earned anywhere, the highest honour and the highest recompense which the Government could bestow.

The reward which in fact they received will be very briefly told. Food had been provided, and was sent down the river on the 9th–19th of August. The one month's victuals taken in at Plymouth on the 23rd of June, had been stretched over seven weeks. The three days' rations with which the fleet had left the Forth had been made to serve for eight days. Entire crews had thus been absolutely famishing. The next point to be determined was, if the ships were to be paid off, or were to remain in commission. "Sure bind, sure find," was the opinion of Lord Howard. It was still possible that the Armada might return. "A kingdom was a great wager, and security was dangerous, as they would have found had not God been their friend."[3] Drake "would not advise her Majesty to hazard a kingdom with saving a little charge." "The Prince of Parma," he said, "was a bear robbed of his whelps; and for his credit's sake, being so good a sol-

Aug. 10–20.

[1] "It were marvellous good a thousand pounds' worth of hose, doublets, shoes, shirts, and such like were sent down with all expedition, else in a very short time I look to see most of the mariners go naked." — Howard to Burghley, August 10–20: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] White to Walsingham, August 8–18: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] Howard to Walsingham, August 8–18: *MS.* Ibid.

dier, would try to do something."[1] The Queen, on the other hand, thought of nothing but the expense, and was only eager to stop the drain on the exchequer at the earliest possible moment. The question was answered, and the uncertainty was ended, by causes independent of the will either of herself or her advisers. The strain of the last few months was taken off, and with it the spur to the hearts and spirits of the exhausted seamen. Even at Plymouth short food and poisonous drink had brought dysentery among them; and in one vessel, "the Elizabeth Jonas, which had done as well as any ship in any service had ever done," there had been "a dangerous infection from the beginning." Want of food, want of clothes, want of the relief which, if they had been paid their wages, they might have provided for themselves, had aggravated the tendencies to disease, and a frightful mortality now set in through the entire fleet. Boatloads of poor fellows were carried on shore at Margate, and were laid down to die in the streets, "there being no place in the town to receive them." The officers did what they could. Howard's and Drake's purses were freely opened — some sort of shelter was provided at last in barns and outhouses; but the assistance which they could provide out of their personal resources was altogether inadequate. "It would grieve any man's heart," wrote Lord Howard, "to see men who had served so valiantly to die so miserably."[2]

The fear of Parma's coming soon died away. In a few days news came that the camp at Dunkirk was broken up, the stores taken out of the transports, and the sailors paid off: the pinnaces August–September.

[1] Drake to Walsingham, August 8–18, 10–20.

[2] Howard to Burghley, August 10–20: *MSS. Domestic.*

sent in pursuit of the Armada returned with clear tidings that it had passed westward round the Orkneys; but the havoc among the brave men who had driven it from the shores of England became daily more and more terrible. They sickened one day: they died the next. In the battle before Gravelines not sixty in all had been killed: before a month was out, there was hardly a ship which had enough men left to weigh the anchors.[1] It was characteristic of the helplessness at head-quarters produced by Elizabeth's hardness, that, notwithstanding the disorder was traced definitely to the poisonous beer, it continued to be served out. Nothing better was allowed till it was consumed.[2] The sick required fresh meat and vegetables. Within a few hours as they were of London, they continued to be dieted with the usual salt beef and fish. The men expected that, at least, after such a service they would be paid their wages in full. The Queen was cavilling over the accounts, and would give no orders for money till she had demanded the meaning of every penny that she was charged. It was even necessary for Sir John Hawkins to remind the Government that the pay of those who died was still due to their relatives.[3]

From the severe nature of the service, Lord Howard had been obliged to add to the number of officers. He was challenged for the extra pay, and was obliged to petition for some small assistance from the Queen in defraying it himself. "The matter is not great," he said. "Five hundred pounds, with the help of my

[1] Howard to the Council, August 22–September 1: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Howard to Walsingham, August 26–September 5: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] "Your Lordship may think that by death, discharging of sick, &c. &c., something may be spared in the general pay. Those that die their friends require their pay. For those which are discharged, we take up fresh men, which breeds a far greater charge." — Hawkins to Burghley, August 26–September 5: *MS.* Ibid.

own purse, will do it. However it fall out, I must see them paid."[1]

There had been expenses in the fleet which could not be avoided, and in the destitution in which he had been left, Howard had used three thousand pistoles out of the treasure taken in the ship of Pedro de Valdez. So keen an account was exacted of him that the Lord Admiral of England, the conqueror of the Armada, had to defend himself against a charge of peculation. "I did take them," he wrote to Walsingham, "as I told you I would: for, by Jesus, I had not three pounds left in the world, and have not anything could get money in London — my plate was gone before. But I will repay it within ten days after my coming home. I pray you let her Majesty know so; and, by the Lord God of Heaven, I had not one crown more, and had it not been mere necessity I would not have touched one; but if I had not some to have bestowed upon some poor miserable men, I should have wished myself out of the world."[2]

The worst meanness was yet to come. A surcharge appeared in the accounts of six hundred and twenty pounds, "for extraordinary kinds of victual, wine, cider, sugar, oil, and fresh fish," distributed among the ships while at Plymouth, by the order of Howard and Drake. The Lord Admiral explained that a few delicacies had been thought necessary for the relief of men who, being sick or wounded, might be unable to digest salt meat. He admitted that he had done what was unusual: he said that he had made the allowances "in regard of the greatness of the service, for the encouragement of those on whose forwardness and courage

1 Howard to Burghley, August 26–September 5: *MSS. Domestic.*
2 Howard to Walsingham, August 27–September 6: *MS* Ibid.

success depended." He might have added that their legitimate food had been stolen from them by the Queen's own neglect. He petitioned humbly that she would pass the charge. It is uncertain whether she consented or not. It is certain that a further sum for the same purpose Lord Howard felt obliged to take upon himself. He struck the entry out of his account book. "I will myself make satisfaction as well as I may," he said, "so that her Majesty shall not be charged withal."[1]

Lord Howard, perhaps, as a nobleman whose father had received large benefactions from the Crown, and to whom the Queen afterwards was moderately liberal, might be expected to contribute at a time of difficulty out of his private resources. The same excuse will not cover the treatment of Sir John Hawkins, who owed nothing to any crowned head, and was the architect of his own fortunes. Hawkins had not only been at the head of the dockyards, but he had been the person employed in collecting the ships' companies, and afterwards in settling the wages with them. No English vessels ever sailed out of port in better condition. No English sailors ever did their duty better. But Elizabeth had changed her mind so often in the spring, engaging seamen and then dismissing them, and then engaging others, that, between charges and discharges, the accounts had naturally grown intricate. Hawkins worked hard to clear them, and spent his own fortune freely to make the figures satisfactory; but she, who had been herself the cause of the confusion, insisted on an exactness of statement which it was difficult if not impossible to give; and Hawkins, in a petition in

[1] Howard to Burghley, December, 1588: *MSS. Domestic.*

which he described himself as a ruined man, sued for a year's respite to disentangle the disorder.[1]

The two statesmen fared no better who had furnished the brain of England, while the fleet had been its right arm. Burghley and Walsingham were the soul of the policy which had placed Elizabeth in triumph at last at the head of Protestant Europe. For them, in the hour of victory, there was only abuse, scattered freely and in all presences. They who had never wavered, who had steadily advised a single course, who had never ceased to urge the necessity of providing in time for exigencies which they knew to be approaching — they it was who were made responsible for what had been wanting in the service, and for the shifts of purpose which had been the cause of the neglect. "All irresolutions and lacks," Cecil wrote to Walsingham, "are thrown upon us two in all her speeches to everybody. The wrong is intolerable." [2] September.

But did Elizabeth show no consciousness of the glorious work which had been done for herself and for the commonwealth? Was there not one of those illustrious sons of England on whom as his sovereign she conferred the honours which were due from his country's gratitude? It was not so altogether. The nation knew Elizabeth only by her public acts. The harassed hours of her ministers, the struggles by which the measures were forced out of her by which England had been barely saved, these of course were unrevealed to the world, and altogether undreamt of. The misery of the dying seamen was set down to the hand of God or to the incapacity of inferior officers. To her people

[1] Petition of Sir John Hawkins, December 14–24: *MSS. Domestic.*
[2] Burghley to Walsingham, November, 1588: *MS.* Ibid.

she was always plausible; always to appearance frank and freespoken. She was now the heroine of the hour. The wreath of victory which her subjects had won for her they laid at the feet of their sovereign; and that sovereign with gracious condescension, bestowed it upon her Leicester. Leicester had saved England, and England was required to do homage to the bravest of her sons. She visited the favoured Earl at the camp at Tilbury. She rode along the lines of her army with Leicester at her side scattering gracious speeches which none better understood how to make than she, and then, as she had given the great seal to her second favourite, her "Mutton," Sir Christopher Hatton, on Leicester she meditated conferring the far more serious office of Lieutenant-General of England and Ireland. The letters patent were drawn out, and would have been issued, so Camden says, but for the remonstrances of Cecil and Hatton, and for misgivings excited at the last moment in herself, on the prudence of the wild act which she was meditating.[1]

Her fondness likely enough would have carried the day in the end, had not the Earl, at the moment of his anticipated greatness, suddenly died. Scandal of course suggested poison; more authentic evidence says that he was carried off by a fever on his way to Kenilworth.

England was too much occupied with him while alive, and English history may cut short his epitaph. Though he was credited with a thousand crimes, his real guilt was probably limited to connivance after the event at one only of serious magnitude. Lady Robert Dudley was undoubtedly murdered by officious or ambitious servants to clear a way for him to the crown;

[1] Camden.

and both he and the Queen were too happy in the possibility which had thus been opened to them to insist on a strict investigation. They did not obtain their desires, and bloodstains from the Cumnor tragedy clung to the skirts of both of them. Elizabeth undoubtedly loved Leicester. Although his claims to affection reached no further than a handsome face, he was the only person for whom she really cared, and many of the obliquities of her character may be traced to her disappointment. But it is to misread Elizabeth to suppose that her relations with him were other than those which are technically called honourable. After a brief alarm at the beginning of her reign, no intelligent layman in Europe suspected that there was anything seriously wrong between them. It answered the purpose of the Jesuits to scatter charges of sexual delinquency against a woman whom they had failed to murder. No dirt sticks more readily than an accusation of this kind when boldly and positively insisted on, and they wished to make her hateful to the world. But Elizabeth was not a person who would have felt temptations to unchastity. Surrounded as she was by a thousand malignant eyes, she could not have escaped detection had she really committed herself, and that the evidence against her has to be looked for in the polemical pamphlets of theologians would alone prove that the suspicion was without ground.

Enough of this and enough of Leicester. It is time to return to the flying Armada.

When Howard bore up for the Forth the Spaniards for the first time breathed freely, and began to examine into their condition. An enquiry was held on board the San Martin into the causes of their misfortunes. Officers who had shown cowardice

Saturday, Aug. 3-13.

in action were degraded, and set to row in the galleasses; and Don Christobal de Avila, captain of the Santa Barbara, was hanged.[1] The stores had probably been injured by the salt water which had made its way through the shot-holes. In some ships the wine as well as the water-casks had been pierced, and it was found necessary to reduce the allowances throughout the fleet. Eight ounces of bread, half a pint of wine and a pint of water, was all that could be afforded for each man. Sidonia promised two thousand ducats to a French pilot if he would bring the Armada into a Spanish port. Calderon sketched a chart of the route which he submitted to the Duke's council. The wounded began to fail rapidly, and each day in every galleon there was the sad ceremony of flinging the dead into the sea. Calderon's ship contained the medicines and delicacies for the sick, and passing daily from galleon to galleon, he knew the condition of them all.

Of the hundred and fifty sail which had left Coruña, a hundred and twenty could still be counted when Howard left them. For five days they were in the gale which he met on his way back to the Thames, and which he described as so peculiarly violent. The unusual cold brought with it fog and mist, and amidst squalls and driving showers, and a sea growing wilder as they passed the shelter of the Scotch coast, they lost sight of each other for nearly a week. On the 9th–19th, the sky lifted, and Calderon found himself with the Almirante of Don Martinez de Recalde, the Rata, the San Marcos and twelve other vessels. Sick signals were flying all round, and the sea was so high that it was scarcely possible to lower a

August 8–13 to 8–18.

[1] Calderon.

boat. The large galleons were rolling heavily. Their wounded sails had been split by the gusts, and masts and yards carried away. That night it again blew hard. The fog closed in once more, and the next morning Calderon was alone in the open sea without a sail in sight, having passed between the Orkneys and the Shetlands. Recalde and Da Leyva had disappeared with their consorts, having as Calderon conjectured gone north. He himself stood on west and south-west. On the 12th–22nd, he saw a number of sails on the horizon; on the 13th–23rd he found himself with Sidonia and the body of the fleet, and Sidonia signalled to him to come on board. Observations shewed that they were then in 58° 30′ North latitude. Their longitude they did not know. They were probably a hundred and fifty miles west north-west of Cape Wrath. Sidonia asked anxiously for Recalde and Da Leyva. Calderon could but say where he had last seen them. He supposed that they had gone to the Faroe Isles or to Iceland, where there were German fishing stations which had a trade with Spain. August 13–23.

Again a council was held. The sickness had become frightful. Those who had escaped unwounded were falling ill from want and cold, and the wounded were dying by hundreds, the incessant storms making care and attention impossible. Calderon and the French pilot insisted that at all costs and hazards they must keep off the Irish coast. Diego Florez, distressed for the misery of the men, to whose sufferings want of water had become a fearful aggravation, imagined that along the west shore there must be a harbour somewhere; and that they would find rest and shelter among a hospitable Catholic people. The Bishop of

Killaloe, a young Fitzmaurice and a number of Irish friars were in the fleet. Diego Florez had possibly heard them speak of their country and countrymen, and there were fishing connexions between Cadiz and Valencia and Galway, which he and many others must have known of, though they had not been on the coast in person. But the Irish themselves were with Alonzo da Leyva, and Sidonia happily took the opinion of the pilots. The day was fine and the sick were divided; those which could be moved were transferred wherever there was most room for them, and as Calderon passed to and fro among the galleons with his medicines and his arrowroot, he was received everywhere with the eager question, where was Alonzo da Leyva? There was scarcely a man who did not forget his own wretchedness in anxiety for the idol of them all.

The calm had been but an interlude in the storm. The same night the wild west wind came down once more, and for eleven consecutive days they went on in their misery,[1] unable to communicate except by signals, holding to the ocean as far as their sailing powers would let them, and seeing galleon after galleon, Oquendo's among them, falling away to leeward amidst driving squalls and rain, on the vast rollers of the Atlantic. An island, which he supposed to be ten leagues from the coast, Calderon passed dangerously near. It was perhaps Achill, whose tremendous cliffs fall sheer two thousand feet into the sea, or perhaps Innisbofin or Innishark. On the 4th–14th of September, he with Sidonia and fifty vessels, fifty-two ships only out of a hundred and fifty, leaking through every seam, and their weary crews ready to lie down and die from exhaustion, crawled past the Blaskets, and were out of danger.

September.

[1] "Anduvimos perdidos."

And where were all the rest? Thirty, large and small, had been sunk or taken in the Channel. There remained nearly seventy to be still accounted for.

Don Martinez and Da Leyva, with five and twenty of them, had steered north after passing the Orkneys. They went on to latitude 62°, meaning, as Calderon had rightly conjectured, to make for the settlement in Iceland. They had suffered so severely in the action, that they probably doubted their ability to reach Spain at all. The storms, however, which grew worse as the air became colder, obliged them to abandon their intention. One galleon was driven on the Faroe Isles; the rest turned about, and probably misled by the Irish, made for the Shannon or Galway. As they braced to the wind, their torn rigging gave way; spar after spar, sail after sail was carried away. Those which had suffered most dropped first to leeward. A second was lost on the Orkneys; a third fell down the coast of Scotland, and drifted on the Isle of Mull. It was one of the largest ships in the whole fleet. The commander (his name is unknown) was a grandee of the first rank, always "served in silver."[1] He had made his way into some kind of harbour where he was safe from the elements; but the Irish Scots of the Western Isles were tempted by the reports of the wealth which he had with him. The fainting crew could not defend themselves, and the ship was fired and burnt, with almost every one that it contained.[2]

Their companions holding a better, but only rather better course, rolled along upon the back of Ireland, groping for the hoped-for shelter. The coming of the Spaniards had been long dreamt of by the Irish as the

1 Ashley to Walsingham, November 13: *MSS. Scotland.*
2 Ibid.

era of their deliverance from tyranny. It had been feared as their most serious danger by the scanty English garrison. The result of the fight in the Channel, if known at all, was known only by vague report; and the country was thrown into a ferment of excitement, when, in the first week of September, Spanish sails were reported in numbers as seen along the western coast, off Donegal, off Sligo, in Clew Bay, at the mouth of the Shannon; in fact everywhere.

At first there was a universal panic. Seven ships were at Carrigafoyle. The Mayor of Limerick, in sending word of their appearance to the Council, converted them into seven score. Twenty-four men were said to have landed at Tralee. Sir William Fitzwilliam, who had returned to be Deputy, and was more infirm and incapable than ever, described them as twenty-four galleons.[1] Rumour gradually took more authentic form. Beyond doubt, Spaniards were on the coast, distressed, but likely notwithstanding to be extremely dangerous, if they were allowed to land in safety, and to distribute arms and powder among the Irish clans. With one consent, but without communicating with each other, the English officers seem to have concluded that there was but one course for them to pursue. The party at Tralee were Sidonia's household servants, who had been driven into the bay in a small frigate, had surrendered, and had been brought on shore half dead. They begged hard for life; they had friends at Waterford, they said, who would pay a handsome ransom for them. But fear and weakness could not afford to be magnanimous. Sir Edward Denny, who commanded at Tralee Castle, gave orders

[1] Fitzwilliam to the Council, September 10–20: *MSS. Ireland.*

for their execution, and they were all put to the sword.[1]

Two days before, two large galleons had rounded the point of Kerry, and had put into Dingle. They belonged to Recalde's squadron: one of them was the Almirante herself, with Don Martinez on board, who was dying from toil and anxiety. They wanted water; they had not a drop on board, but the dregs of the putrid puddle which they had brought with them from Spain; and they sent boats on shore to beg for a supply. It was the same Dingle where Sanders and Fitzmaurice had landed eight years before, with processions and incense, and the Papal banner displayed — the sacred spot of Catholic Ireland. Now the ships of the Most Catholic King, which had come to fight the Irish battle as well as their own, pleaded in vain to be allowed to fill their water-casks. The boats' crews gave so piteous an account of Recalde's condition, the Catholic cause was so clearly now the losing one, that it was decided they should have no relief at Dingle. It was already a spot of tragical memory to the Spaniards. The boats were seized, the men who had landed imprisoned, and those on board the galleons, hunted already within a hair's-breadth of destruction, and with death making daily havoc among them, hoisted their ragged sails, and went again to sea.[2]

[1] News from Tralee, September 9–19: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Emanuel Fremoso, one of the prisoners taken at Dingle, thus describes the condition of Recalde's galleon: —

"There died four or five in the ship every day of hunger and thirst, and yet this ship was one of the best furnished for victuals which he knoweth, for out of some other ship people were sent to be relieved out of this ship. There remain five hundred men, one hundred of them are very sick, and do lie down and die daily, all the rest very weak, and the captain very sad and weak. Twenty-five pipes of wine are left in the ship, and very little bread, and no water, but what they brought out of Spain, which stinketh marvellously, and their flesh meat they cannot eat, the drought is so great.

Another galleon of a thousand tons, named Our Lady of the Rosary, which Calderon had watched sadly falling away before the waves, had also nearly weathered the headland of Kerry. She had all but escaped. Clear of the enormous cliffs of the Blasket Islands, she had no more to fear from the sea. Between the Blaskets and the mainland there is a passage which is safe in moderate weather, but the gale, which had slightly moderated, had risen again. The waves as they roll in from the Atlantic on the shallowing shores of Ireland boil among the rocks in bad weather with a fury unsurpassed in any part of the ocean. Strong tidal currents add to the danger, and when Our Lady of the Rosary entered the sound, it was a cauldron of boiling foam. There were scarcely hands to work the sails. Out of seven hundred, five hundred were dead, and most of the survivors were gentlemen, and before she was half way through, she struck among the breakers upon the island. A maddened officer ran the pilot (a Genoese) through the heart, "saying he had done it by treason." Some of the gentlemen tried to launch a boat, but no boat could live for a moment in such a sea. The pilot's son lashed himself to a plank, and was washed on shore alone of the whole company, and all the rest lay among cannon and doubloon chests amidst the rocks in Blasket Sound.[1]

Sept. 10–20.

The same 10th of September witnessed another and more tremendous catastrophe in Thomond. The seven ships in the mouth of the Shannon sent their

No part of the navy touched land anywhere or had any relief of water since the English fleet left them." —Examination of Prisoners, September 12–22: *MSS. Ireland.*

[1] Deposition of Juan Antonio of Genoa, September, 1580; Sir H. Wallop to Burghley, September 16–26: *MS.* Ibid.

cockboats with white flags into Kilrush, asking permission for the men to come on land. There were no English there, but there were local authorities who knew that the English would hold them answerable, and the request was refused. Here, as everywhere, the Spaniards' passionate cry was for water. They offered a butt of wine for every cask of water; they offered money in any quantity that the people could ask. Finally, they offered the Sheriff of Clare "a great ship, with all its ordnance and furniture," for license to take as much water as would serve their wants. All was in vain. The Sheriff was afraid of an English gallows, and not one drop could the miserable men obtain for themselves by prayer or purchase. They were too feeble to attempt force. A galleass landed a few men, but they were driven back empty-handed; so abandoning and burning one of the galleons which was no longer seaworthy, the other six went despairingly out into the ocean again. But it was only to encounter their fate in a swifter form. They were caught in the same gale which had destroyed Our Lady of the Rosary. They were dashed to pieces on the rocks of Clare, and out of all their crews a hundred and fifty men struggled through the surf, to be carried as prisoners immediately to Galway.

Two other galleons were seen at the Isle of Arran. The end of one was unknown, save that it never returned to Spain. The other, commanded by Don Lewis of Cordova, who had his nephew and several other Spanish nobles with him, threatened to founder, and Don Lewis, trusting to the Spanish connexions of Galway, carried her up opposite to the town, and sent a strong party, or what would have been a strong party had it been composed of healthy men and not of

tottering skeletons, to the quay. They were made prisoners on the spot, and Don Lewis, under whose eyes they were taken, offered to surrender, if he could have a promise of life for himself and his companions. The Mayor said that they must give up their arms. While they were hesitating, they saw the Irish snatching the chains and tearing off the clothes of their comrades, and with feeble hands they attempted to weigh their anchor and go back into the bay. But it could not be. They dropped at their work, and could not rise again. The Mayor took possession of the ship, and sent the crew into the castle, so exhausted that they could not swallow the food which was given them, "but cast it up again."[1]

Other vessels went on shore at different points of Connemara. Sir Richard Bingham, the Governor of Connaught, sent round orders that every one who came to land alive must be brought into Galway. Armed searching parties were detached through Clare and Connemara, to see that the command was obeyed; and several hundred half-dead wretches were added to those who had been already taken. Bingham was a fine soldier and a humane man, and that he could see but one way of dealing with so large and so dangerous a body of prisoners, must be accepted as some evidence that nothing else could have been easily done with them. Rest and food would only give them back their strength, and the feeble garrisons were scarce in sufficient strength to restrain the Irish alone. Directions were therefore given that they should be all put to death, and every one of the unfortunate creatures was deliberately shot or hanged, except Don Lewis and nine others, whose ransoms, it was hoped, might be

[1] Fenton to Burghley, September 19–29: *MSS. Ireland.*

found valuable. George Bingham, Sir Richard's son, went up into Mayo to see the same work done there also; and "thus," wrote Sir Richard himself, "having made a clean dispatch of them, both in town and country, we rested Sunday all day, giving praise and thanks to Almighty God for her Majesty's most happy success and deliverance from her dangerous enemies."[1] Don Lewis, with his nephew, and the rest whose lives had been spared, were ordered to Drogheda, to be carried thence to England. Don Lewis only arrived: the others either died on the road, or being unable to march, were killed by their escort to save the trouble of carrying them.

Young Bingham's presence proved unnecessary in Mayo. The native Irish themselves had spared him all trouble in enquiring after prisoners. The fear that they might shew sympathy with the Spaniards was well founded, so long as there was a hope that the Spaniards' side might be the winning one; but as the tale of their defeat spread abroad, and the knowledge with it that they were too enfeebled to defend themselves, the ties of a common creed and a common enmity to England were not strong enough to overcome the temptation to plunder. The Castilian gentlemen were richly dressed, and their velvet coats and gold chains were an irresistible attraction. The galleon of Don Pedro de Mendoza had made Clew Bay in a sinking state, and was brought up behind Clare Island. Don Pedro went ashore with a hundred companions, carrying his chests of treasures with him. The galleon was overtaken by the gale of the 10th of September, which had made the havoc at the mouth of the Shannon. She was dashed on the rocks, and all who had

[1] Narrative of Sir Richard Bingham, September, 1588: *MSS. Ireland.*

been left on board were drowned. "Dowdany O'Malley, chief of the island," completed the work, by setting upon Don Pedro and the rest. They were killed to the last man, and their treasure taken.[1]

A consort of Don Pedro was driven past Clare Island into the bay, and wrecked at Burrishoole. The savages flocked like wolves to the shore. The galleon went to pieces. The crew were flung on the sands, some drowned, some struggling still for life; but whether they were dead or alive made no difference to the hungry rascals who were watching to prey upon them. A stroke of a club brought all to a common state, and, stripped of the finery which had been their destruction, they were left to the wash of the tide.

More appalling still, like the desolation caused by some enormous flood or earthquake, was the scene between Sligo and Ballyshannon. A glance at the map will explain why there was a concentration of havoc on those few miles of coast. The coast of Mayo trends directly westward from Sligo for seventy miles, and crippled vessels, which had fallen upon a lee shore, were met by a wall of cliff, stretching across their course for a degree and a half of longitude. Their officers had possibly heard that there was shelter somewhere in the bay. Many ships were observed for days hovering between Rossan Point and Killala; but without experienced pilots, they could not have found their way in the finest weather among the shoals and islands. They too were overtaken by the same great storm. The numbers that perished are unknown; there are no means to distinguish between those that foundered out in deep water and those that went to pieces on the beach. The actual scene, however, as described by

[1] Narrative of Sir Richard Bingham, September, 1588: *MSS. Ireland.*

two English witnesses, was as frightful as human eye ever looked upon.

"When I was at Sligo," wrote Sir Geoffrey Fenton, "I numbered on one strand of less than five miles in length, eleven hundred dead bodies of men, which the sea had driven upon the shore. The country people told me the like was in other places, though not to the like number."[1]

Sir William Fitzwilliam made a progress to the west coast from Dublin shortly after. "As I passed from Sligo," he said, "I held on towards Bundroys,[2] and so to Ballyshannon, the uttermost part of Connaught that way. I went to see the bay where some of those ships were wrecked, and where, as I heard, lay not long before twelve or thirteen hundred of the dead bodies. I rode along upon that strand near two miles, but left behind me a long mile or more, and then turned off from the shore, leaving before me a mile and better; in both which places they said that had seen it, there lay as great a store of the timber of wrecked ships as was in that place which myself had viewed; being, in my opinion, more than would have built five of the greatest ships that ever I saw, besides mighty great boats, cables and other cordage answerable thereunto, and some such masts for bigness and length as I never saw any two could make the like."[3]

The sea was not answerable for all. The cruelty of nature was imitated by the cruelty of man, and those lines of bodies shewed gashes on them not made by rock or splintered spar. "The miseries they sustained upon this coast," wrote Sir George Carew, "are to be

1 Fenton to Burghley, October 28: *MSS. Ireland.*
2 Bundroys Castle, at the mouth of the Erne.
3 Fitzwilliam to the English Council, December 31: *MSS. Ireland.*

pitied in any but Spaniards. Of those that came to the land by swimming or enforced thereto by famine, very near three thousand were slain."[1] "They were so miserably distressed coming to land," reported another, "that one man, named Melaghlin M'Cabbe, killed eighty with his gallowglass axe."[2] The nobler or wiser O'Neil wrung his hands over the disgrace of his country, but could not hinder it;[3] and the English looked on with a not unnatural satisfaction at work which was dissolving in murder an alliance which they had so much cause to fear.

"The blood which the Irish have drawn upon them," said Sir George Carew, "doth assure her Majesty of better obedience to come, for that friendship being broken, they have no other stranger to trust to. This people was very doubtful before the victory was known to be her Majesty's, but when they saw the great distress and weakness that the enemy was in, they did not only put as many as they could to the sword, but are ready with all their forces to attend the Deputy in any service. The ancient love between Ireland and Spain is broken."[4]

"God," concluded Fenton, "hath wrought for her Majesty against these idolatrous enemies, and suffered this nation to blood their hands upon them, whereby, it may be hoped, is drawn perpetual diffidence between the Spaniards and them, as long as this memory endureth."[5]

[1] Carew to Walsingham, September 18–28: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Edward White to Sir Nicholas White, September 12: *MS.* Ibid.

[3] "O'Neil bitterly reproached O'Donnell for doing service against the Spaniards, as the best friends that Ireland has." — Fenton to the Council, October 7: *MS.* Ibid.

[4] Carew to Burghley, September 18: *MS.* Ibid.

[5] Fenton to Burghley, September 19: *MS.* Ibid.

The harvest was reaped by the Irish. Sir Richard Bingham and his sons were at hand to glean the ears that were left. Including the execution at Galway, Bingham claimed to have killed eleven hundred. "Divers gentlemen of quality" had been spared for their ransom, but special orders came down from Dublin to execute all, and the gentlemen followed the rest. Of the whole number that fell into the hands of the English, Don Lewis of Cordova was the only survivor.[1]

Such was the fate of the brilliant chivalry of Spain; the choicest representatives of the most illustrious families in Europe. They had rushed into the service with an emotion pure and generous as ever sent Templar to the Sepulchre of Christ. They believed that they were the soldiers of the Almighty. Pope and bishop had commended them to the charge of the angels and the saints. The spell of the names of the Apostles had been shattered by English cannon. The elements, which were deemed God's peculiar province — as if to disenchant Christendom, were disenchantment possible, of so fond an illusion — whirled them upon a shore which the waves of a hundred million years had made the most dangerous in the world; there as they crawled half drowned through the surf to fall into the jaws of the Irish wolves.

One more tragical story remains to be told. When Calderon recovered the main body of the fleet off Cape Wrath, and the anxious question was asked him from every ship, Where was the Rata? where was Alonzo

[1] Sir Richard Bingham to the Queen, December 3: *MSS. Ireland.* Camden reduces the number put to death to two hundred, and adds that the Queen "condemned the execution of these, as a matter full of cruelty." The language both of Bingham and Fitzwilliam shews that up to December no expression of disapproval had reached them.

da Leyva? — it was not for Da Leyva's sake alone, though no officer in the Armada was more loved and honoured; it was because the Rata's freight was more than usually precious. The noblest youths in Castile, whose families had been hardly persuaded to let them accompany the expedition, had been placed specially under Don Alonzo's care. The Rata had been in the thickest of every fight. She had suffered severely and could not bear her sails. She had not gone north with Recalde when Calderon left her; but with another galleon she had drifted away to leeward. With extreme difficulty she had cleared the extreme point of Mayo, but unable to go further she made her way into Blacksod Bay, and anchored outside Ballycroy. That she had reached so intricate a spot undestroyed was perhaps explained by the presence on board of young Maurice Fitzgerald, the son of Sir James "the traitor," whose pirate habits may have taught him many secrets of the western coast. Fitzgerald died while she lay there, and "was cast into the sea in a cypress chest with great solemnity."[1] It was the country of the MacWilliams, the home and nest of the famous Granny O'Malley. Fourteen Italians were sent on shore to try the disposition of the people. They fell in with one Richard Burke, called "the Devil's Hook," or "Devil's Son," perhaps one of Granny's own brood, who robbed them and took them prisoners. This was on the 9th of September. In the storm of the 10th the Rata, which had left her best anchors at Calais, fell helplessly on shore. The sea was broken by a headland which covers the bay; Da Leyva and his companions reached the sands, and were able to carry arms with them. They found an old castle at no

[1] Narrative of Sir Richard Bingham.

great distance from the water and attempted to put it in a state of defence. Report said that Sidonia himself was in this party. Bingham was making haste to the spot when he heard that they had re-embarked in another galleon, and were beating out again to sea. The south-west wind was still so heavy that it was thought impossible they could escape. Many shots were heard from the offing the night after they sailed, and the ship with all it contained was supposed to have gone to the bottom. The Rata was left to be plundered. Casks of wine and oil were rolled on shore. Trunks and mails of the young hidalgos were dragged out and rifled by the experienced "Devil's Hook," and the sands of Ballycroy were strewn with velvets and gold brocade. The sheriff came to the rescue in the Queen's name; but the jackals were too strong for him, or the constables put on jackals' skins and scrambled with the rest for the prey. Not a rag or a coin was rescued.

Meanwhile the shots were not Da Leyva's but came from another straggler which was dashed in pieces upon the rocks of Erris. Da Leyva, finding the wind heading him, had determined to run back and try for Scotland, trusting rather to the humanity of the heretic James than to the orthodox cruelties of the Irish. He fell in with a second galleon off the coast, and the last of the four galleasses, and together they laboured hard to draw off from the shore. But Rossan Point stood out too far for them to clear, and they made for Callibeg or Killibeg harbour. The galleass got in "sore broken," but still able to float. The two galleons ran on the rocks at the opening, and Da Leyva was wrecked a second time.

Again, however, no lives were lost. Fourteen hun-

dred men from the ships got safe on land. The galleass contained six hundred more, and they were all well provided with arms. Arms, however, were not food; and they were starving. The Bishop of Killaloe and an Irish friar who had been in the Rata and had been saved with the rest, undertook that they should be hospitably treated, and a few hundreds of them marched inland with the Bishop for a guide. They fell in with a party of Anglo-Irish sent by Fitzwilliam from the Pale, and led by two brothers named Ovington. It was night; the Ovingtons fell upon them, killed twenty and wounded more. In the morning they found they were dealing with men who were half dead already. The Spaniards had laid down their harquebusses and had not strength to lift them again. "The best," it was observed, "seemed to carry some kind of majesty; the rest were men of great calling."[1] Perhaps natural pity — perhaps the fear of O'Neil who was in the neighbourhood — perhaps respect for the Bishop, so far influenced the Ovingtons that they did not kill them. They contented themselves with stripping some of them naked and letting them go.

In the extreme north of Ulster — where O'Neil and O'Donnell were still virtual sovereigns, where the MacSweenies ruled under them with feudal authority and appear in the Elizabethan maps as giants sitting in mail upon their mountains, battleaxe in hand — the fear of the English was less felt than in other parts of Ireland. O'Neil, who was furious at the savagery which had been perpetrated on the coast, when he heard of these new comers, sent order that the strangers should be hospitably entertained; and, escaped out

[1] Richard and Henry Ovington to the Deputy, September 14: *MSS. Ireland.*

of the hands of the Ovingtons, both the party that they had fallen in with and those which remained at Callibeg were supplied with food, and allowed to rest and recover themselves. O'Neil was not at the time in rebellion. Fitzwilliam sent a command that every Spaniard who had landed should be taken or killed. O'Neil sheltered, fed, and clothed his guests till they had recovered strength, and then pretended that they were too powerful for him to meddle with. It was suspected that he meant to use their services in an insurrection, and two thousand soldiers were shipped in hot haste from England to make head against them.

But if the Irish chief had any such intention, Da Leyva did not encourage it. His one thought was to escape, if escape were possible, from a country which had been the scene of such horrible calamities to Spain, and to carry back the precious treasures which had been entrusted to his care. Either for this reason, or influenced privately by threats or promises from Fitzwilliam, MacSweeny Banagh, on whom the Spaniards depended for their meat, began after a few weeks to shorten the supplies.[1] The galleass at Callibeg — she was called the Gerona — was not hopelessly unseaworthy. The October weather appeared to have settled, and Don Alonzo had repaired her so far that he thought she could carry him safely to the Western Isles of Scotland. She would hold but half the party; but many of the Spaniards had found friends in Ulster who undertook to take care of them through the winter months, and had no objection to be left behind. The rest, with Don Alonzo at their head, prepared to tempt once more the fortunes of the sea. He had

1 "They are like to famish for want of meat. MacSweeny will not suffer his country to sell them no more beeves and mutton." — Pat Eustace to Sir H. Bagenall, October 14: *MSS. Ireland.*

been hurt in the leg by a capstan when the galleon went on the rocks, and was still unable to walk. He was carried on board; and in the middle of October. October the Gerona sailed. She crept along the coast for several days without misadventure. Rossan Point was passed safely, and Tory Island, and Lough Swilly, and Lough Foyle. The worst of the voyage was over; a few hours more and they would have been saved. But the doom of the Armada was on them. They struck upon a rock off Dunluce; the galleass broke in pieces, and only five out of the whole number were saved. Thrice wrecked, Don Alonzo and the young Castilian lords perished at last. Two hundred and sixty of their bodies were washed ashore and committed undistinguished to the grave.[1]

With this concluding catastrophe the tragedy of the Armada in Ireland was ended. It was calculated that in the month of September alone, before Da Leyva and his companions were added to the list, eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giant's Causeway and Blasket Sound:[2] eleven hundred were put to death by Bingham; three thousand were murdered by the Irish; the rest, more fortunate, were drowned.

But the tale of misery was still incomplete, and those who seemed to have escaped were attended to the last by the same strange fatality. The ships which remained with Sidonia, and succeeded in weathering Kerry, made all sail for Spain, and the wind still hanging to the south of west, they were still obliged to keep as close to it as possible, and dragged on but slowly.

[1] Don Alonzo, who was the object of so much interest, was described by an Irishman who spoke to him as "tall, slender, of pale complexion, flaxen and smooth hair, behaviour mild and temperate, of speech good and deliberate, greatly reverenced by his men." — *MSS. Ireland*, December.

[2] Sir William Fitzwilliam to Walsingham, September 30: *MS.* Ibid.

They passed Cape Clear in company on the 4th–14th of September, after which each vessel shifted for itself with general directions to make if possible for Coruña.

Calderon held his course till the 12th-22nd, when his last drop of water was consumed. The wind and the sea shewed no signs of abatement, and the remains of his crew, wearied and worn out, could no longer work the vessel. He had lost his reckoning, and only knew that he was somewhere in the Bay of Biscay. He had made up his mind to run before the wind, and take his chance of the land to which it would carry him, when towards evening he saw a ship crawling along, having lost her topmasts. She fired a gun, to which Calderon replied. She proved to be one of the finest of the galleons, though so shattered that he had not recognised her. He learned, however, from her captain that the coast of Spain was but a few leagues distant, and that Santander lay directly under their lee. They both reached the harbour there the next evening. Sidonia had arrived the day before, and one after another the survivors dropped in throughout the following week. Recalde only, with the other vessel which was with him in Dingle, succeeded in fetching Coruña; some were as far to leeward as St. Sebastian. Fifty-four vessels in all came back, and between nine and ten thousand still living men. So wretched was their state, that an officer sent from Madrid said that it was piteous to see them.[1] Foul and stinking as the ships were, the crews were obliged, at Santander, to remain in their berths at the risk of pestilence, for there was no hospital large enough to receive so many,

September.

October.

1 "Es lastima verlos. No hay quien crea." — Garcia de Villejo al Secretario de la Guerra, 10 Octubre.

and the owners of private houses feared infection. Sidonia abandoned himself to misery, shut himself up in his room, refusing to attend to business, and as soon as he could move, fled and hid himself in his country house. At St. Sebastian and at Coruña an accident, singularly the same at both places, finished the horror of the story.

"At the Groyne" (Coruña), wrote a correspondent of Walsingham from St. Jean de Luz, "arrived the Admiral Juan Martinez de Recalde with two pinnaces and a great ship; and there by the diseased people that he brought was set on fire the hospital and wholly burned, and Juan Martinez died within ten days after his arrival." "At the Passage (St. Sebastian) arrived Captain Miguel de Oquendo with a ship, whereof he was general, and died within six days after. His own ship, being of a thousand tons, was blown up with gunpowder in the Passage. For the diseased people that he brought home, was appointed a great house for a hospital, hard without the gates of St. Sebastian, which was set on fire and burned."[1]

The cry that went up from the Peninsula was as the cry of the Egyptians when the destroying angel had passed over the land. There was not a house where there was not one dead, and that the best and the bravest. When the Armada first reached the Channel, rumour, at its common work, had spread news of a glorious victory. The English corsairs had fallen under the wrath of Don Alonzo's sword: the usurping Queen had stooped her dishonoured head before the legions of Parma and Sidonia.

Don Bernardino at Paris, when he heard that Sidonia had reached Calais, assumed that he had engaged

[1] Edmund Palmer to Walsingham, March 14, 1589: *MSS. Spain.*

and conquered the English fleet; for one day the criers were shouting along the quays of the Seine the fondly credited tale of triumph, while couriers galloped south to carry to Spain the fame of her sons. An English merchant at Sebastian describes the joy of the people when the first false news came in.

"A month after the fleet did depart from the coast," says Edmund Palmer, "there came news from Don Bernardino that the Spaniards had gotten the victory, and it was my fortune to be at the reading of the letters in San Sebastian; and as they did read, some said of me, See how the dog looks at the news, which was that the Lord Admiral and Sir Francis Drake was taken, with the loss of many of her Majesty's ships, that Plymouth was theirs, with the Wight, Hampton, and Portsmouth, and that they thought in a few days to be in London. The town made great feasts all that day, running through the streets on horseback, with rich apparel and vizards on their faces, crying with loud voices, 'That great dog Francis Drake is prisoner, with chains and fetters;' and at night the town was made full of bonfires, crying and shouting, with other their dances accustomed, reviling at her Majesty with villanous words; and when they could not do any more, with stones they brake down all the windows of my house."

A few days dispelled the pleasant dream. The true story came of the scene at Calais, the fireships, the action, and the flight of the Armada: and then for some weeks there was the prolonged agony of uncertainty, till the remnant of the shattered ships reappeared, bringing "testimonial on their sides from what banquet they came, with loss of half their men in fight,

[1] Edmund Palmer to Walsingham, September 29: *MSS. Spain.*

famine, and sickness, crying out on Sir Francis Drake, saying he was a devil and no man."[1]

Drake's was the name in every mouth. Drake, against whom saints and angels had no more power than mortals: an incarnated spirit of evil let loose to afflict the Spanish race throughout the globe.

"I would," said a man at St. Sebastian, snatching a harquebuz, which he did not know to be loaded, and levelling it at a passer by, "I would yon man were Francis Drake. How I would hit him!" "and so drew up the snaphance and levelled at the man, and down fell the cock and off went the piece and killed the man, who spake not one word."[2]

On Philip himself the news broke slowly. Pictures have been drawn of him sitting in his study in the Escurial, and hearing with Castilian composure that his fleet was destroyed. Such a scene was in the nature of things impossible. Line by line and incident by incident the story reached him. He heard from Parma of the arrival of the fleet at Calais, of the forwardness of his own preparations, and of plans proposed by Sidonia to make the landing rather in the Isle of Wight than in Thanet.[3] Next came the account of the midnight panic, the engagement, the Armada's retreat, and of rumoured injury to more than one of the galleons. The Prince of Ascoli, said falsely to be Philip's bastard son, who had accompanied the fleet and had gone on shore at Calais, sent a diary of his own adventures, and Juan de Manrique, the officer whom Sidonia had sent to Dunkirk, filled sheets with complaints of Parma, to whose unreadiness he

[1] Edmund Palmer to Walsingham, September 29: *MSS. Spain.*
[2] Ibid.
[3] Parma to Philip, July 31–August 9: *MSS. Simancas.*

attributed the threatened failure of the enterprise.[1] At the end of August Parma reported further that the Armada had passed the north of Scotland, and was gone he knew not whither, perhaps to Norway. He did not conceal the magnitude of the disaster so far as it was known to him, and Philip's anxious side-notes may be read upon his letter, counting and commenting on the various losses.[2] The English, Parma said, had won a great victory, and so far as he could learn, bore their success with modesty.[3] Their ships were reported to have suffered, but none had been sunk or taken. The honour belonged to Drake. The Admiral was supposed to have been backward.[4]

The next instalment of the truth was the return of Sidonia, with a third of the fleet. It affected Philip so much that "he shut himself up in the Escurial, and no one dared to speak to him."[5] Still there were hopes of the rest. More than sixty ships remained yet unaccounted for, besides those whose fate Sidonia could tell. Reports came dropping in of disasters in Ireland, but with them accounts also of Spaniards landed and safe among the Irish chiefs. Months passed away before the calamity was realised in its appalling extent, and then it seemed for the moment as if the sceptre of the monarchy was broken, and its scattered empire was laid open as a prey to the corsairs. The famous mariners of the Peninsula were wholly destroyed. The great

1 Don Juan de Manrique to Philip, August 1–11, and to Secretary Idriaquez, of the same date: *MSS. Simancas.*

2 Parma to Philip, August 29–September 8: *MS.* Ibid.

3 "No hablan mucho de las perdidas de la Armada ni tanpoco triumphan mucho de su victoria."

4 "Del Almirante se habla un poco mal que no hizó su deber. Toda la gloria se da á Drake." — Avisos de Inglaterra. Enclosed with a dispatch from Parma.

5 Edmund Palmer to Walsingham, September 29: *MSS. Spain.*

officers on whom Philip most relied were dead or taken. De Valdez, Recalde, Monçada, Oquendo, Da Leyva — all were gone. "There was not one man left in all Spain," wrote Palmer, "whom the King might put in place for matters of the sea, for those whom his trust was in were dead and drowned." "Great lamentation" especially "was made for Don Alonzo da Leyva, with whom were all the nobles that went."[1]

Not one ray of light from any quarter relieved the universal gloom. Parma, that his enormous preparations might not be absolutely wasted, when he broke up his camp at Dunkirk, made a spring on Bergen-op-Zoom, which was then held by a small English garrison. Colonel Grimston, who commanded, affected a willingness to imitate Sir William Stanley. A bargain was arranged. Grimston was to receive seven thousand crowns, and gold chains were to be distributed among his officers. A part or the whole of the money was actually paid, and eight hundred Spanish soldiers were admitted within the walls. But the Prince was outmatched in his own arts. His men were caught in a trap, and were every one of them killed.[2] The siege was broken up in haste and shame. The army mutinied for pay. The Prince's chest was empty, for the money which was to have replenished it had been lost in the galleons of the Armada. The treasury at home was utterly exhausted, and extraordinary efforts had been made necessary for the protection of the colonies and the gold fleet.

In his extremity Philip appealed once more to Sextus. He had incurred his late enormous expenses in the cause of the Holy Church, and at the Pope's own

[1] Palmer to Walsingham, March 14, 1589: *MSS. Spain.*
[2] Sir W. Drury to Burghley, October 20: *MSS. Holland.*

instigation. At least he counted on receiving the million crowns which had been solemnly promised. But neither on this side was comfort to be brought to the Catholic King. From the moment that the religious purpose of the war against Elizabeth was supplemented by earthly ambition — from the instant that Philip allowed the Pope to see that one result of the conquest of England was to be the annexation of the country to the Spanish monarchy — the necessity of a contribution from the Vatican had become less obvious. The enterprise had lost its purity. The scheme of appropriation, threatening as it did the independence of every crown in Europe, was at variance with received political traditions. It was of doubtful justice in itself, and was approved only by the hysterical Jesuits who had become Papists in the chapels of Oxford. In the fear of offending Philip, the Pope had given at length a partial and unwilling consent; but he had refused distinctly to give a maravedi towards the expenses till the Spaniards were in England. Olivarez had entreated, threatened, flattered and complained; but all equally in vain. The Pope had been as hard as a diamond.[1] Cardinal Carrafa had lent his persuasion, but Sextus had only shrugged his shoulders. "To ask his Holiness for money," said Olivarez, "is like asking for his heart's blood."[2]

When the fleet had sailed from the Tagus, and was refitting at Coruña, the Pope had been told that he had no longer an excuse for delay. The expedition was actually on its way. The cost had been enormous. It had been incurred at the instigation of the Holy

1 "Como un diamante."

2 "El sacar el dinero es cosa tan de las entrañas de su Santidad que no aprovecho nada." — Olivarez al Rey, 8 Agosto: *MSS. Simancas.*

See, and more and more money was continually demanded to supply its wants. But Sextus stood to his text. He had engaged to pay his subsidy when the Spaniards had landed; nothing that Olivarez could say would induce him to anticipate the time, and the Ambassador gave up the attempt as useless.

"I say no more to him about money," he wrote; "it only provokes him, and he turns his back upon me at table, and utters a hundred thousand idiotic speeches more foolish than one would hear from a child of two years old. There is neither charity, good manners, nor intelligence in him, and everybody attributes his behaviour to distress at the approach of the time when the dollars are to be torn out of his heart. To me he excuses his delay by saying that the time has not arrived. To others he says the Armada is but a jest, intended but to frighten the Queen into making peace with your Majesty."[1]

A few days later there had come news that the Armada was in the Channel, and had been more than once engaged with the enemy. The report of the Spaniards' success, which had been started by Don Bernardino, was the first to arrive. Contradiction followed, and much confusion of story. The sincerity of Philip, however, could no longer be doubted. Though the Spaniards were not actually on English soil, they were close to it, and engaged in fighting with the people, and Olivarez then felt justified in demanding what the Pope had promised.

"I told him," said the Count, "that your Majesty had fairly earned the million crowns; half a million was due immediately, and your Majesty hoped that when he understood the distress of your army in Flan-

[1] Olivarez to Philip, August 19: *MSS. Simancas.*

ders he would not only make no difficulty in providing that sum for you, but would let him have the second moiety in advance. He replied that he did not see why he should be expected to go beyond his engagements. I said your Majesty had not directed me to put it to him as an obligation. Your Majesty looked rather to the spirit than the letter, and you considered that even if he had given no promise at all, he was bound to come forward and assist your Majesty, considering what you had done and spent in the cause of God.

"He listened without interrupting me, though he betrayed his impatience by twisting uneasily on his seat. When I had done he boiled over. He said he would keep his word, and more than keep it, but pressed he would not be, and so long as the Armada's fate was unknown he would not do a thing. From the symptoms which have appeared in his Holiness during the last few days one would not credit him with that zeal for the extirpation of heresy and the salvation of souls which his position requires of him. When the first favourable reports arrived he shewed no pleasure, but was rather depressed; while the news which have been received since are more agreeable than they ought to have been. Over against the benefit to Christendom, there has been set the grief at parting with money, and the fear and envy of your Majesty's greatness, and it becomes more clear every day that when he offered the million he did not believe that the enterprise would ever take place.

"He has never varied once in refusing to let us have it before the time. When we were supposed to have had the victory he moderated his tone, and was more gracious in his general dealings with me; but as soon

as the truth was known he became as proud and arrogant as if he had been just taken out of prison and made into an Emperor. On some mere questions of frontier law, which the Count de Miranda had to discuss with him, he treated both the Count and myself as if we had halters round our necks, as if our present trouble had not come to us through himself and in the cause of God. The Cardinals too, who profess to be neutral, shewed none of that pleasure at our success which they ought to have shewn, and when tidings came of the reverse they revealed their malice. They seemed to think that they were breathing freely again; so great is the power of ill-will, which in this case may be called heretical."[1]

Cardinal Allen, as Philip's favourite, fared no better than the Ambassador. The Pope had detained him under various pretexts at Rome till the fate of the enterprise was determined. When the issue of the action at Gravelines became authentically known, Allen, in some hope either that the disaster might have been remedied, or that the Armada might have gone to Scotland, applied for leave to repair to Flanders. Sextus, says Olivarez, treated him "like a negro,"[2] asked him viciously,[3] what good he expected to do there, and affected to disapprove of his mission altogether. Olivarez took Allen's side. "If the Pope," he said, "had sent the Legate in time, and had been less grasping in matters of money, the result might have been different." The Pope spitefully hinted that he had expected the Spaniards to be defeated. Olivarez complimented him on having a spirit of prophecy.

[1] Olivarez to Philip, September 26: *MSS. Simancas.*
[2] "Le trató como un negro."
[3] "Con malissimos terminos."

His Holiness did not reply, but turned up the whites of his eyes and looked piously towards heaven.[1]

It is needless to say that not one real of the million crowns was ever forthcoming. The great ideal of Catholic unity, for which the soil of Christendom was being trodden into blood, when traced to its central incarnation, was found residing in a querulous old hypocrite, a sharp practitioner, and a subtle politician, with as many of the meaner parts of human nature, and as little of divine nature, as was to be found in any mortal on whom the sun of heaven was shining.

The Spanish fleet being destroyed, and Philip's prospects in England having collapsed, the Pope reverted to his original desire, that James of Scotland might be converted to the faith. A less prudent person than James might have been tempted into some impatient movement, for when the Armada was in prospect he had been promised an English duchy and a fixed revenue as the price of his neutrality,[2] with other considerable allowances. When the danger had passed, these promises were naturally repudiated; and it was

1 "Me respondió que si hubiera de tener buen suceso, que el Legado era enviado con grandes profundidades; y aunque le dixe quan profetico era menester para adivinarlo, se quedó en ella alçando los ojos al cielo." — Olivarez al Rey, 29 Octubre: *MSS. Simancas.*

2 "The necessity of the time and the imminent danger of a revolt in this country by the approaching of the Spaniards in the Narrow Seas, made me to make such offers as follow to satisfy his Majesty for the time, and to qualify the minds of his nobility to keep all in quiet, while her Majesty with her honourable Council do resolve what is to be done:

"1. I offer to his Majesty a duchy and a reasonable revenue thereto.

"2. A yearly pension of £5,000.

"3. To sustain a guard about his Majesty's person of fifty gentlemen of Scotland and their commanders.

"4. I offer a hundred horse and a hundred foot to be levied on her Majesty's charges to be employed on his borders, for the repressing of the insolency of his outlaws.

"These offers to be performed during her Majesty's life." — Mr. Ashley to Burghley, August 6–16, 1588: *MSS. Scotland.*

calculated that if certain evil influences at the Scotch Court could be removed, the King, in not unreasonable resentment, might lend a more favourable ear to the Papal exhortations. Maitland, who was now Chancellor, was supposed to be the person who held James to the English connexion, and the Bishop of Dunblane undertook to remove the obstacle. After twenty years of Carthusian discipline, the old man had still so much of the Scot about him, that he applied himself at once to the national methods, and undertook to have Maitland killed. His priesthood at first caused him some uneasiness, but a Papal dispensation could make a deed of blood innocent even in successors of the Apostles. Sextus gave him the necessary powers, and he felt his way towards getting the murder accomplished.[1]

But James proved too intelligent to take further offence at Elizabeth's treatment of him. The waifs and strays of the Armada which were washed on the out isles of Scotland, were proof sufficient to have convinced a less able man that it would be imprudent to quarrel with her. The assassination of Maitland would have been a wasted crime; and the Bishop, after his brief relapse into worldliness, finding that nothing could be done, returned to his austerities and his prayers.

One more consequence remains to be told which followed on Philip's defeat — one more blow to the theory of Catholic supremacy as interpreted by Spain, and represented by the Inquisition and the Jesuits. After the peace with the League in which he had

[1] "Ante todas cosas será necessario matar el dicho Canciller, por ser, como es, en tanta privança con la Inglesa, y tener tanto poder en Scocia. Lo cual el obispo tanbien promete de procurar, *aunque sea Sacerdote, porque tiene poder de su Santidad para ello.*" — Fraile Juannes Arnoldus, Prior Anglus al Rey, 1589: *MSS. Simancas.*

been compelled to acquiesce, the French King had affected to be reconciled to the Duke of Guise, and to accept his defeat as conclusive. Sir Edward Stafford, however, had dimly indicated that all was not as it seemed. Henry had prolonged his resistance till he had made it impossible for Guise to take part in the invasion of England; and Stafford, as has been already mentioned, had private information, that "Guise's good usage concealed intended treachery."[1]

Taking courage from Philip's overthrow the King matured his half-formed purpose. The olive-complexioned, delicate-featured Henry of Valois, with his dark lustrous eyes, his jewelled ear-rings, and emeralds knotted in his hair, more resembled an Asiatic than a European. Superstitious, dissolute, and cowardly, he concealed the most deadly treachery under features of impassive immobility, and his nature secreted hatred as a cobra's fangs secrete poison.

The Duke of Guise, after thirty-five years' experience of him, for they had been brought up together from childhood, imperfectly understood his disposition. He knew him to be a coward; he did not know the tenacity of purpose of which some kinds of cowardice are capable. The defeat of the Spaniards disposed Guise to conciliation, and to delay, at least for a time, the transfer to himself of the crown which the League intended to accomplish. The King anticipated his ambition, and on the 23rd of December, at the Château of Blois, the daggers of a score of assassins revenged the day of the barricades.[2]

December.

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, July 31–August 10, August 1–11: *MSS. France.*

[2] The death of Guise was said to have affected Philip more profoundly than the destruction of the Armada itself.

"J'ai trouvé," writes a Frenchman from Madrid, "la Espagne toute

emue de la morte de leur bon amy M. de Guise, et ce Roy en a faict un etrange sentiment, et dit ou qu'il luy a plus deplu la morte de M. de Guise que la perte de son armée, où il a perdu passe vingt mil hommes et des plus valians capitains qu'il avoit et avra de long temps." — —— to —— from Madrid, February 4, 1589: *MSS. Spain.*

CONCLUSION.

Chess-players, when they have brought their game to a point at which the result can be foreseen with certainty, regard their contest as ended, and sweep the pieces from the board.

It had been my intention to continue this history to the close of Elizabeth's life. The years which followed the defeat of the Armada were rich in events of profound national importance. They were years of splendour and triumph. The flag of England became supreme on the seas; English commerce penetrated to the farthest corners of the Old World, and English colonies rooted themselves on the shores of the New. The national intellect, strung by the excitement of sixty years, took shape in a literature which is an eternal possession to mankind, while the incipient struggles of the two parties in the Anglican Church prepared the way for the conflicts of the coming century, and the second act of the Reformation. But I have presumed too far already on the forbearance of my readers in the length to which I have run, and these subjects, intensely interesting as they are, lie beyond the purpose of the present work. My object, as I defined it at the outset, was to describe the transition from the Catholic England with which the century opened, the England of a dominant Church and monasteries and pilgrimages, into the England of progressive intelligence; and the question whether the nation was to pass a second time through

the farce of a reconciliation with Rome, was answered once and for ever by the cannon of Sir Francis Drake. The action before Gravelines of the 30th of July, 1588, decided the largest problems ever submitted in the history of mankind to the arbitrement of force. Beyond and beside the immediate fate of England, it decided that Philip's revolted Provinces should never be reannexed to the Spanish Crown. It broke the back of Spain, sealed the fate of the Duke of Guise, and though it could not prevent the civil war, it assured the ultimate succession of the King of Navarre. In its remoter consequences it determined the fate of the Reformation in Germany; for had Philip been victorious the League must have been immediately triumphant; the power of France would have been on the side of Spain and the Jesuits, and the thirty years' war would either have never been begun, or would have been brought to a swift conclusion. It furnished James of Scotland with conclusive reasons for remaining a Protestant, and for eschewing for ever the forbidden fruit of Popery; and thus it secured his tranquil accession to the throne of England when Elizabeth passed away. Finally, it was the sermon which completed the conversion of the English nation, and transformed the Catholics into Anglicans.

The parties into which Elizabeth found her subjects divided at her sister's death had hitherto subsisted with their relative numbers not materially altered. Anglican High Church theology had as yet no general acceptance. "Divines" like Whitgift, who sought for favour and promotion, professed the theory of the Via Media, but they had no national following, and perhaps did not altogether believe in it themselves. The sincere who were not Protestants were Catholics — either recusants

who preferred their conscience to their property, or schismatics who attended the English churches under protest, to escape payment of the fines; and one as well as the other had looked forward to the re-establishment of orthodoxy, when the Queen's death should open the way to a change. United they still largely outnumbered their opponents, and under the modern constitution they would have returned a large majority to Parliament. But Parliament was as yet the councillor rather than the master of the sovereign. The opponents of the Queen's policy had not sought for seats there, and had preferred to wait quietly for Mary Stuart's accession. After her death they had been embarrassed by the pretensions of Philip. They had been uncertain how to act, and had waited for the issues of a contest in which, as threatening English independence, they had been unable to take a part. The coming of the Armada was an appeal on behalf of the Pope to the ordeal of battle, and the defeat of Spain with its appalling features, the letting loose of the power of the tempests — the special weapons of the Almighty — to finish the work which Drake had but half completed, was accepted as a recorded judgment of heaven. The magnitude of the catastrophe took possession of the nation's imagination; and the more moderate Catholics, the knights and squires who were scattered over the shires, transformed themselves into Catholics with a difference — Anglo-Catholics or High Churchmen.

Had the battle gone the other way, Parma would have brought his army into Kent; and by appointing Leicester as Commander-in-Chief, the Queen had done all that lay in her to increase his chances of success. Had the country remained staunch, one victory or two would not have ensured his triumph; but a de-

feat of the Protestants both by sea and land, would have worked dangerously in the northern counties; Scotland would scarcely have remained quiet, and the Duke of Guise would have had leisure and opportunity to strike in for a share of the spoil. At worst, so skilful a commander as Parma would probably have been able to re-embark, having inflicted enormous injury, having shaken the prestige of success which had hitherto clung to Elizabeth so remarkably, and would have turned the balance of the imagination — at such times a power of enormous force — on the Catholic side. Had the Armada succeeded even in defending itself, though unable to drive the English from the seas, it might have forced its way into the Scheldt, or it might have gone unbroken to the Firth of Forth; in the one case to overwhelm the Provinces, in the other to create an immediate revolution in Scotland, and restore the King and the country to the control of the Catholic nobility. If the enormous resources of the fleet had been made available either thus or in any way to the Church's cause, it is likely that sooner or later the Catholic despotism would have been re-established everywhere, and that the first great effort for the emancipation of Europe might have failed.

It would have still been but a question of time. Violence may constrain the outer shell and form of things. It can win the acquiescence of fools and the applause of parasites. It can kill those who dispute its commands. But it cannot make truth into falsehood, or falsehood into truth. It may replant a dead tree, and insist that it shall be considered as alive, but it cannot give back to the tree its vital functions, or arrest the law by which it has been sentenced to destruction. That which is dead is dead, and that which

is dead decays, and the skilfullest embalming will not save it from falling into dust.

But if force cannot restore departed vitality, it can check the growth of what is springing up and distort the form which it shall assume. To the countries which rejected the Reformation, freedom never offered itself again in the dress of a purer religion. It returned upon them as revolution, as the negation of all religion. In Austria, in Spain, in France, in Italy, the Church has been stripped step by step of its wealth, of its power, even of its control over the education of the people. Practical life has become secularised, and culture and intelligence have ceased to interest themselves in a creed which they no longer believe. Doctrine may be piled upon doctrine. The laity are contemptuously indifferent, and leave the priests in possession of the field in which reasonable men have ceased to expect any good thing to grow. This is the only fruit of the Catholic reaction of the sixteenth century, of all the efforts of the Jesuits and the Inquisition, of the Council of Trent, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the religious wars of Philip II.

If the same phenomena are beginning to be visible in England they have appeared as yet in a less aggravated form. They are manifesting themselves at present, coincident with the repudiation by the clergy of the principles of the Reformation; and if the clergy are permitted to carry through their Catholic "revival," the divorce between intelligence and Christianity will be as complete among ourselves as it is elsewhere; but we have been exempted hitherto by the efforts of those brave men whose perseverance and victory it has been my privilege in these pages to de-

scribe, and unless we are unworthy or degenerate it is not yet too late for us to save ourselves.

Religion is the attitude of reverence, in which noble-minded people instinctively place themselves towards the Unknown Power which made man and his dwelling-place. It is the natural accompaniment of their lives, the sanctification of their actions and their acquirements. It is what gives to man, in the midst of the rest of creation, his special elevation and dignity.

Accompanying our race as it has done from the cradle of civilisation, it has grown with our growth, it has expanded with the expansion of knowledge, subject only to the condition that when errors have been incorporated in religious systems, they have been exceptionally tenacious of their ground. Rituals and creeds, created by the piety of constructive and devotional ages, have become so precious when once accepted, that it has been held sacrilege to touch them. They have been guarded by superstition and sealed against change by anathema. The eternal nature of the Object of our reverence has been attributed to the forms under which it has been adored, and unable notwithstanding to escape the changes which the development of knowledge imposes upon it, religion has advanced not by easy and natural transitions, but by successive revolutions, violent leaps, spasmodic and passionate convulsions. Opinions formed, or facts believed, in the immaturity of experience, become incredible when seen to be out of harmony with larger and more exact information. Piety, the twin brother of science, tends at such times to be the guardian of error. Love of truth is forced into unnatural hostility

with the virtue which is only second to it, and then come those trying periods of human history, when devotion and intelligence appear to be opposed, and the metal of which men and nations are composed is submitted to a crucial test. Those who adhere at all cost to truth, who cling to her, though she lead them into the wilderness, find beyond it a promised land where all that they sacrifice is restored to them. Those who through superstition, or timidity, or political convenience, or pious feeling, close their eyes to fact, who cling to forms which have become shadows, and invent reasons for believing what is essentially no longer credible, escape a momentary trial only that it may return upon them again in a harder and harsher shape. They surrender themselves to conscientious emotions, and they forfeit those very emotions for which they are sacrificing their intellectual honesty as the object of their reverence becomes more palpably an idol. While the Church of Rome is losing the countries which it persuaded to refuse the Reformation, it exults in the converts which it is recovering from the nations which became Protestant. It fails to see that its success is its deepest condemnation. Protestantism alone has kept alive the sentiment of piety which, when allied with weakness of intellect, is the natural prey of superstition.

Always and everywhere, even among the bravest peoples, the majority are spiritual cowards, and had England in the sixteenth century been governed by universal suffrage, the Roman Catholic system, considered as a rule of opinion, could not have been overthrown without violence. The allegiance to the Papacy might have been renounced, the Church courts might have been forced to conform themselves to the

ordinary rules of justice, but transubstantiation and its kindred doctrines would have undoubtedly remained in the creed, with rope and faggot for its sanctions. Government by suffrage, however, is possible only in periods when the convictions of men have ceased to be vital to them. As long as there is a minority which would rather die than continue in a lie, there is a further court of appeal from which there is no reference. When ten men are so earnest on one side that they will sooner be killed than give way, and twenty are earnest enough on the other to cast their votes for it, but will not risk their skins, the ten will give the law to the twenty in virtue of a robuster faith and of the strength which goes along with it. Left alone therefore, and without interference from abroad, the English nation, had there been no Elizabeth, would probably sooner or later have taken the Reforming side. Had the Spanish invasion succeeded, however, had it succeeded even partially in crushing Holland and giving France to the League and the Duke of Guise, England might not have recovered from the blow, and it might have fared with Teutonic Europe as it fared with France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Either Protestantism would have been trampled out altogether, or expelled from Europe to find a home in a new continent; and the Church, insolent with another century or two of power, would have been left to encounter the inevitable ultimate revolution which is now its terror, with no reformed Christianity surviving to hold the balance between atheism and superstition.

The starved and ragged English seamen, so ill furnished by their sovereign that they were obliged to take from their enemies the means of fighting them,

decided otherwise ; they and the winds and the waves, which are said ever to be on the side of the brave. In their victory they conquered not the Spaniards only, but the weakness of their Queen. Either she had been incredulous before that Philip would indeed invade her, or she had underrated the power of her people: or she discerned that the destruction of the Spanish fleet had created at last an irreparable breach with the Catholic governments. At any rate there was no more unwholesome hankering after compromise, no more unqueenly avarice or reluctance to spend her treasure in the cause of freedom. The strength and resources of England were flung heartily into the war, and all the men and all the money it could spare was given freely to the United Provinces and the King of Navarre. The struggle lasted into the coming century. Elizabeth never saw peace with Spain again. But the nation throve with its gathering glory. The war on the part of England was aggressive thenceforward. One more great attempt was made by Philip in Ireland, but only to fail miserably, and the shores of England were never seriously threatened again. Portugal was invaded, and Cadiz burnt, Spanish commerce made the prey of privateers, and the proud galleons chased from off the ocean. In the Low Countries the tide of reconquest had reached its flood, and thenceforward ebbed slowly back, while in France the English and the Huguenots fought side by side against the League and Philip.

Weary of blood at last, and sickened with a war in which success would have made their country a Spanish dependency, the French Catholics submitted to the accession of a Huguenot King ; and Henry of Navarre, a philosopher to whom all religions were in themselves

indifferent, exchanged his unpopular heresy for the creed of the majority of his subjects. It was a cruel disappointment to the fiercer and nobler natures which had stood by him during the years of his trial, but it was fatal to the ascendancy of Jesuitism. It secured to the Protestants toleration, if not supremacy, and the political support of France to the cause of European liberty.

The Reformation in England was safe thenceforward from continental sympathisers with its internal enemies. It remained to reorganise the temporal and spiritual anarchy into which the long suspense had permitted the administration to decline. The foreign policy had been carried on upon terms never witnessed in any considerable nation before or since. Private subjects had made war under the forms of peace, to be avowed or disowned by their government, as happened to be for the moment convenient. English volunteers had served unlicensed in thousands against the Spaniards in the Netherlands. Squadrons of English corsairs had sacked Spanish cities and plundered Spanish galleons. Pirates roamed freely in the English Channel, and there was no authority to interfere with them. The internal economy had fallen into abeyance, and except as they touched seminary priests and Jesuits, the laws upon the statute book had remained dead. Unaccustomed scope had thus been given to private energy. The movable wealth of the country had increased enormously. The taxation was lighter than had been known for a century. The influx of the Protestant exiles, skilful energetic craftsmen, had stimulated manufactures, which the commercial companies were distributing over the world. Yet the increasing wealth had brought its shadow with it in increasing destitution. Adulteration and fraud,

the besetting sins of English tradesmen, had run rampant in the disorganisation of the ancient guilds. Two years before the coming of the Armada "more false cloth and woollen was made in England than in all Europe besides." [1] The aggregation of farms had recommenced after the check which had been imposed upon it at the beginning of the reign. The small holdings had been once more devoured by the large. The labouring peasants had been huddled into villages, where, with no other tenement beyond the rooms which they occupied, they were supported only by daily or weekly wages; while through neglect in enforcing the Statute of Labourers, they had been driven to accept such wages as the employers would give, rather than the fair and just equivalent for their work which it was still the theory of English legislators that they ought to receive. It is interesting to observe that on the return of composure and confidence the Parliament undertook to deal with these disorders on the old principle. Besides stringent measures to check adulteration and false weights, an Act was passed that four acres of land should be attached to every cottage intended to be occupied by an agricultural labourer, for the use of him

[1] "As we have the best wools in the world, so ought we to have the best cloth. It is our own fault if we have not. The good making of our cloth is a thing to be specially looked after. Many good laws have been made about it, but there is no execution of them, for it is most manifest, and I am right sorry to have occasion to say it, but it is true, that there is more false cloth and woollen made in this realm than in all Europe besides. Thus we lose our reputation in the world. In such a cause there must be a remedy found, or it will be to our hurt irrecuperable. All countries be now trying to make their own cloth in consequence. Although other countries have not such good wool as ours, they are now excelling us in the making, and they hope soon to have no need of any of our cloth, and utterly to banish it. Other nations labour by all means they can to make good cloth, we with all diligence go forward daily making worse and worse." — Certain things to be considered for the special wealth of England: *MSS. Domestic*, December, 1585.

and his family.[1] Another Act reinsisted on the breaking up of the large farms, the preamble sharply marking the grounds on which the agglomeration was disapproved. It might be true that the large cultivation was more profitable in proportion to the labour employed upon it; but the interests of capitalists were not yet supreme, and the aim of Elizabeth's Parliament was "that by the maintenance of husbandry the greater part of the subjects of the realm might be preserved from extreme poverty, and the wealth of the realm be dispersed and distributed in many hands."[2] Similarly the Act of Wages, which had fallen into abeyance, was set on its feet again and amplified. The changing value of the currency and the fluctuation of prices making it still impossible to fix a statutable rate, the magistrates of each county were required to assess an annual rate, and whereas in earlier times penalties had been imposed upon the labourer who demanded more than the law permitted, a fine was now imposed upon the employer who gave less than the law enjoined.[3]

While Parliament was busy with the condition of the people, the concerns of the Church were taken in hand by the Queen herself. Jealous of what she considered her prerogative, and distrustful of the temper of the Commons, Elizabeth never, if she could help it, permitted a religious debate in the Lower House. As Head of the Church, she claimed unrestricted jurisdiction in her own department, and the exclusive initiation of all proposed alterations.

The spiritual anarchy had hitherto been even more complete than the secular. The Act of Uniformity was on the statute book; but it had been obeyed or dis-

[1] 31 Elizabeth, cap. 7.
[2] 39 Elizabeth, cap. 2.
[3] 39 Elizabeth, cap. 12; 1 James, cap. 6.

obeyed, according to the humour of each minister or congregation. Even Sir Amyas Paulet with the charge of the second person of the realm, had a Puritan service in the chapel at Chartley. Anglican theology had as yet no received existence. The religion of the Protestants, according to the received formula, "was the Bible, and the Bible only." In the Bible they had found, not a body of creeds or confessions of faith, but a rule of life, to which they were passionately endeavouring to conform. The services in which they took interest were the expositions of scripture, or the voluntary prayers of those among them who had the power of expressing the general sentiment in words. To such men as these, much of the liturgy was indifferent, much was unpalatable; while the schismatics, as they were called, the conforming Catholics who consented to come to church, cared little for a ritual which, till the defeat of the Armada put an end to their hopes, they had expected to exchange at no distant time for the ancient canon.

For Protestantism Elizabeth had never concealed her dislike and contempt. She hated to acknowledge any fellowship in religion either with Scots, Dutch, or Huguenots. She represented herself to foreign Ambassadors as a Catholic in everything, except in allegiance to the Papacy. Even for the Church of England, of which she was the supreme governor, she affected no particular respect. She left the Catholics in her household so unrestrained that they absented themselves at pleasure from the Royal Chapel, without a question being asked. She allowed the country gentlemen all possible latitude in their own houses. The danger in which she had lived for so many years, the severe measures to which she was driven against the seminary

priests, and the consciousness that the Protestants were the only subjects that she had on whose loyalty she could rely, had prevented her hitherto from systematically repressing the Puritan irregularities; but the power to persecute had been wanting rather than the inclination. The Bishops with whom she had filled the sees at her accession were chosen necessarily from the party who had suffered under her sister. They were Calvinists or Lutherans, with no special reverence for the office which they had undertaken; and she treated them in return with studied contempt. She called them Doctors, as the highest title to which she considered them to have any real right; if they disputed her pleasure she threatened to unfrock them; if they showed themselves officious in punishing Catholics, she brought them up with a sharp reprimand; and if their Protestantism was conspicuously earnest, they were deposed and imprisoned.

Thus, with their functions reduced to zero, the Anglican prelates, like the rest of England, had looked for "a change," and prepared for it. Either they became great farmers and graziers, like the Bishop of Ely; or, by evasions of the statute, they enriched their families with the estates of their sees; or they sold their spiritual functions, sold licenses, sold dispensations, and made priests for money "of the lowest of the people." They made it impossible in return for the Protestants to respect or care for them. With their ineffectuality, their simony, and their worldliness, they brought themselves and their office into contempt; and men who were trying resolutely to have done with lies and dishonesty, and to use the Bible really and truly as a guide to walk by, could not recognise the imposition of episcopal hands as conveying

the sole title to be a teacher in the Church. The very method in which the Bishops were appointed — the congé d'élire, the deans and chapters meeting, with a Premunire round their necks, and going through the farce of an invocation of the Holy Ghost, appeared a horror and a blasphemy to every one who believed God to be really alive. The order, and the system depending upon it, was passing into disrepute, and the tendency of every sincere English Protestant was towards an organisation like that of the Kirk of Scotland.

To permit the collapse of the Bishops, however, would be to abandon the Anglican position. Presbytery as such was detestable to Elizabeth. She recognised no authority in any man as derived from a source distinct from herself, and she adhered resolutely to her own purpose. So long as her own crown was unsafe she did not venture on any general persecution of her Puritan subjects; but she checked all their efforts to make a change in the ecclesiastical system. She found a man after her own heart for the see of Canterbury in Whitgift; she filled the other sees as they fell vacant with men of a similar stamp, and she prepared to coerce their refractory "brethren in Christ" into obedience if ever the opportunity came.

On the reconciliation of the Catholic gentry, which followed on the destruction of the Spanish fleet, Elizabeth found herself in a position analogous to that of Henry IV. of France. She was the sovereign of a nation with a divided creed, the two parties, notwithstanding, being at last for the most part loyal to herself.

Both she and Henry held at the bottom intrinsically the same views. They believed generally in certain

elementary truths lying at the base of all religions; and the difference in the outward expressions of those truths, and the passionate animosities which those differences engendered, were only not contemptible to them from the practical mischief which they produced. On what terms Catholics and Protestants could be induced to live together peaceably was the political problem of the age. Neither of the two sovereigns shared the profound horror of falsehood, which was at the heart of the Protestant movement. They had the statesman's temperament, to which all specific religions are equally fictions of the imagination. The methods which they adopted were diametrically opposite, and the result in the two countries is curiously instructive.

Henry IV. developed the policy which the Valois princes had been too weak to carry out. He changed his own nominal creed, and heard mass in Notre Dame, while he established what is called toleration, and secured his Huguenot subjects the free exercise of their own religion.

In England, on the other hand, toleration was theoretically unknown. It was assumed, as a matter of course, that every citizen was of the creed of the State; while the outward uniformity concealed notorious differences, and men who would have cheerfully condemned each other to stake or gallows, were comprehended in the same communion.

Neither plan can be said to have completely answered. Toleration and uniformity are only possible where a difference of creed is regarded merely as a more or less innocent difference of opinion. When France recovered from its exhaustion, theological passion revived with it. The Edicts were once more

swept away — compulsory orthodoxy came back, to be followed in turn by a revolution. The attempt to maintain a rigid Church system in England cost a king and an archbishop their lives. The English method, however, was probably, under the circumstances of the time, the wisest that could have been at first adopted. Had the Act of Uniformity been enforced with moderation; had a reasonable latitude been left to the discretion of the congregations; above all, had means been provided by which the liturgy and the Articles might be adapted to the growth of the people, the Anglican Church might, at this moment, have been co-extensive with the English nation.

Serious difficulty only arose with the genuine adhesion of the Catholics. So long as they went to church as a form, and under protest, the services to which they listened there were indifferent to them. As soon as they had consented sincerely to dispense with their old ritual, they desired naturally to make the best of the new. They could not, in justice, be expected to see the sacraments slighted, the liturgy mutilated or altered, and all that they believed, denied and execrated by a Puritan enthusiast; and when they had abandoned the Pope once for all, retaining all other points of their creed unchanged, they had a right to demand the full benefit of the Catholic complexion of the services.

With forbearance and judgment, the problem need not have been insoluble; unfortunately, the Queen allowed herself to be influenced by her personal dislike of the Protestants. She was forced into a Protestant policy in her relations with the Continent. She was the more determined to mould the Church at home after her own pleasure. Without the Puritans,

she would long before have changed her palace for a prison, and her sceptre for a distaff. Through all her trials they had been true as steel. In times of danger she had caressed them and acknowledged a common creed with them. But she believed probably that but for the peremptoriness of Calvinism the compromises for which she had toiled would have long since given quiet to Europe. She had accepted the help of it in Scotland and Holland, but she had accepted it with steady aversion, as an unpalatable necessity. Murray, Morton, Gowrie, and Angus, had felt one after another the value of her friendship, and had Philip II. consented to distinguish between the schismatic orthodoxy of England and the heresy of the rest of Europe, she would have seen the Prince of Orange perish unmoved, or have sent her own fleet to assist in coercing him into obedience.

The general submission of the country relieved her, so far as her own subjects were concerned, from the obligation of humouring further their spiritual unreasonableness. She wished to prove to the conforming Catholics that the Church of England was not the disorderly body which Jesuit calumniators affirmed it to be. She wished to make their conversion easy to them, and relieve their consciences by shewing distinctly that it held Catholic doctrines, and as little sympathised with heresy as the parent stock of Rome. She was assured that the Puritans would be loyal to her. Their constancy had been tried, and there was no fear that ill-usage would alienate them. The Bishops, therefore, were instructed to restore order. The spiritual courts, long in abeyance, were reopened, and the old tyrannical processes recommenced which had called out the great remonstrance which the House

of Commons had addressed to her father. The Bishops' assessors summoned ministers and laymen, ex officio, to answer any charge that private accusation or public fame had brought against them. The ecclesiastical judges shewed again their familiar incapacity to understand the meaning of right and wrong, and the aged iniquity which Henry and Cromwell had crushed was once more set upon its feet.

A country which had defied and conquered the old Church in the days of its pride and power, with the Pope at its back and the mystery of excommunication still carrying undefined terrors with it, was not likely to submit quietly to its emasculated representative held in a chain by the Queen, drilled by her sceptre, and dancing to any tune that she pleased to dictate.

Elizabeth's Parliaments had been uniformly unfavourable to the exercise by the Bishops of any kind of secular jurisdiction whatever. The reviving quarrel had been exasperated by libels, neither wise nor wholly just, but at the bottom with a basis of truth in them. The Queen made the Bishops' cause her own. She held them up against the Puritan House of Commons; the Puritan libellers were prosecuted before an Ecclesiastical Commission; and Penry, a Welsh minister, the supposed author of "Marprelate," was put on his trial for felony. He had said what was no more than the truth — that the Queen being established in her throne by the Gospel, had suffered the Gospel to reach no further than the end of her sceptre. There was good reason why the extreme development of the Gospel should in some degree be controlled by the sceptre; but it was a hard measure to indict the writer of such words for exciting hatred against the Crown. Yet Penry's trial was pressed to a conviction, and he

was hanged. Udal, another minister, was condemned and died in prison. Both these men were sacrificed, as completely as any victim of Pagan superstition, to a mere idol. The plea of conscience had not availed the Catholics who were executed for treason. The plea of conscience was no more allowed to avail the Puritans. The theory of Papist and Protestant was held alike incompatible with the Queen's authority, and the same measure which was extended to one was extended to the others.

It was politic, so far as it affected Elizabeth's immediate interests. The part of the nation whose loyalty had been most ambiguous was undoubtedly conciliated by it. The High Church Anglican system being grafted upon the throne, began definitely to grow. Whitgift administered its laws, an excellent Hooker was found to construct its theology, and the recusants and schismatics — as the conforming English who still believed in transubstantiation were scornfully called at Rome — transferred themselves and their sentiments to the new body to become the Church party of the next generation; while the pillory, the slit ears, the Bishops' prison, or, on continued obstinacy, the gallows, became the portion of the representatives of the Reformers. It was impossible to alienate them from a sovereign who had delivered them from Popery. They bore their persecution while the Queen's life lasted, and as the English were a long-suffering people, for a generation after; and then came a cycle of revolutions, rising all of them from the Mezentian union of a dead and a living creed, till time and experience had lowered the theological temperature, and toleration of dissent, and afterwards of Romanism, became at last possible.

With toleration the reason ceased for the complex

constitution of the Church formularies. So long as uniformity was insisted upon, it was but justice to retain Catholic elements in a liturgy generally Protestant; when Catholic chapels were reopened, the service might naturally have been expected to assume a more consistent character. Yet the anomaly has been permitted to survive, with a result which can be neither wholly regretted, nor wholly approved. The jurisdiction of the clerical courts was finally suppressed. The power of Anglicans and Protestants to oppress each other was restricted within the bounds of a law which sympathised with neither. Experience brought with it moderation, even in Churchmen; and the possession of a common Bible, the worship in a common sanctuary, the sharing in the many ceremonies which equally interested both parties, and offended neither, softened differences by degrees, which once could be extinguished only in blood. The opposing theories melted insensibly one into the other. The sharp lines of distinction ceased to exist; and for a hundred and forty years after the Revolution of 1688, the Church of England was able to fulfil with moderate success the wholesome functions of a religious establishment. Theological doctrinalism passed out of fashion; and the clergy, merged as they were in the body of the nation, and no longer endeavouring to elevate themselves into a separate order, were occupied healthily in impressing on their congregations the meaning of duty and moral responsibility to God.

The history is a chequered one, and the final development still waits to show itself. It cannot be said that the system has acted really well — the factors in the problem permitting at best but a limping solution. To induce men who believed it to be their highest

duty to destroy each other, to live in peace together, and respect one another's opinions, passed the power of mortal wisdom to accomplish completely. But a comparison of the religious history of England during the last three centuries with that of the rest of Europe, may teach us to be tolerably satisfied with our own method. The wars of religion in France cost at least half a million lives, and the number of devilish crimes which, in the course of the struggle, were added to the sum of human wickedness surpasses estimation. The thirty years' war turned half Germany into a wilderness of ruin. In England, when it came to fighting at last, the acrid venom of theology had been tempered down, and neither Roundhead nor Cavalier dishonoured their cause and their country by the atrocities of a Tilly or a Guise.

Now, when the thoughts of men on these subjects have become so different, when it is no longer possible, even in imagination, to reproduce the state of feeling which occasioned the massacre of St. Bartholomew, it is rash to suggest in detail what appear to us to have been errors and omissions. The want of wisdom shown in the persecution of the Nonconformists was demonstrated by the event. Puritanism was a living force in England; Catholicism was a dying superstition. Puritanism had saved Elizabeth's crown; Catholicism was a hotbed of disloyalty. The keenest political sagacity, however, may often be at fault in the calculation of tendencies, and the temptation to conciliate a powerful body, whose allegiance had been sorely tried, may easily have appeared irresistible. There is one point only on which it is possible to fix, where the framers of the constitution of the Church went manifestly wrong. For mistakes of judgment every allow-

ance must be made ; but a faith in truth and honesty is the first condition of a politician's greatness, and we have a right to expect from those who take the charge of the State's fortunes upon them, that they shall have no dealings with conscious imposture.

The position of Bishops in the Church of England has been from the first anomalous. The Episcopate was violently separated from the Papacy, to which it would have preferred to remain attached, and to secure its obedience, it was made dependent on the Crown. The method of episcopal appointments, instituted by Henry VIII. as a temporary expedient and abolished under Edward as an unreality, was re-established by Elizabeth, not certainly because she believed that the invocation of the Holy Ghost was required for the completeness of an election which her own choice had already determined, not because the Bishops obtained any gifts or grace in their consecration which she herself respected, but because the shadowy form of an election, with a religious ceremony following it, gave them the semblance of spiritual independence, the semblance without the substance, which qualified them to be the instruments of the system which she desired to enforce. They were tempted to presume on their phantom dignity, till the sword of a second Cromwell taught them the true value of their Apostolic descent ; and we have a right to regret that the original theory of Cranmer was departed from — that being officers of the Crown, as much appointed by the sovereign as the Lord Chancellor, the Bishops should not have worn openly their real character and received their appointments immediately by letters patent without further ceremony.

To an Episcopacy so constituted the most extreme

Presbyterian would not long have objected. The Presbyterian did not resent authority, as such, but authority which assumed a divine origin when resting in reality on nothing but a congé d'élire. As an elder among elders, as a minister promoted to deserved superiority for purposes of order and government, the Bishop of the Church of England would have commanded a genuine reverence, and the collective Bench might have ruled in sincerity over a united Church, in which the Kirk of Scotland would at first have been gladly absorbed.

No national object was secured by the transparent fiction of the election and consecration. The invocation of the Holy Spirit either meant nothing, and was a taking of sacred names in vain, or it implied that the third person of the Trinity was, as a matter of course, to register the already declared decision of the English Sovereign. No additional respect was secured to the Prelacy from the Catholics. "Diablos que se llaman Obispos," — "the devils, who are called Bishops," was the polite expression which Mendoza used of them. Elizabeth when they provoked her threatened to depose them, and when the Howards and the Talbots and the Stanleys, with their attendant satellites of knights and squires, surrendered their hopes of revolution heir reconciliation with the Church of England was not made more easy to them by the possible regularity of a questioned ceremony at Lambeth. The point where Protestants and Catholics approached each other was in the Lutheran theory of consubstantiation: the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., with lighted candles on the altar, would have been a thousand times more agreeable to conforming recusants than the clearest evidence for the Bishops of an unblemished Apos-

tolic pedigree, while in its effects it would have been infinitely more harmless.

But neither Elizabeth nor later politicians of Elizabeth's temperament desired the Church of England to become too genuine. It has been more convenient to leave an element of unsoundness at the heart of an institution which, if sincere, might be dangerously powerful. The wisest and best of its Bishops have found their influence impaired, their position made equivocal, by the element of unreality which adheres to them. A feeling approaching to contempt has blended with the reverence attaching to their position, and has prevented them from carrying the weight in the councils of the nation which has been commanded by men of no greater intrinsic eminence in other professions. Pretensions which many of them would have gladly abandoned have connected their office with a smile. The nature of it has for the most part filled the sees with men of second-rate abilities. The latest and most singular theory about them is that of the modern English Neo-Catholic, who disregards his Bishop's advice, and despises his censures; but looks on him nevertheless as some highbred worn-out animal, useless in himself, but infinitely valuable for some mysterious purpose of spiritual propagation.

"Too late" is written against a change at the present day. The Apostolical succession has become the first article of the creed of half the clergy, and religious forms are only malleable in the fervent heat of genuine belief. But to play with sacred things is never ventured with impunity. The retention of the consecration alone rendered possible the attitude of the Prelacy which cost Laud and Charles I. their heads. The revival of the magical theory of the priesthood,

which depends upon it, is the chief cause of the hostility between the teaching of the Church and modern science. It has cut off the clergy from all healthy influence over intellect and practice. It has dwarfed religion into opinion or childish superstition, and now at last is betraying life and the world to a godless secularity.

To return to Elizabeth.

In fighting out her long quarrel with Spain and building her Church system out of the broken masonry of Popery, her concluding years passed away. The great men who had upheld the throne in the days of her peril dropped one by one into the grave. Walsingham died soon after the defeat of the Armada, ruined in fortune, and weary of his ungrateful service. Hunsdon, Knollys, Burghley, Drake, followed at brief intervals, and their mistress was left by herself, standing as it seemed on the pinnacle of earthly glory, yet in all the loneliness of greatness, and unable to enjoy the honours which Burghley's policy had won for her. The first place among the Protestant Powers, which had been so often offered her and so often refused, has been forced upon her in spite of herself. "She was Head of the Name," but it gave her no pleasure. She was the last of her race. No Tudor would sit again on the English throne. Her own sad prophecy was fulfilled, and she lived to see those whom she most trusted turning their eyes to the rising sun. Old age was coming upon her, bringing with it perhaps a consciousness of failing faculties; and solitary in the midst of splendour, and friendless among the circle of adorers who swore they lived but in her presence, she grew weary of a life which had ceased to interest her. Sickening of a vague disease she sought no help from

medicine, and finally refused to take food. She could not rest in her bed, but sate silent on cushions, staring into vacancy with fixed and stony eyes, and so at last she died.

Her character I have left to be gathered from her actions, from her letters, from the communications between herself and her ministers, and from the opinions expressed freely to one another in private by those ministers themselves. The many persons with whom she was brought into confidential relations during her long reign, noted down what she said to them, and her words have been brought up in judgment against her; and there have been extremely few men and women in this world whose lives would bear so close a scrutiny, or who could look forward to being subjected to it without shame and dismay. The mean thoughts which cross the minds and at one time or other escape from the lips of most of us, were observed and remembered when proceeding from the mouth of a sovereign, and rise like accusing spirits in authentic frightfulness out of the private drawers of statesmen's cabinets. Common persons are sheltered by obscurity; the largest portion of their faults they forget themselves, and others do not care to recollect: while kings and queens are at once refused the ordinary allowances for human weakness, and pay for their great place in life by a trial before posterity more severe it is to be hoped than awaits us all at the final Judgment-bar.

This, too, ought to be borne in mind: that sovereigns, when circumstances become embarrassing, may not, like unvalued persons, stand aside and leave others to deal with them. Subjects are allowed to decline responsibility, to refuse to undertake work which they dislike, or to lay down at any time a burden which they find

too heavy for them. Princes born to govern find their duties cling to them as their shadows. Abdication is often practically impossible. Every day they must do some act or form some decision from which consequences follow of infinite moment. They would gladly do nothing if they might, but it is not permitted to them. They are denied the alternative of inaction, which is so often the best safeguard against doing wrong.

Elizabeth's situation was from the very first extremely trying. She had few relations, none of any weight in the State, and those whom like Hunsdon and Sir Francis Knollys she took into her Cabinet, derived their greatness from herself. Her unlucky, it may be almost called culpable, attachment to Leicester made marriage unconquerably distasteful to her, and her disappointment gave an additional twist to her natural eccentricities. Circumstances more than choice threw her originally on the side of the Reformation, and when she told the Spanish Ambassadors that she had been forced into the separation from the Papacy against her will, she probably spoke but the truth. She was identified in her birth with the cause of independence. The first battle had been fought over her cradle, and her right to be on the throne turned morally, if not in law, on the legitimacy of Queen Catherine's divorce. Her sister had persecuted her as the child of the woman who had caused her mother so much misery, and her friends, therefore, had naturally been those who were most her sister's enemies. She could not have submitted to the Pope without condemning her father, or admitting a taint upon her own birth, while in Mary of Scotland she had a rival ready to take advantage of any concession which she might be tempted to make.

For these reasons, and not from any sympathy with

the views either of Luther or Calvin, she chose her party at her accession. She found herself compelled against her will to become the patron of heretics and rebels, in whose objects she had no interest, and in whose theology she had no belief. She resented the necessity while she submitted to it, and her vacillations are explained by the reluctance with which each successive step was forced upon her, on a road which she detested. It would have been easy for a Protestant to be decided. It would have been easy for a Catholic to be decided. To Elizabeth the speculations of so-called divines were but as ropes of sand and sea-slime leading to the moon, and the doctrines for which they were rending each other to pieces a dream of fools or enthusiasts. Unfortunately her keenness of insight was not combined with any profound concern for serious things. She saw through the emptiness of the forms in which religion presented itself to the world. She had none the more any larger or deeper conviction of her own. She was without the intellectual emotions which give human character its consistency and power. One moral quality she possessed in an eminent degree: she was supremely brave. For thirty years she was perpetually a mark for assassination, and her spirits were never affected, and she was never frightened into cruelty. She had a proper contempt also for idle luxury and indulgence. She lived simply, worked hard, and ruled her household with rigid economy. But her vanity was as insatiable as it was commonplace. No flattery was too tawdry to find a welcome with her, and as she had no repugnance to false words in others, she was equally liberal of them herself. Her entire nature was saturated with artifice. Except when speaking some round untruth Elizabeth never could be simple. Her letters and her speeches

were as fantastic as her dress, and her meaning as involved as her policy. She was unnatural even in her prayers,[1] and she carried her affectations into the presence of the Almighty. She might doubt legitimately whether she ought to assist an Earl of Murray or a Prince of Orange when in arms against their sovereign; but her scruples extended only to the fulfilment of her promises of support, when she had herself tempted them into insurrection. Obligations of honour were not only occasionally forgotten by her, but she did not seem to understand what honour meant.

Vain as she was of her own sagacity, she never modified a course recommended to her by Burghley without injury both to the realm and to herself. She never chose an opposite course without plunging into embarrassments, from which his skill and Walsingham's were barely able to extricate her. The great results of her reign were the fruits of a policy which

[1] Here for instance is a prayer composed by her in the year 1597. "Oh, God, Almaker, keeper, and guider, inurement of thy rare seen and seel'd heard of goodness poured in so plentiful a sort upon us full oft, breeds now this boldness to crave with bowed knees and hearts of humility thy large hand of helping power, to assist with wonder our just cause, not founded on pride's motion or begun on malice stock, but, as thou best knowest, to whom nought is hid, grounded on just defence from wrongs hate and bloody desire of conquest, for since means thou hast imparted to save that thou has given by enjoying* such a people as scorns their bloodshed, where surely ours is one. Fortify, dear God, such hearts in such sort as their best part may be worst, that to the truest part meant worse with least loss to such a nation as despise their lives for their country's good: that all foreign lands may laud and admire the omnipotency of thy works, a fact alone for thee only to perform. So shall thy name be spread for wonders wrought, and the faithful encouraged to repose in thy unfellowed grace and we that minded nought but right enchained in thy bonds for perpetual slavery, and live and die the sacrificers of our souls for such obtained favours. Warrant, dear Lord, all this with thy command." – Strype, *Annals*, Vol. IV. p. 440.

* *Sic* in Strype. Qu.? "employing.

was not her own, and which she starved and mutilated when energy and completeness were needed.

That she pushed no question to extremities, that, for instance, she refused to allow the succession to the crown to be determined, and permitted the Catholics to expect the accession of the Queen of Scots, has been interpreted by the result into wisdom. She gained time by it, and her hardest problems were those which time alone could resolve satisfactorily. But the fortune which stood her friend so often never served her better than in lengthening her life into old age. Had the Queen of Scots survived her, her legacy to England would have been a desperate and dreadful civil war, and her reluctance was no result of any farsighted or generous calculation. She wished only to reign in quiet till her death, and was contented to leave the next generation to settle its own difficulties. Her tenderness towards conspirators was as remarkable as it was hitherto unexampled; but her unwillingness to shed blood extended only to high-born traitors. Unlike her father, who ever struck the leaders and spared the followers, Elizabeth could rarely bring herself to sign the death-warrant of a nobleman; yet without compunction she could order Yorkshire peasants to be hung in scores by martial law. Mercy was the quality with which she was most eager to be credited. She delighted in popularity with the multitude, and studied the conditions of it; but she uttered no word of blame, she rather thanked the perpetrators for good service done to the commonwealth, when Essex sent in his report of the women and children who were stabbed in the caves of Rathlin. She was remorseless when she ought to have been most forbearing, and lenient when she ought to have been

stern; and she owed her safety and her success to the incapacity and the divisions of her enemies, rather than to wisdom and resolution of her own. Time was her friend, time and the weakness of Philip; and the fairest feature in her history, the one relation in which from first to last she shewed sustained and generous feeling, is that which the perversity of history has selected as the blot on her escutcheon. Beyond and beside the political causes which influenced Elizabeth's attitude towards the Queen of Scots, true human pity, true kindness, a true desire to save her from herself, had a real place. From the day of Mary Stuart's marriage with Francis II. the English throne was the dream of her imagination, and the means to arrive at it her unceasing practical study. Any contemporary European sovereign, any English sovereign in an earlier age, would have deemed no means unjustifiable to remove so perilous a rival. How it would have fared with her after she came to England, the fate of Edward II., of Richard, of Henry VI., of the Princes in the Tower, and later yet, of the unhappy son of the unhappy Clarence might tell. Whatever might have been the indirect advantage of Mary Stuart's prospective title, the danger from her presence in the realm must have infinitely exceeded it. She was "the bosom serpent," "the thorn in the flesh," which could not be plucked out; and after the Rebellion of the North, and the discovery of the Ridolfi conspiracy, neither Philip nor Alva expected that she would be permitted to survive. It seems as if Elizabeth, remembering her own danger in her sister's lifetime, had studied to show an elaborate tenderness to a person who was in the same relation to herself. From the beginning to the end no trace can be found of personal

animosity on the part of Elizabeth; on the part of Mary no trace of anything save the fiercest hatred.

But this, like all other questions connected with the Virgin Queen, should be rather studied in her actions than in the opinion of the historian who relates them. Actions and words are carved upon eternity. Opinions are but forms of cloud created by the prevailing currents of the moral air. Princes, who are credited on the wrong side with the evils which happen in their reigns, have a right in equity to the honour of the good. The greatest achievement in English history, the "breaking the bonds of Rome," and the establishment of spiritual independence, was completed without bloodshed under Elizabeth's auspices, and Elizabeth may have the glory of the work. Many problems growing out of it were left unsettled. Some were disposed of on the scaffold at Whitehall, some in the revolution of 1688; some yet survive to test the courage and the ingenuity of modern politicians.

But the worst legacy which princes or statesmen could bequeath to their country would be the resolution of all its perplexities, the establishment once and for ever of a finished system, which would neither require nor tolerate improvement.

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